# Songs of Christian Praise and Scripture Selections

Presbyterian Church, Atlantic City, N. J.

SCC
4893

WITHDRAWN

# SONGS OF CHRISTIAN PRAISE

WITH MUSIC:

A

## MANUAL OF WORSHIP

FOR

## PUBLIC, SOCIAL AND PRIVATE DEVOTION.

SELECTED AND ARRANGED BY

REV. CHARLES H. RICHARDS

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*"Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord."*

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# PREFACE.

TO secure the active participation of an entire congregation in public worship, there must be an abundance of books. The people's Book of Worship, then, ought to be a compact hand-book, small enough to carry and hold easily, cheap enough for everybody to buy, good enough to satisfy a high and cultivated taste, and containing within its lids everything needed for use in public worship. To meet this need this Manual has been prepared. Attention is called to some of its especial features.

1. THE HYMNS.—In a wide correspondence with representative ministers of many States, not one was found who used more than three hundred hymns in his work. It is probable that hardly any congregation in the country uses a larger number than this, though it may use a book containing five times as many. By a rigid process of exclusion the number in this book has been reduced to six hundred and sixty. While it is probable that some will look in vain in these pages for some old or new favorite, it is believed that this number is ample for all purposes of Christian worship.

The aim of the compiler has been to gather in this volume the best religious lyrics of our language. Merely didactic hymns have been excluded, being considered as having no place in the outbreathing of devout feeling. Yet it is believed that every evangelical doctrine, and every mood of Christian experience, will find its lyrical counterpart here. Here are not only old hymns, hallowed by a thousand sacred memories, but many of the best English and German hymns of recent use. Special prominence has been given to Hymns of Praise, as the title implies, and if this gives rather a jubilant tone to the book, it will not be regretted. The classification is practical rather than theological, and effort has been made to provide amply for special occasions, as Morning and Evening, Social Worship, etc. By the running index at the top of each page one can turn easily to the hymns that sing of Prayer, Invitation, Christian Activity, Children's Praise, etc.

2. THE TUNES.—Here the aim has been twofold: to have tunes that people enjoy, and will sing gladly and heartily; and of such high character that they are worth singing, and will wear well on account of their intrinsic musical merit. A large number are, of course, old tunes, dear to the heart of the Church, and these are usually wedded by long association to old and favorite hymns. But many are comparatively new. An unusual proportion of the best tunes of English and German composers will be found here, and such writers as Dykes, Barnby, Sullivan, Calkin, Gauntlett, Stainer, and others, have been largely drawn upon. In some of these tunes the harmony will be found somewhat more difficult than common, but it can be readily mastered with a little effort on the part of organist or choir; and the melody is nearly always easy and quickly learned by a congregation. Experience shows that with practice these noble tunes rapidly become favorites, and prove to be the most elevating and inspiring Gospel songs.

3. THE CHANTS.—The Psalms and Doxologies, that for centuries have been sung in this way, are here set to music by the best ancient and modern composers. It is hoped that they will be freely used, not only by choirs, but by whole congregations. This can be done with a little practice, and by observing the following rule:

The syllable printed in *italics* denotes the place of the accent. All the syllables preceding the accentuated syllable are to be *recited* on the pitch indicated. *Sing* the accentuated syllable, giving it (and the syllables after it before the bar) the time of a half note at least. All the remaining syllables of a part are to be *sung* to the notes, and in the time, indicated in the cadence. No pause is to be made in a part except at punctuation marks.

If a congregation be trained to recite naturally, promptly, and all together, and to take the cadence in its proper time, chanting will be found one of the most effective aids to worship.

Acknowledgments are due to Dr. Ray Palmer, Dr. C. S. Robinson, Bishop A. C. Coxe, Dr. H. D. Ganse, Dr. S. F. Smith, Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, and others, for granting the use of their hymns, and to James R. Osgood & Co. for giving permission to use hymns of Longfellow, Whittier, and Holmes; also to J. Zundel, for the use of his compositions from "Christian Heart Songs"; to A. S. Barnes & Co., for the use of U. C. Burnap's tunes from "Hymns of the Church"; to Biglow & Main, for the use of W. B. Bradbury's tunes; to John Church & Co., for the use of George F. Root's tunes; to Scribner & Co., for the use of hymns, adaptations and arrangements from hymn and tune books compiled by Dr. C. S. Robinson; and to H. S. Cutler, Dr. E. P. Parker, J. W. Bischoff, I. D. Sankey, C. C. Converse, J. E. Gould, V. C. Taylor, and others, for permission to use their tunes.

The compiler would express his obligations to Dr. George F. Root and Dr. U. C. Burnap for valuable suggestions and assistance in the musical part of the work; and especially to Professor F. A. Parker, of the University of Wisconsin, who has given it a critical and thorough revision as it passed through the press.

May God bless the book to His service!

CHARLES H. RICHARDS.

MADISON, WIS.

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## THE LORD'S PRAYER.

OUR Father, who art in heaven, Hallowed be thy name.
Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven.
Give us this day our daily bread.
And forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors.
And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil.
For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever. Amen.

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## THE APOSTLES' CREED.

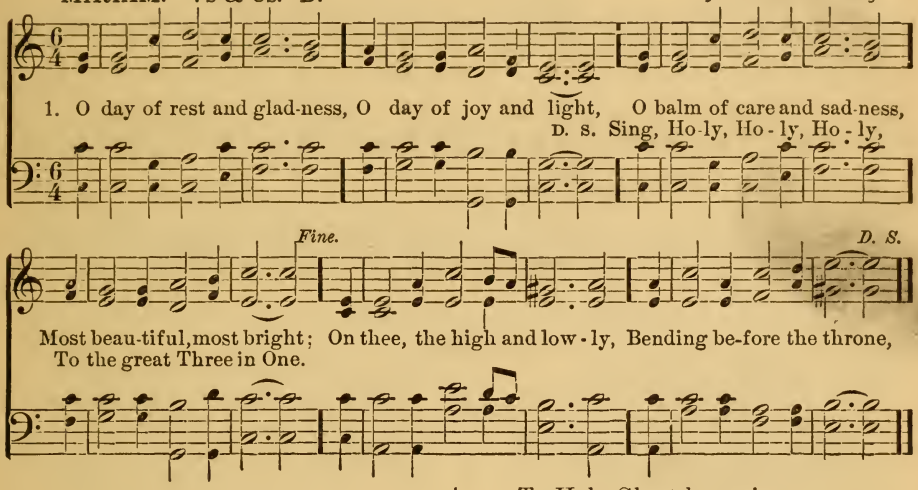
I BELIEVE in God, the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth;
And in Jesus Christ, his only Son, our Lord; who was conceived by the Holy Ghost; born of the Virgin Mary; suffered under Pontius Pilate; was crucified, dead, and buried; he descended into hell. The third day he rose from the dead; he ascended into heaven, and sitteth at the right hand of God, the Father Almighty; from thence he shall come to judge the quick and the dead.

I believe in the Holy Ghost; the holy, catholic Church; the Communion of Saints; the Forgiveness of sins; the Resurrection of the body; and the Life everlasting. Amen.

# HYMNS WITH TUNES.

## THE LORD'S DAY.

MIRIAM. 7s & 6s. D. *J. P. Holbrook.* 1865.


1. O day of rest and glad-ness, O day of joy and light, O balm of care and sad-ness,
D. S. Sing, Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho-ly,
Fine.
D. S.
Most beau-tiful, most bright; On thee, the high and low-ly, Bending be-fore the throne,
To the great Three in One.

**1**

2 On thee, at the creation,
The light first had its birth;
On thee, for our salvation,
Christ rose from depths of earth;
On thee, our Lord, victorious,
The Spirit sent from Heaven,
And thus on thee, most glorious
A triple light was given.

3 To-day on weary nations
The heavenly manna falls;
To holy convocations
The silver trumpet calls,
Where gospel light is glowing
With pure and radiant beams,
And living water flowing
With soul-refreshing streams.

4 New graces ever gaining
From this our day of rest,
We reach the rest remaining
To spirits of the blest:
To Holy Ghost be praises,
To Father and to Son;
The Church her voice upraises
To Thee, blest Three in One.

*Christopher Wordsworth.* 1862.

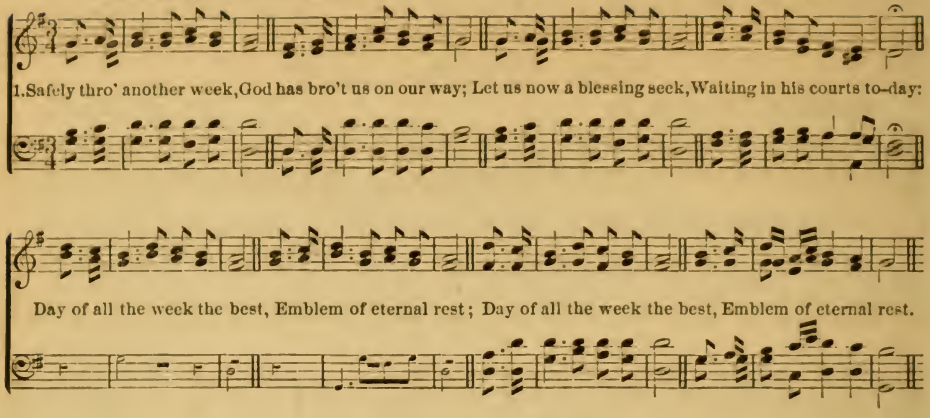
**2**

1 Thy holy day's returning
Our hearts exult to see;
And with devotion burning,
Ascend, O God, to thee!
To-day with purest pleasure,
Our thoughts from earth withdraw;
We search for heavenly treasure,
We learn thy holy law.

2 We join to sing thy praises,
Lord of the Sabbath day;
Each voice in gladness raises
Its loudest, sweetest lay!
Thy richest mercies sharing,
Inspire us with thy love,
By grace our souls preparing
For nobler praise above.

*Ray Palmer.* 1834.

SABBATH. 7s. 6 lines. *Lowell Mason.* 1834.


1.Safely thro' another week,God has bro't us on our way; Let us now a blessing seek,Waiting in his courts to-day:
Day of all the week the best, Emblem of eternal rest; Day of all the week the best, Emblem of eternal rest.

## 3

1 Safely, through another week,
God has brought us on our way;
Let us now a blessing seek,
Waiting in his courts to-day:
Day of all the week the best,
Emblem of eternal rest.

2 While we pray for pardoning grace,
Through the dear Redeemer's name,
Show thy reconciling face,
Take away our sin and shame;
From our worldly cares set free,
May we rest this day in thee.

3 Here we come thy name to praise;
May we feel thy presence near:
May thy glory meet our eyes,
While we in thy house appear:
Here afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting feast.

4 May thy gospel's joyful sound
Conquer sinners, comfort saints;
Make the fruits of grace abound,
Bring relief for all complaints:
Thus may all our Sabbaths prove,
Till we rest in thee above.

*John Newton.* 1779.

## 4

1 Hail, thou bright and sacred morn,
Risen with gladness in thy beams:
Light, which not of earth is born,
From thy dawn in glory streams;
Airs of heaven are breathed around,
And each place is holy ground.

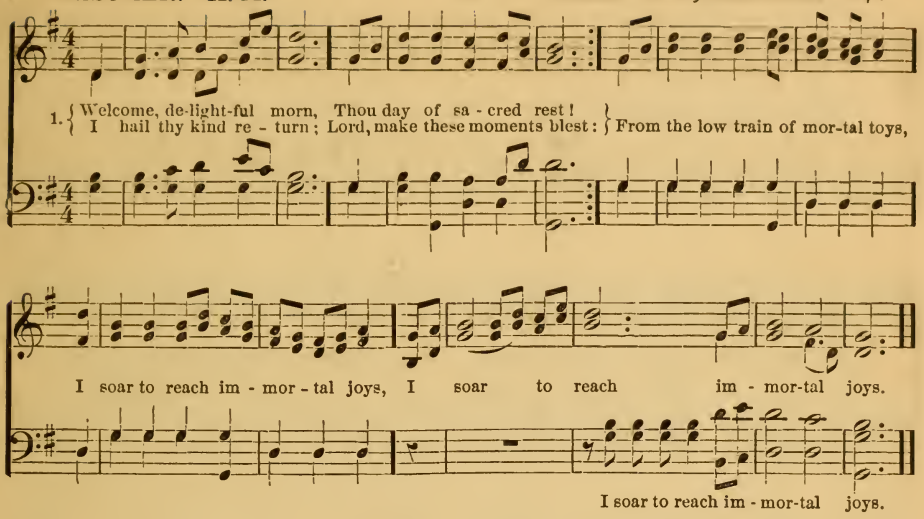
2 Sad and weary were our way,
Fainting oft beneath our load,
But for thee, thou blessed day,
Resting-place on life's rough road:
Here flow forth the streams of grace,
Strengthened hence we run our race.

3 Soon, too soon, the sweet repose
Of this day of God will cease;
Soon this glimpse of heaven will close,
Vanish soon the hours of peace;
Soon return the toil, the strife,
All the weariness of life.

4 But the rest which yet remains
For thy people, Lord, above,
Knows nor change, nor fears, nor pains,
Endless as their Saviour's love:
O may every Sabbath here
Bring us to that rest more near.

*Mrs. Julia Anne Elliott.* 1835.

LISCHER. H. M. *German. Arr. by Lowell Mason.* 1841.


1. { Welcome, de-light-ful morn, Thou day of sa - cred rest! I hail thy kind re - turn; Lord, make these moments blest: } From the low train of mor-tal toys,
I soar to reach im - mor - tal joys, I soar to reach im - mor-tal joys.
I soar to reach im - mor-tal joys.

## 5

1 Welcome delightful morn,
Thou day of sacred rest!
I hail thy kind return;
Lord, make these moments blest:
From the low train of mortal toys,
I soar to reach immortal joys.

2 Now may the King descend
And fill his throne of grace;
Thy sceptre, Lord, extend,
While saints address thy face:
Let sinners feel thy quickening word,
And learn to know and fear the Lord.

3 Descend, celestial Dove,
With all thy quickening powers;
Disclose a Saviour's love,
And bless the sacred hours:
Then shall my soul new life obtain,
Nor Sabbaths be enjoyed in vain.

*Hayward.* 1806.

## 6

1 Ye saints! your music bring,
And swell the rapturous sound;
Strike every trembling string,
Till earth and heaven resound:
The triumphs of the cross we sing,
Awake, ye saints! each joyful string.

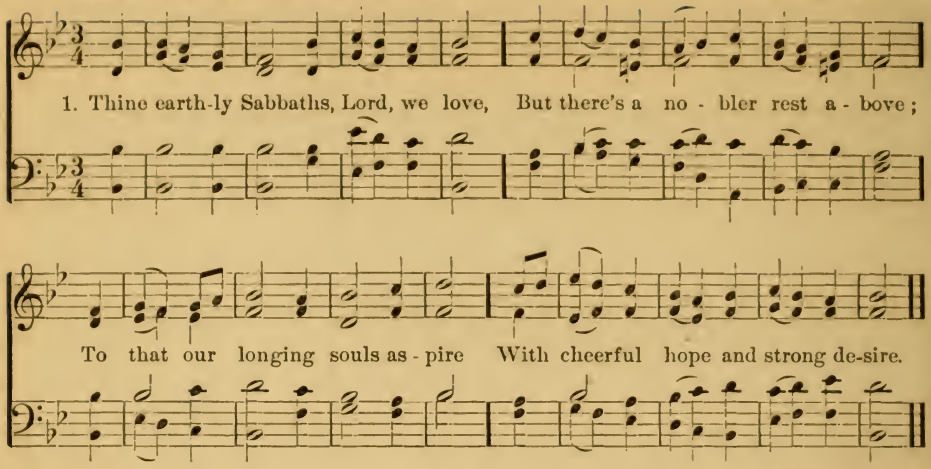
2 The cross, the cross alone,
Subdued the powers of hell;
Like lightning from his throne
The prince of darkness fell;
The triumphs of the cross we sing,
Awake, ye saints! each joyful string.

3 The cross hath power to save
From all the foes that rise;
The cross hath made the grave
A passage to the skies;
The triumphs of the cross we sing,
Awake, ye saints! each joyful string.

*Andrew Reed.* 1817.

DOXOLOGY.

To God the Father's throne
Your highest honors raise;
Glory to God the Son;
To God, the Spirit, praise;
With all our powers, Eternal King,
Thy name we sing, while faith adores.

ALL SAINTS. (Wareham.) L. M. *William Knapp.* 1760.

1. Thine earth-ly Sabbaths, Lord, we love, But there's a no - bler rest a - bove;
To that our longing souls as - pire With cheerful hope and strong de-sire.

## 7

1 THINE earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love,
But there's a nobler rest above;
To that our longing souls aspire,
With cheerful hope and strong desire.

2 No more fatigue, no more distress,
Nor sin nor death shall reach the place;
No groans shall mingle with the songs
That warble from immortal tongues.

3 No rude alarms of raging foes,
No cares to break the long repose,
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred, high, eternal noon.

4 O long-expected day, begin!
Dawn on these realms of woe and sin;
Fain would we leave this weary road,
And sleep in death, to rest with God.

*Philip Doddridge.* 1755.

## 8

1 ANOTHER six days' work is done,
Another Sabbath is begun;
Return, my soul! enjoy thy rest,
Improve the day thy God hath blest.

2 O that our thoughts and thanks may rise,
As grateful incense, to the skies;
And draw from heaven that sweet repose,
Which none but he that feels it knows.

3 This heavenly calm within the breast
Is the dear pledge of glorious rest,
Which for the church of God remains,
The end of cares, the end of pains.

4 In holy duties, let the day,
In holy pleasures, pass away;
How sweet a Sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of one that ne'er shall end!

*Joseph Stennett.* 1732.

## 9

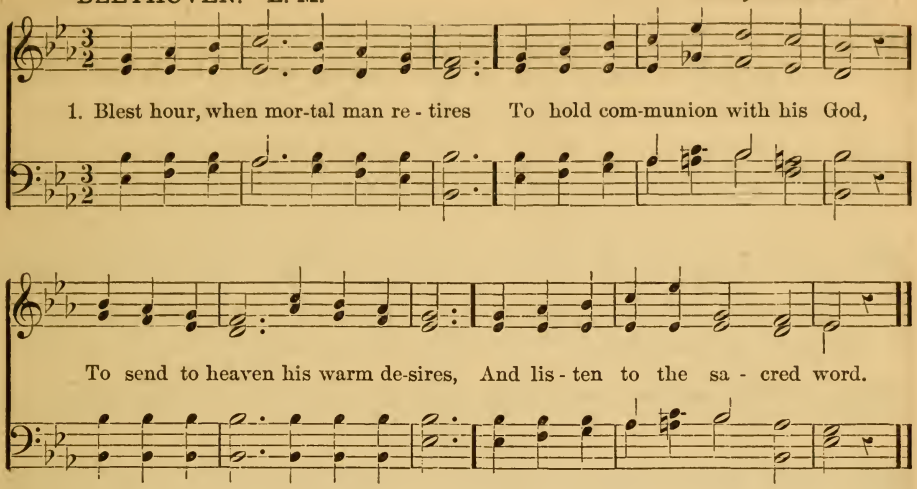
1 How sweet to leave the world awhile,
And seek the presence of our Lord:
Dear Saviour, on thy people smile,
And come according to thy word.

2 From busy scenes we now retreat,
That we may here converse with thee:
Ah, Lord, behold us at thy feet;
Let this the gate of heaven be.

3 Chief of ten thousand, now appear,
That we by faith may see thy face;
O speak, that we thy voice may hear,
And let thy presence fill this place.

*Thomas Kelly.* 1809.

BEETHOVEN. L. M. *Arr. by Lowell Mason.*


1. Blest hour, when mor-tal man re - tires To hold com-munion with his God,
To send to heaven his warm de-sires, And lis - ten to the sa - cred word.

**10**

2 Blest hour, when earthly cares resign
Their empire o'er his anxious breast,
While, all around, the calm divine
Proclaims the holy day of rest.

3 Blest hour, when God himself draws nigh,
Well pleased his people's voice to hear,
To hush the penitential sigh,
And wipe away the mourner's tear.

4 Blest hour, for where the Lord resorts
Foretastes of future bliss are given,
And mortals find His earthly courts
The house of God, the gate of Heaven.

*Thomas Raffles.* 1828.

**11**

1 Lord! may thy truth, upon the heart
Now fall, and dwell as heavenly dew,
And flowers of grace in freshness start
Where once the weeds of error grew.

2 May prayer now lift her sacred wings,
Contented with that aim alone
Which bears her to the King of kings,
And rests her at his sheltering throne.

*Caroline Gilman.* 1820.

**12**

1 Dear is the hallowed morn to me,
When Sabbath bells awake the day,
And, by their sacred minstrelsy,
Call me from earthly cares away.

2 And dear to me the wingéd hour
Spent in thy hallowed courts, O Lord!
To feel devotion's soothing power,
And catch the manna of thy word.

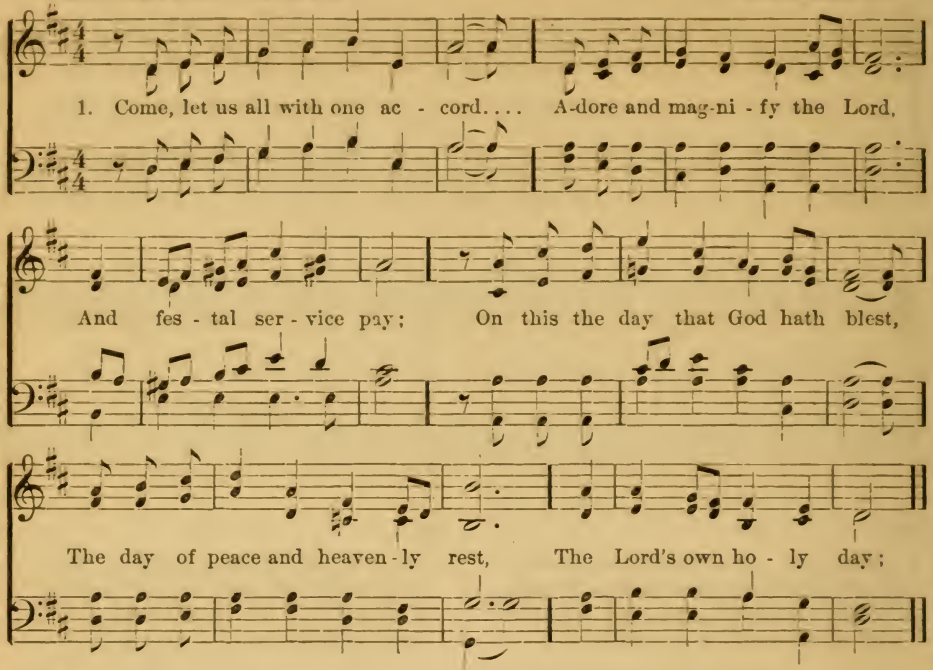
3 And dear to me the loud Amen
Which echoes through the blest abode,
Which swells, and sinks, and swells again,
Dies on the walls, but lives to God.

4 Oft when the world, with iron hands,
Has bound me in its six days' chain,
This bursts them, like the strong man's bands,
And lets my spirit loose again.

5 Go, man of pleasure, strike thy lyre,
Of broken Sabbaths sing the charms;
Ours be the prophet's car of fire
That bears us to a Father's arms.

*J. W. Cunningham.* 1822.

ADORATION. 8s & 6s. *G. A. Macfarren.*


1. Come, let us all with one ac - cord.... A-dore and mag-ni - fy the Lord,
And fes - tal ser - vice pay; On this the day that God hath blest,
The day of peace and heaven - ly rest, The Lord's own ho - ly day;

13

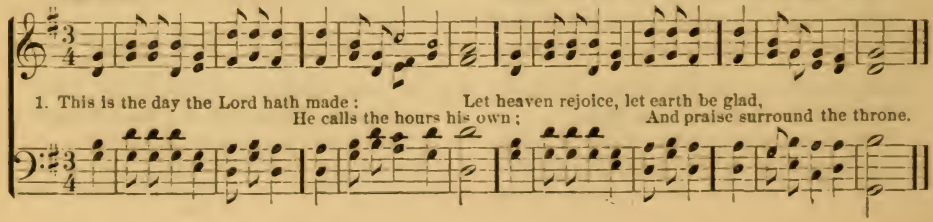
2 That saw primæval darkness break,
And that more glorious life awake
That lasteth evermore;
That saw hell's legions prostrate fall,
And Christ triumphant over all
His own to heaven restore.

3 This day the peace that flows from heaven
Was unto the Apostles given,
When doors were closed at night;
This day the Holy Spirit's flame
Upon the Church's teachers came,
And filled their souls with light.

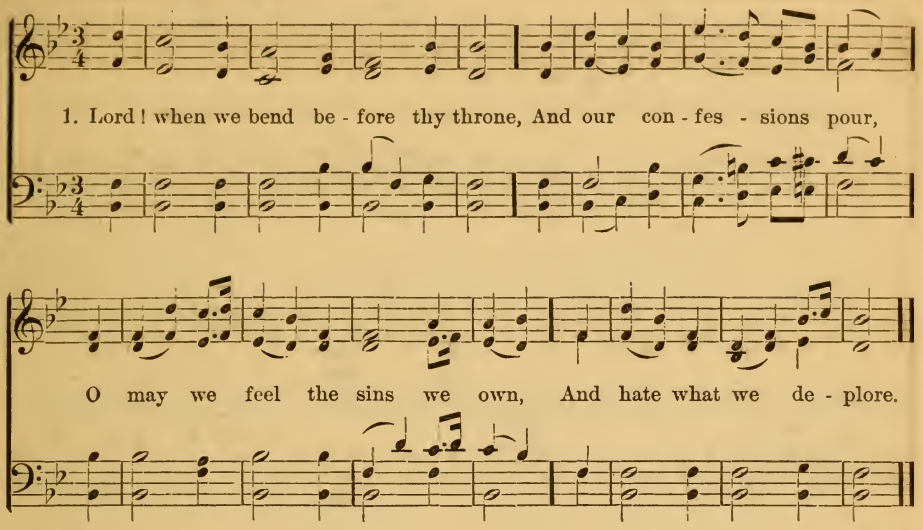
4 Then on this day let us adore
Our God, and supplication pour,
That when worlds pass away,
Thro' Christ's dear grace our souls may rest
In peace and joy forever blest,
In his Eternal Day.

*H. M. C. in English Hymnary.* 1872.

MARLOW. C. M. *English. Arr. by Lowell Mason.* 1832.


1. This is the day the Lord hath made; Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad,
He calls the hours his own; And praise surround the throne.

BEMERTON. C. M. *Henry W. Greatorex.* 1849.




## 14

1 Lord! when we bend before thy throne,
And our confessions pour,
O may we feel the sins we own,
And hate what we deplore.

2 Our contrite spirits pitying see;
True penitence impart:
And let a healing ray from thee
Beam hope on every heart.

3 When we disclose our wants in prayer,
May we our wills resign;
Nor let a thought our bosom share,
Which is not wholly thine.

4 Let faith each meek petition fill,
And waft it to the skies;
And teach our heart 'tis goodness still,
That grants it or denies.

*J. D. Carlyle.* 1804.

---

## 15

1 This is the day the Lord hath made;
He calls the hours his own;
Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad,
And praise surround the throne.

2 To-day he rose, and left the dead,
And Satan's empire fell;
To-day the saints his triumph spread,
And all his wonders tell.

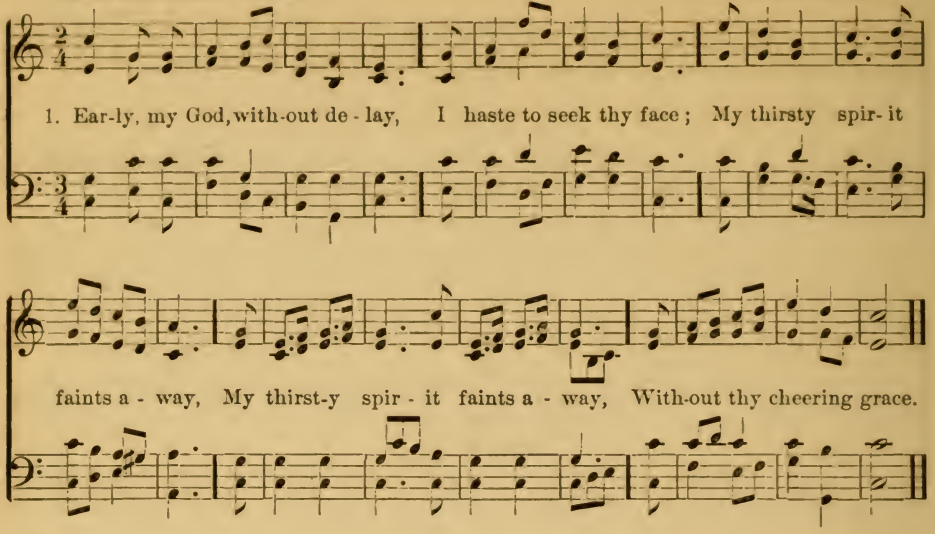
3 Hosanna to the anointed King,
To David's only Son;
Help us, O Lord; descend, and bring
Salvation from thy throne.

4 Blest be the Lord who comes to men
With messages of grace;
Who comes, in God his Father's name,
To save our sinful race.

5 Hosanna in the highest strains
The church on earth can raise;
The highest heavens, in which he reigns,
Shall give him nobler praise.

*Isaac Watts.* 1719.

LANESBORO. C. M. *William Dixon.* 1790.


1. Ear-ly, my God, with-out de - lay, I haste to seek thy face; My thirsty spir- it
faints a - way, My thirst-y spir - it faints a - way, With-out thy cheering grace.

## 16

2 So pilgrims on the scorching sand,
Beneath a burning sky,
Long for a cooling stream at hand,
And they must drink or die.

3 I've seen thy glory and thy power
Through all thy temple shine;
My God, repeat that heavenly hour,
That vision so divine.

4 Not life itself, with all its joys,
Can my best passions move,
Or raise so high my cheerful voice,
As thy forgiving love.

5 Thus, till my last expiring day,
I'll bless my God and King;
Thus will I lift my hands to pray,
And tune my lips to sing.

*Isaac Watts.* 1719.

## 17

1 My Lord, my Love, was crucified,
He all the pains did bear;
But in the sweetness of his rest
He makes his servants share.

2 How sweetly rest thy saints above
Which in thy bosom lie;
The church below doth rest in hope
Of that felicity.

3 Thou, Lord, who daily feed'st thy sheep,
Mak'st them a weekly feast;
Thy flocks meet in their several folds
Upon this day of rest.

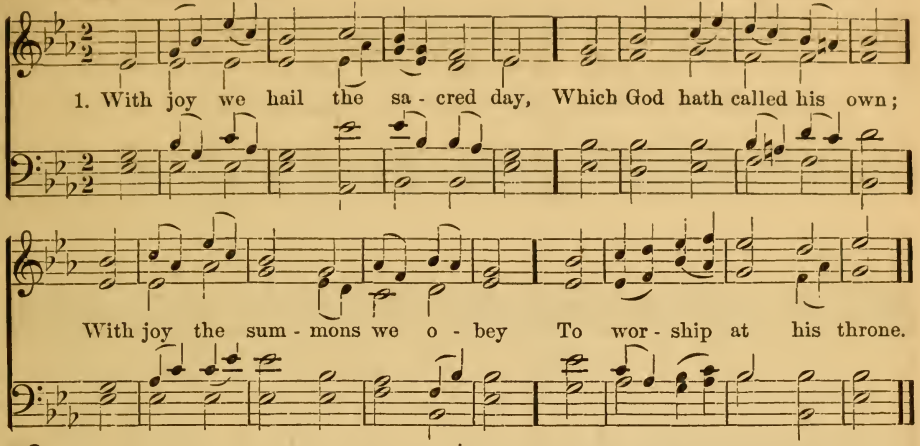
4 Welcome and dear unto my soul
Are these sweet feasts of love;
But what a Sabbath shall I keep
When I shall rest above!

5 I bless thy wise and wondrous love,
Which binds us to be free;
Which makes us leave our earthly snares,
That we may come to thee.

6 I come, I wait, I hear, I pray,
Thy footsteps, Lord, I trace;
I sing to think this is the way
Unto my Saviour's face.

*John Mason.* 1683.

WARWICK. C. M. *Samuel Stanley.* 1810.




## 18

2 Thy chosen temple, Lord! how fair!
Where willing votaries throng,
To breathe the humble, fervent prayer,
And pour the choral song.

3 Spirit of grace! O deign to dwell
Within thy church below;
Make her in holiness excel,
With pure devotion glow.

4 Let peace within her walls be found;
Let all her sons unite,
To spread with grateful zeal around
Her clear and shining light.

*Harriet Auber.* 1829.

## 19

1 Blest day of God! most calm, most bright,
The first, the best of days,
The laborer's rest, the saint's delight,
The day of prayer and praise.

2 My Saviour's face made thee to shine;
His rising thee did raise,
And made thee heavenly and divine
Beyond all other days.

3 The first-fruits oft a blessing prove
To all the sheaves behind;
And they the day of Christ who love,
A happy week shall find.

4 This day I must with God appear;
For, Lord, the day is thine;
Help me to spend it in thy fear,
Then shall the day be mine.

*J. Mason.* 1683.

## 20

1 And now another week begins,
This day we call the Lord's;
This day he rose, who bore our sins,
For so his word records.

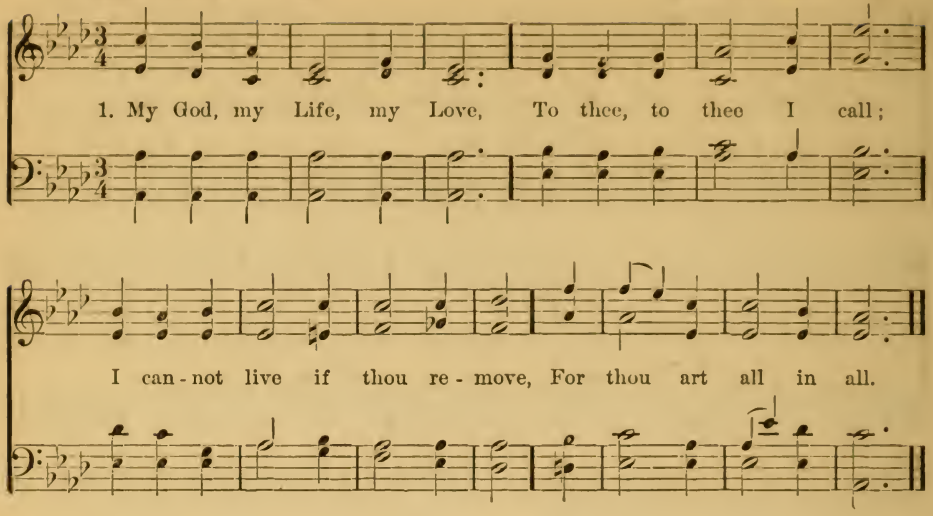
2 Hark, how the angels sweetly sing!
Their voices fill the sky;
They hail their great, victorious King,
And welcome him on high.

3 We'll catch the note of lofty praise;
Their joys in part we feel;
With them our thankful song we'll raise,
And emulate their zeal.

4 Come, then, ye saints! and grateful sing
Of Christ, our risen Lord,
Of Christ, the everlasting King,
Of Christ, th' incarnate Word.

5 Hail! mighty Saviour! thee we hail,
Who fillest the throne above!
Till heart and flesh together fail,
We'll sing thy matchless love.

*Thomas Kelly.* 1809.

GREENWOOD. S. M. *Joseph E. Sweetser.* 1849.

## 21

2 To thee, and thee alone,
The angels owe their bliss;
They sit around thy gracious throne,
And dwell where Jesus is.

3 Not all the harps above
Can make a heavenly place,
If God his residence remove,
Or but conceal his face.

4 Nor earth, nor all the sky,
Can one delight afford,
No, not a drop of real joy,
Without thy presence, Lord.

5 Thou art the sea of love,
Where all my pleasures roll;
The circle where my passions move,
And centre of my soul.

*Isaac Watts.* 1709.

## 22

1 LORD! in this sacred hour
Within thy courts we bend,
And bless thy love, and own thy power,
Our Father and our Friend!

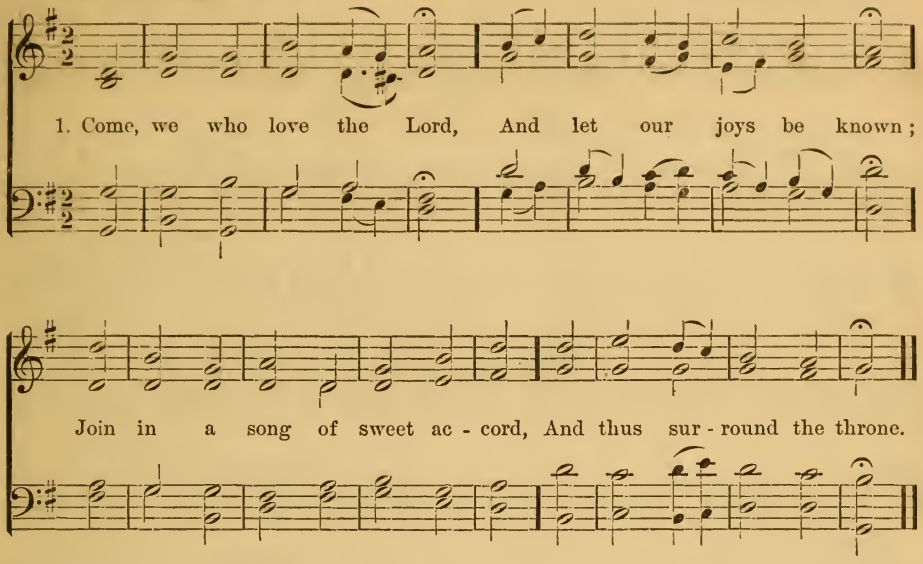
2 But thou art not alone
In courts by mortals trod;
Nor only is the day thine own
When man draws near to God.

3 Thy temple is the arch
Of yon unmeasured sky;
Thy Sabbath, the stupendous march
Of grand eternity.

4 Lord! may that holier day
Dawn on thy servants' sight;
And purer worship may we pay
In heaven's unclouded light.

*Stephen G. Bulfinch.* 1832.

ST. THOMAS. S. M. *William Tansur.* 1743.




## 23

2 Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God;
But children of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.

3 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below;
Celestial fruits on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow.

4 The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.

5 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're marching through Immanuel's ground
To fairer worlds on high.

*Isaac Watts* 1709.

## 24

1 SWEET is the work, O Lord,
Thy glorious acts to sing,
To praise thy name, and hear thy word,
And grateful offerings bring.

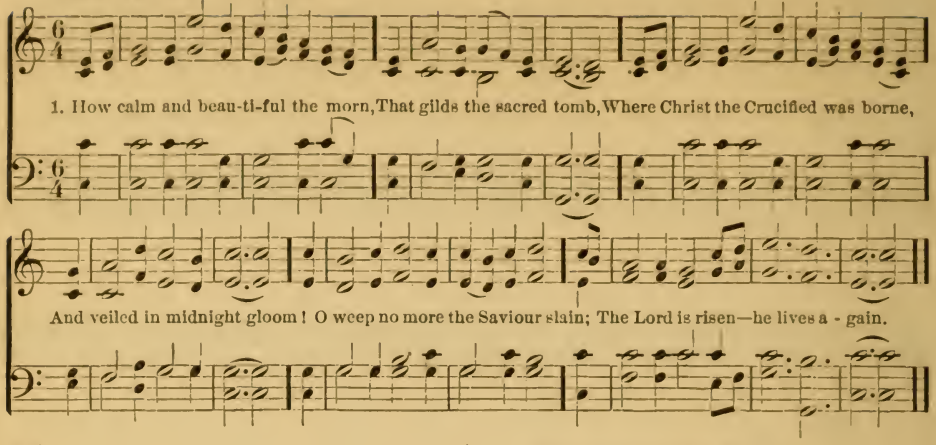
2 Sweet, at the dawning light,
Thy boundless love to tell;
And when approach the shades of night,
Still on the theme to dwell.

3 Sweet, on this day of rest,
To join in heart and voice
With those who love and serve thee best,
And in thy name rejoice.

4 To songs of praise and joy
Be every Sabbath given,
That such may be our blest employ
Eternally in heaven.

*Harriet Auber.* 1829.

HASTINGS. C. L. M. *Thomas Hastings.* 1832.


1. How calm and beau-ti-ful the morn, That gilds the sacred tomb, Where Christ the Crucified was borne,
And veiled in midnight gloom! O weep no more the Saviour slain; The Lord is risen—he lives a - gain.

25

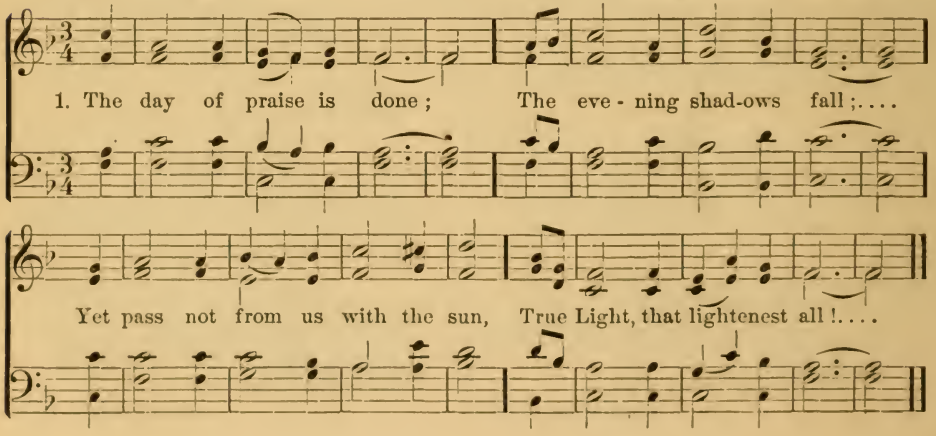
2 Ye mourning saints! dry every tear
For your departed Lord;
"Behold the place!—he is not here!"
The tomb is all unbarred;
The gates of death were closed in vain;
The Lord is risen—he lives again.

3 How tranquil now the rising day!
'Tis Jesus still appears,
A risen Lord, to chase away
Your unbelieving fears:
O! weep no more your comforts slain;
The Lord is risen—he lives again.

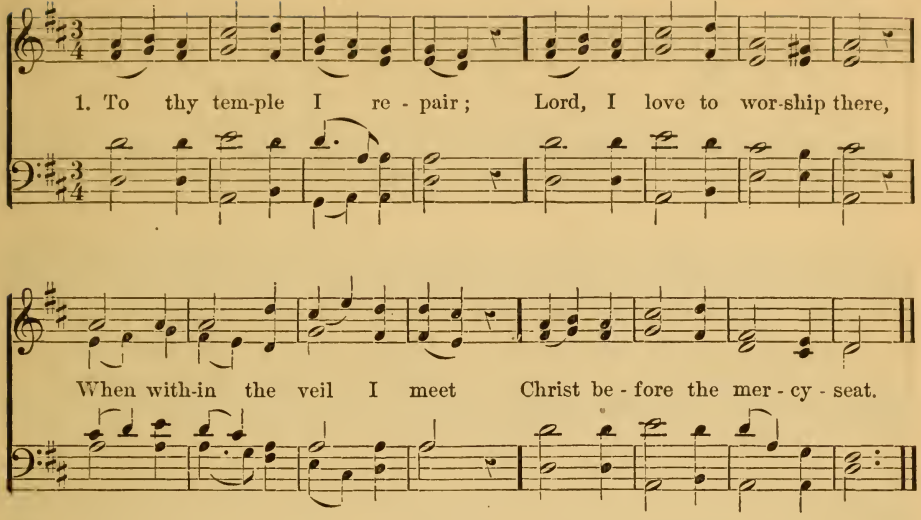
4 And, when the shades of evening fall,
When life's last hour draws nigh,
If Jesus shines upon the soul,
How blissful then to die!
Since he hath risen that once was slain,
Ye die in Christ to live again.

*Thomas Hastings.* 1832.

VIGIL. S. M. *Giovanni Paisiello.* (1741—1816.)



DALLAS. 7s. *Maria Luigi Cherubini.* (1760—1842.)




## 26

2 By him I am reconciled,
I through him become thy child;
Abba, Father, give me grace
In thy courts to seek thy face.

3 While thy glorious praise is sung,
Touch my lips, unloose my tongue,
That my joyful soul may bless
Thee, the Lord my Righteousness.

4 While I hearken to thy law,
Fill my soul with humble awe,
Till thy gospel bring to me
Life and immortality.

5 While thy ministers proclaim
Peace and pardon in thy name,
Through their voice, by faith, may I
Hear thee speaking from the sky.

6 From thy house when I return,
May my heart within me burn;
And at evening let me say,
"I have walked with God to-day."

*James Montgomery.* 1825.

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## 27 (VIGIL.)

2 Around thy throne on high,
Where night can never be,
The white-robed harpers of the sky
Bring ceaseless hymns to thee.

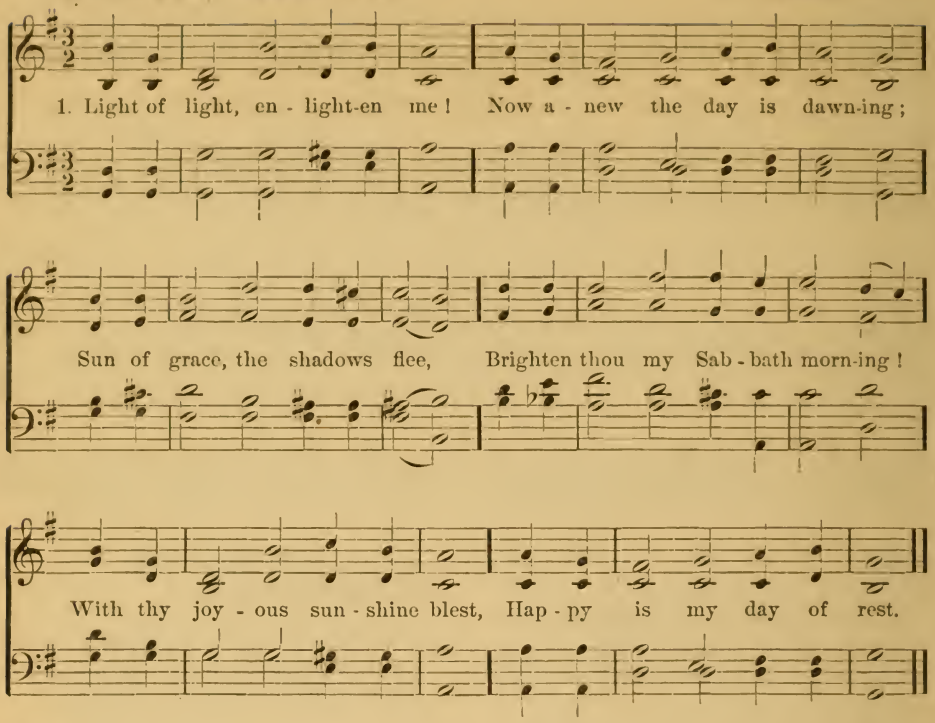
3 Too faint our anthems here;
Too soon of praise we tire;
But oh, the strains how full and clear
Of that eternal choir!

4 Yet, Lord! to thy dear will
If thou attune the heart,
We in thine angels' music still
May bear our lower part.

5 Shine thou within us, then,
A day that knows no end,
Till songs of angels and of men
In perfect praise shall blend.

*John Ellerton.* 1871.

HINCHMAN. 7s & 8s. 6 lines. *U. C. Burnap.* 1869.


1. Light of light, en - light-en me! Now a - new the day is dawn-ing;
Sun of grace, the shadows flee, Brighten thou my Sab - bath morn-ing!
With thy joy - ous sun - shine blest, Hap - py is my day of rest.

## 28

2 Fount of all our joy and peace,
To thy living waters lead me;
Thou from earth my soul release,
And with grace and mercy feed me;
Bless thy Word that it may prove
Rich in fruits that thou dost love.

3 Kindle thou the sacrifice
That upon my lips is lying;
Clear the shadows from mine eyes,
That, from every error flying,
No strange fire may in me glow
That thine altar doth not know.

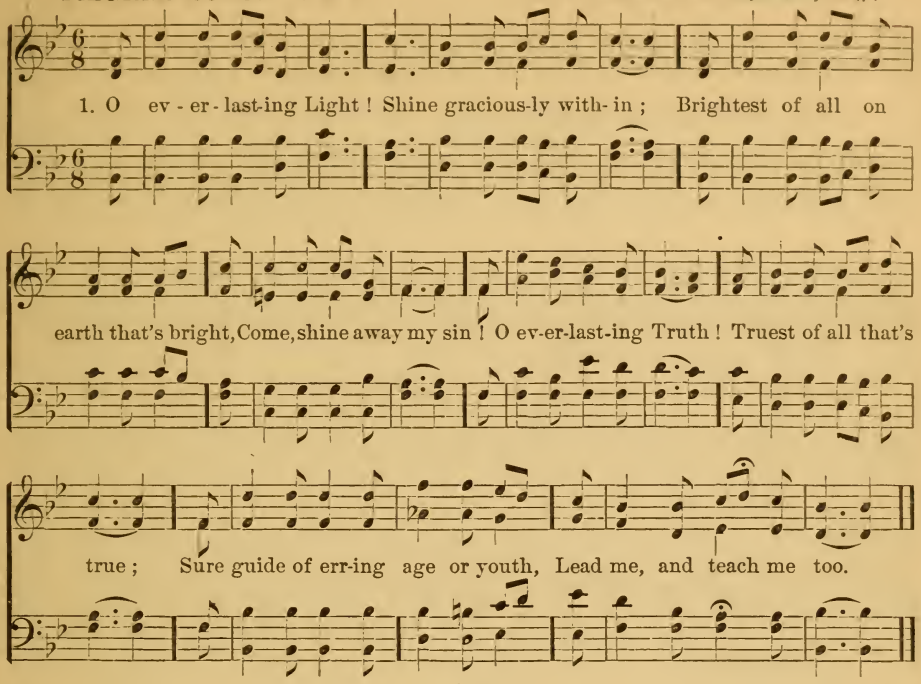
4 Let me with my heart to-day,
Holy, Holy, Holy, singing,
Rapt awhile from earth away,
All my soul to thee up-springing,
Have a foretaste inly given,
How they worship thee in heaven.

5 Rest in me and I in thee,
Build a paradise within me;
O reveal thyself to me,
Blesséd Love, who died'st to win me:
Fed from thine exhaustless urn,
Pure and bright my lamp shall burn.

6 Hence all care, all vanity,
For the day to God is holy:
Come, thou glorious Majesty,
Deign to fill this temple lowly;
Nought to-day my soul shall move,
Simply resting in thy love.

*Schmolke, Tr. by Miss C. Winkworth.* 1858.

PILGRIM SONG. S. M. D. *Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy.* (1809—1847)


1. O ev - er - last-ing Light! Shine gracious-ly with- in; Brightest of all on
earth that's bright, Come, shine away my sin! O ev-er-last-ing Truth! Truest of all that's
true; Sure guide of err-ing age or youth, Lead me, and teach me too.

## 29

2 O everlasting Strength!
Uphold me in the way;
Bring me, in spite of foes, at length,
To joy, and light, and day.
O everlasting Love!
Well-spring of grace and peace,
Pour down thy fullness from above;
Bid doubt and trouble cease.

3 O everlasting Rest!
Lift off life's load of care;
Relieve, revive this burdened breast,
And every sorrow bear.
Thou art in heaven our all;
Our all on earth art thou:
Upon thy glorious name we call;
Lord Jesus, bless us now!

*Horatius Bonar.* 1867.

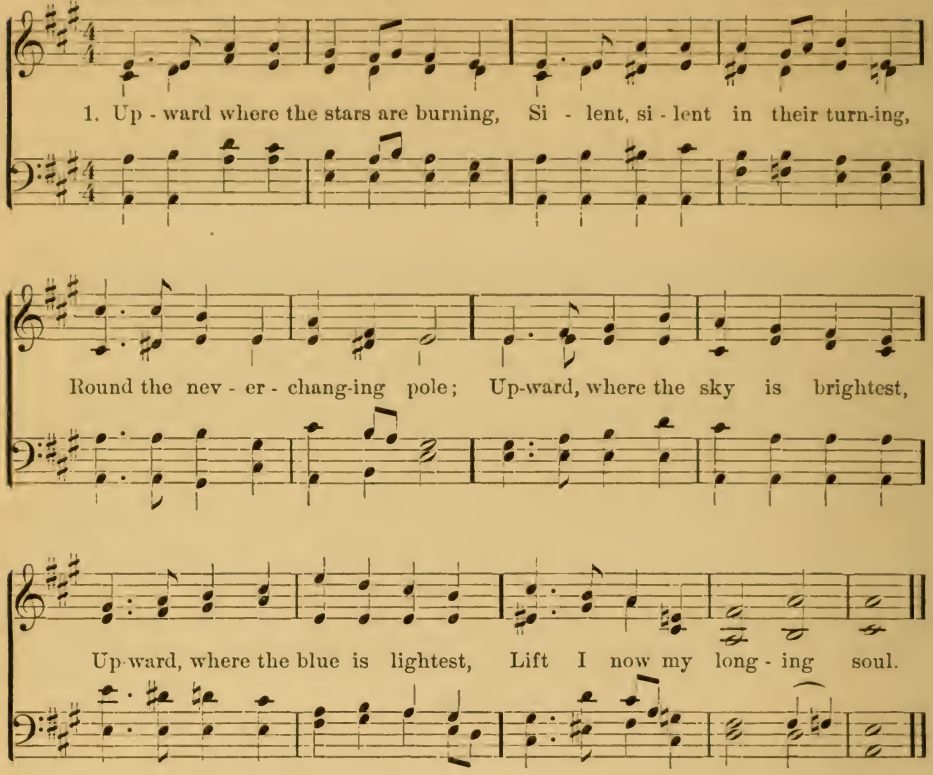
## 30

1 This is the day of light;
Let there be light to-day:
O Day-spring, rise upon our night,
And chase its gloom away.
This is the day of rest:
Our failing strength renew!
On weary brain and troubled breast
Shed thou thy freshening dew.

2 This is the day of peace;
Thy peace our spirits fill:
Bid thou the blast of discord cease,
The waves of strife be still.
This is the day of prayer;
Let earth to heaven draw near:
Lift up our hearts to seek thee there;
Come down to meet us here.

*John Ellerton.* 1868.

HEAVENLY PRAISE. 8s & 7s. 6 lines. *J. Baptiste Calkin.*


1. Up - ward where the stars are burning, Si - lent, si - lent in their turn-ing,
Round the nev - er - chang-ing pole; Up-ward, where the sky is brightest,
Up-ward, where the blue is lightest, Lift I now my long - ing soul.

## 31

1 Upward where the stars are burning,
Silent, silent in their turning,
Round the never-changing pole:
Upward, where the sky is brightest,
Upward, where the blue is lightest,
Lift I now my longing soul.

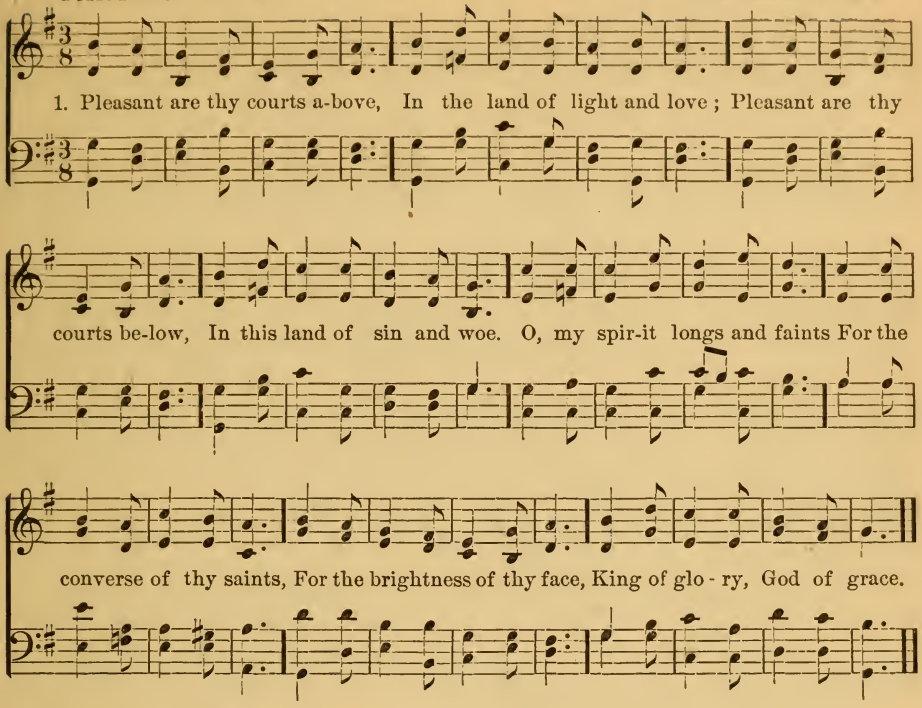
2 Far beyond that arch of gladness,
Far beyond these clouds of sadness,
Are the many mansions fair.
Far from pain and sin and folly,
In that palace of the holy,
I would find my mansion there.

3 Where the Lamb on high is seated,
By ten thousand voices greeted:
Lord of lords, and King of kings.
Son of man, they crown, they crown Him,
Son of God, they own, they own Him,
With his name the palace rings.

4 Blessing, honor, without measure,
Heavenly riches, earthly treasure,
Lay we at his blessèd feet.
Poor the praise that now we render,
Loud shall be our voices yonder,
When before his throne we meet.

*Horatius Bonar.*

PARTING. 7s. D. *John Dowland.* 1592.


1. Pleasant are thy courts a-bove, In the land of light and love; Pleasant are thy
courts be-low, In this land of sin and woe. O, my spir-it longs and faints For the
converse of thy saints, For the brightness of thy face, King of glo - ry, God of grace.

## 32

1 PLEASANT are thy courts above,
In the land of light and love;
Pleasant are thy courts below,
In this land of sin and woe.
O, my spirit longs and faints
For the converse of thy saints,
For the brightness of thy face,
King of glory, God of grace.

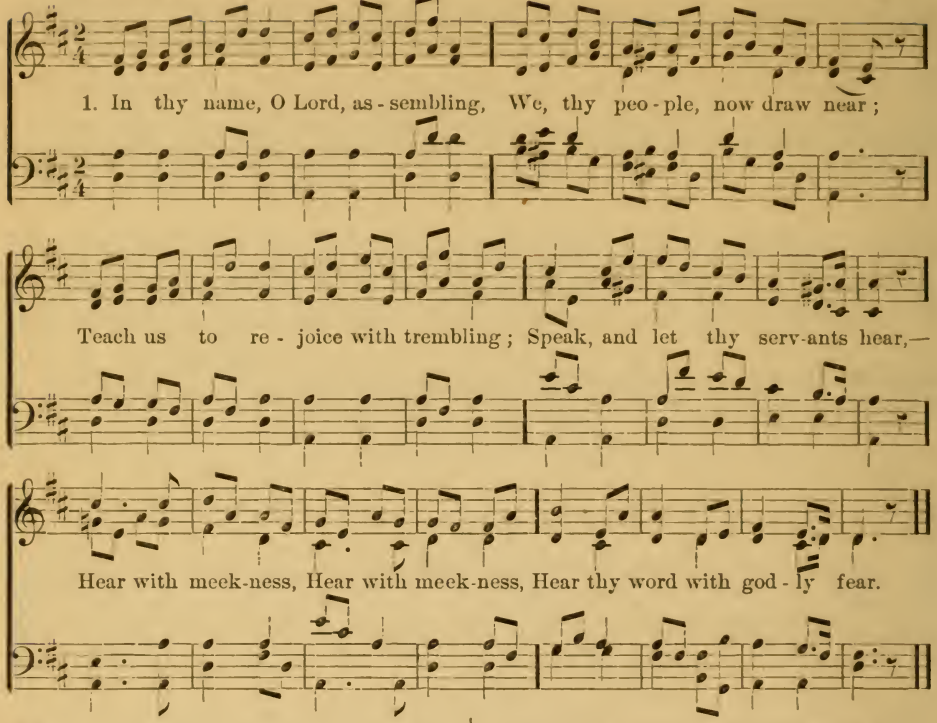
2 Happy birds, that sing and fly
Round thy altars, O Most High;
Happier souls, that find a rest
In a Heavenly Father's breast:
Like the wandering dove, that found
No repose on earth around,
They can to their ark repair,
And enjoy it ever there.

3 Happy souls, their praises flow
Even in this vale of woe;
Waters in the desert rise,
Manna feeds them from the skies:
On they go from strength to strength,
Till they reach thy throne at length;
At thy feet adoring fall,
Who hast led them safe through all.

4 Lord, be mine this prize to win;
Guide me through a world of sin;
Keep me by thy saving grace;
Give me at thy side a place.
Sun and Shield alike thou art;
Guide and guard my erring heart;
Grace and glory flow from thee,
Shower, O shower them, Lord, on me.

*Henry Francis Lyte.* 1834.

VERNON. 8s, 7s & 4s. *Henry W. Greatorex.* 1849.


1. In thy name, O Lord, as - sembling, We, thy peo - ple, now draw near;
Teach us to re - joice with trembling; Speak, and let thy serv-ants hear,—
Hear with meek-ness, Hear with meek-ness, Hear thy word with god - ly fear.

## 33

2 While our days on earth are lengthened,
May we give them, Lord, to thee;
Cheered by hope and daily strengthened,
May we run, nor weary be,
Till thy glory
Without clouds in heaven we see.

3 There, in worship purer, sweeter,
Thee thy people shall adore;
Tasting of enjoyment greater
Far than thought conceived before;
Full enjoyment,
Full, unmixed, and evermore.

*Thomas Kelly.* 1815.

## 34

1 Lead us, heavenly Father! lead us
O'er the world's tempestuous sea;
Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us,
For we have no help but thee;
Yet possessing every blessing,
If our God our Father be.

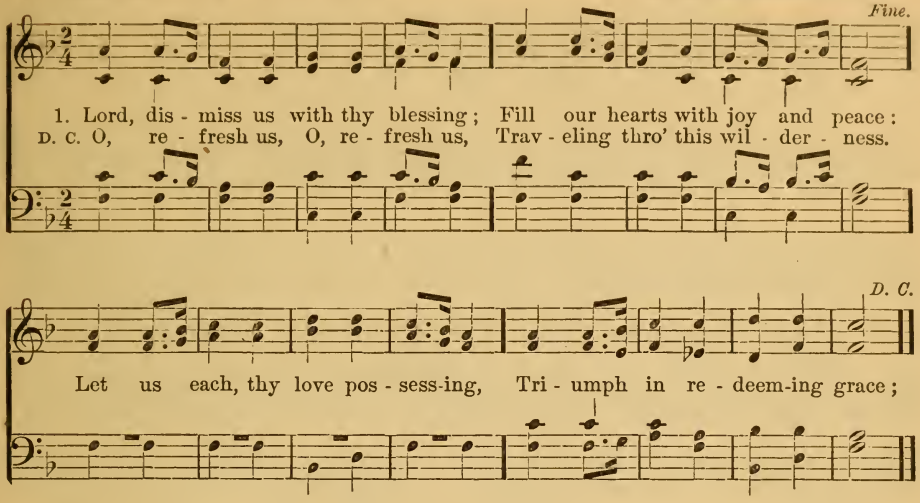
2 Saviour! breathe forgiveness o'er us;
All our weakness thou dost know;
Thou didst tread this earth before us;
Thou didst feel its keenest woe;
Lone and dreary, faint and weary,
Through the desert thou didst go.

3 Spirit of our God! descending,
Fill our hearts with heavenly joy;
Love with every passion blending,
Pleasure that can never cloy;
Thus provided, pardoned, guided,
Nothing can our peace destroy.

*James Edmeston.* 1820.

GREENVILLE. 8s, 7s & 4s

*Jean Jacques Rousseau.* 1750.


Fine.
1. Lord, dis - miss us with thy blessing; Fill our hearts with joy and peace:
D. C. O, re - fresh us, O, re - fresh us, Trav - eling thro' this wil - der - ness.
D. C.
Let us each, thy love pos - sess-ing, Tri - umph in re - deem-ing grace;

## 35

2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
For thy gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound;
May thy presence
With us evermore be found.

3 Then, whene'er the signal's given
Us from earth to call away,
Borne on angels' wings to heaven,
Glad the summons to obey,
May we ever
Reign with Christ in endless day!

*Walter Shirley.* 1774.

## 36

1 Come, thou soul-transforming Spirit,
Bless the sower and the seed;
Let each heart thy grace inherit;
Raise the weak, the hungry feed!
From the gospel
Now supply thy people's need.

2 O, may all enjoy the blessing
Which thy word's designed to give;
Let us all, thy love possessing,
Joyfully the truth receive;
And forever
To thy praise and glory live.

*Jonathan Evans.* 1784.

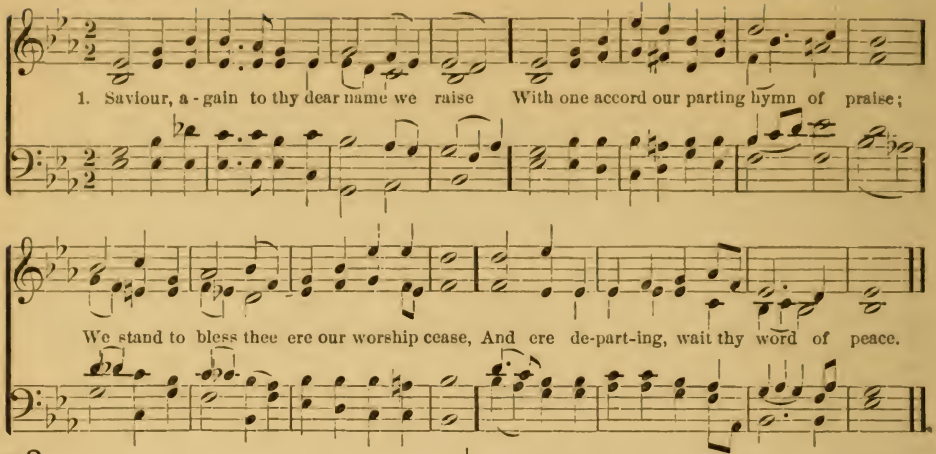
## 37

1 God is in his holy temple;
All the earth, keep silence here!
Worship him in truth and spirit,
Reverence him with godly fear!
Holy, holy
Lord of hosts, our Lord, appear.

2 God in Christ reveals his presence,
Throned upon the mercy-seat:
Saints, rejoice; and, sinners, tremble;
Each prepare his God to meet:
Lowly, lowly,
Bow adoring at his feet.

3 Hail him here with songs of praises;
Him with prayers of faith surround:
Hearken to his glorious gospel,
While the preacher's lips expound;
Blesséd, blesséd,
They who know the joyful sound!

*James Montgomery.* 1853.

PAX DEI. 10s. *John B. Dykes.*

1. Saviour, a - gain to thy dear name we raise With one accord our parting hymn of praise;
We stand to bless thee ere our worship cease, And ere de-part-ing, wait thy word of peace.

38

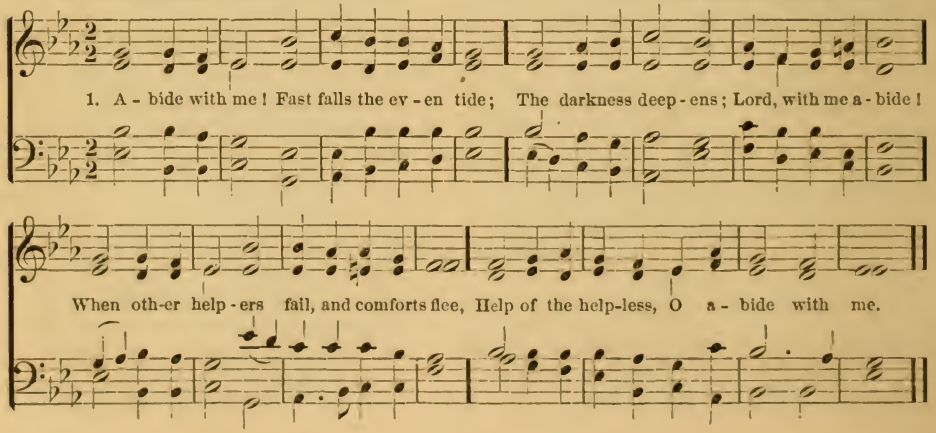
2 Grant us thy peace upon our homeward way;
With thee began, with thee shall end the day;
Guard thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame,
That in this house have called upon thy name.

3 Grant us thy peace, Lord, through the coming night,
Turn thou for us its darkness into light;
From harm and danger keep thy children free,
For dark and light are both alike to thee.

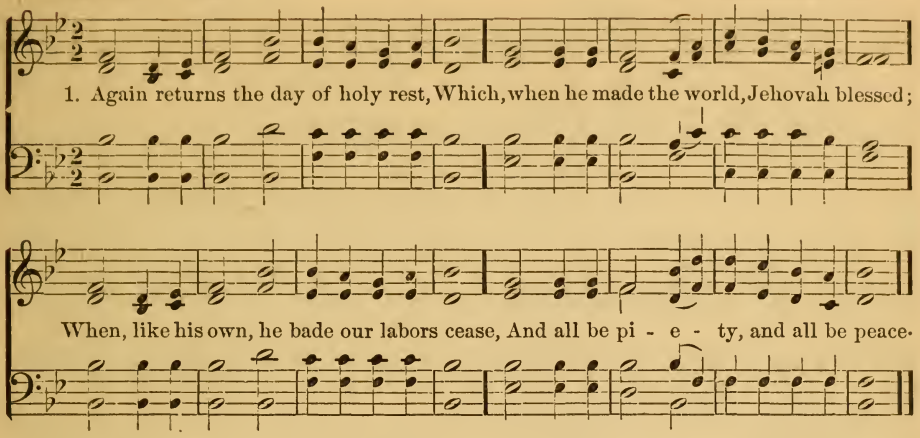
4 Grant us thy peace throughout our earthly life,
Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in strife;
Then, when thy voice shall bid our conflict cease,
Call us, O Lord, to thine eternal peace.

*John Ellerton.* 1868.

EVENTIDE. 10s. *William H. Monk.* 1861.


1. A - bide with me! Fast falls the ev - en tide; The darkness deep - ens; Lord, with me a - bide!
When oth-er help - ers fail, and comforts flee, Help of the help-less, O a - bide with me.

ERNAN. 10s. *Lowell Mason.* 1850.


1. Again returns the day of holy rest, Which, when he made the world, Jehovah blessed;
When, like his own, he bade our labors cease, And all be pi - e - ty, and all be peace.

**39**

1 Again returns the day of holy rest,
Which, when he made the world, Jehovah blessed;
When, like his own, he bade our labors cease,
And all be piety, and all be peace.

2 Let us devote this consecrated day
To learn his will, and all we learn obey;
So shall he hear, when fervently we raise
Our supplications and our songs of praise.

3 Father of heaven! in whom our hopes confide,
Whose power defends us, and whose precepts guide,
In life our Guardian, and in death our Friend,
Glory supreme be thine, till time shall end.

*William Mason.* (1725—1797.)

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**40**

2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim; its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
O thou who changest not, abide with me!

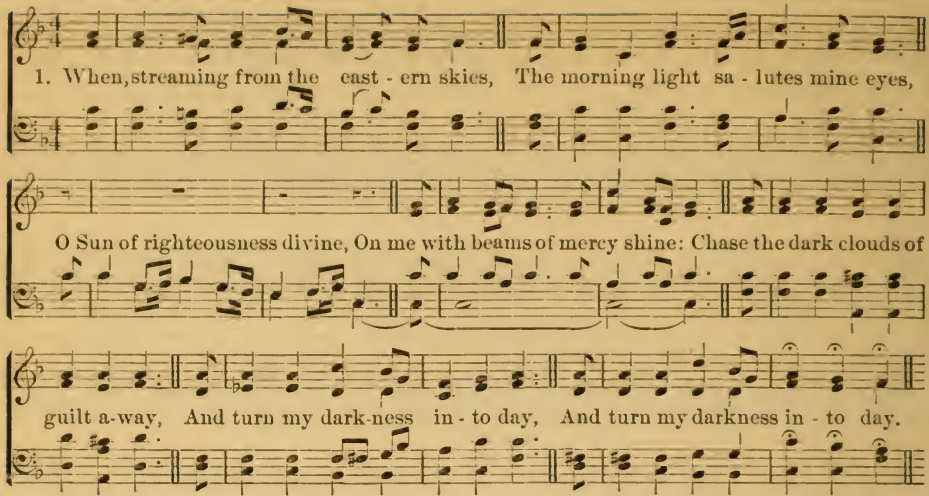
3 I need thy presence every passing hour.
What but thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with me!

4 I fear no foe, with thee at hand to bless;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness:
Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if thou abide with me.

5 Hold thou thy cross before my closing eyes,
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies;
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee:
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me!

*Henry Francis Lyte.* 1847.

CHAPEL. L. M. 6 lines. *Rudolf Kreutzer.* (1766—1831.)


1. When, streaming from the east - ern skies, The morning light sa - lutes mine eyes,
O Sun of righteousness divine, On me with beams of mercy shine: Chase the dark clouds of
guilt a-way, And turn my dark-ness in - to day, And turn my darkness in - to day.

41

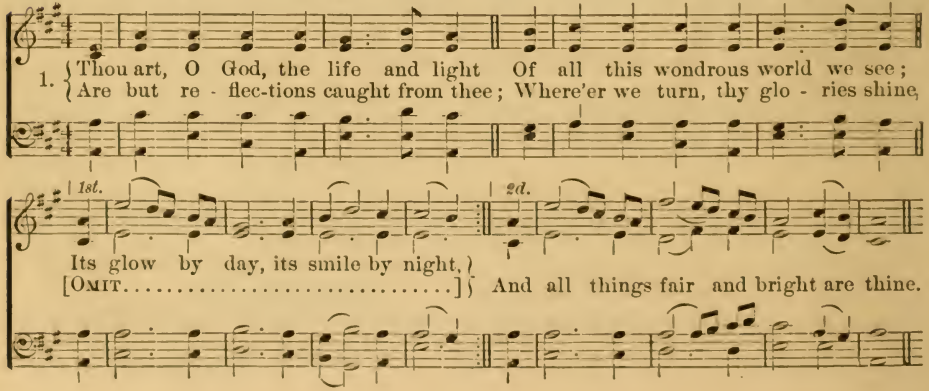
2 And when to heaven's all-glorious King
My morning sacrifice I bring,
And, mourning o'er my guilt and shame,
Ask mercy in my Saviour's name,
Then, Jesus, cleanse me with thy blood,
And be my Advocate with God.

3 When each day's scenes and labors close,
And wearied nature seeks repose,
With pardoning mercy richly blest,
Guard me, my Saviour, while I rest;
And as each morning sun shall rise,
O, lead me onward to the skies.

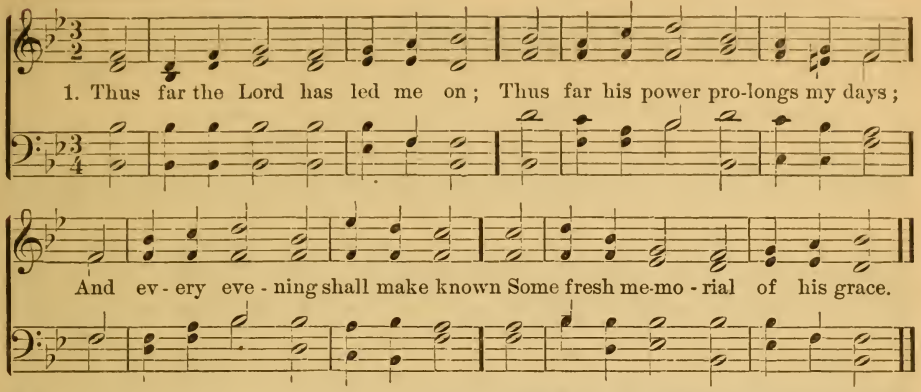
4 And at my life's last setting sun,
My conflicts o'er, my labors done,
Jesus, thy heavenly radiance shed,
To cheer and bless my dying bed;
And from death's gloom my spirit raise
To see thy face, and sing thy praise.

*William Shrubsole, Jr.* 1813.

NORTHAMPTON. L. M. 6 lines. *Arr. by George Kingsley.*


1. Thou art, O God, the life and light Of all this wondrous world we see;
Are but re - flec-tions caught from thee; Where'er we turn, thy glo - ries shine,
1st.
2d.
Its glow by day, its smile by night,
[Omit.....] And all things fair and bright are thine.

HEBRON. L. M. *Lowell Mason.* 1830.


1. Thus far the Lord has led me on; Thus far his power pro-longs my days;
And ev - ery eve - ning shall make known Some fresh me-mo - rial of his grace.

## 42

2 Much of my time has run to waste,
And I, perhaps, am near my home;
But he forgives my follies past,
And gives me strength for days to come.

3 I lay my body down to sleep:
Peace is the pillow for my head,
While well-appointed angels keep
Their watchful stations round my bed.

4 Faith in his name forbids my fear;
O, may thy presence ne'er depart;
And, in the morning, make me hear
The love and kindness of thy heart.

5 Thus, when the night of death shall come,
My flesh shall rest beneath the ground;
And wait thy voice to rouse my tomb,
With sweet salvation in the sound.

*Isaac Watts.* 1709.

## 43

1 Lord, now we part in thy blest name,
In which we here together came;
Grant us, our few remaining days,
To work thy will and spread thy praise.

2 Teach us in life and death to bless [ness;
Thee, Lord, our strength and righteous-
Grant that we all may meet above,
Where we shall better sing thy love.

*John Dracup.* 1787.

## 44

1 Thou art, O God, the life and light
Of all this wondrous world we see;
Its glow by day, its smile by night,
Are but reflections caught from thee;
Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are thine.

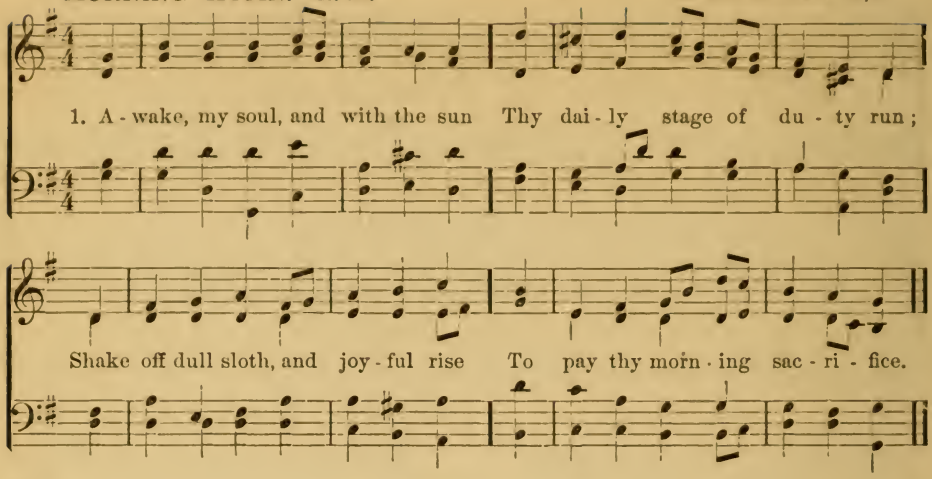
2 When day, with farewell beam, delays
Among the opening clouds of even,
And we can almost think we gaze,
Through opening vistas into heaven,—
Those hues that mark the sun's decline,
So soft, so radiant, Lord, are thine.

3 When night, with wings of starry gloom,
O'ershadows all the earth and skies,
Like some dark, beauteous bird, whose plume
Is sparkling with unnumbered eyes,—
That sacred gloom, those fires divine,
So grand, so countless, Lord, are thine.

4 When youthful spring around us breathes,
Thy spirit warms her fragrant sigh;
And every flower that summer wreathes
Is born beneath thy kindling eye:
Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are thine.

*Thomas Moore.* 1816.

## MORNING HYMN. L. M.

*F. H. Barthelemon.* 1768.

1. A - wake, my soul, and with the sun Thy dai - ly stage of du - ty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and joy - ful rise To pay thy morn - ing sac - ri - fice.

45

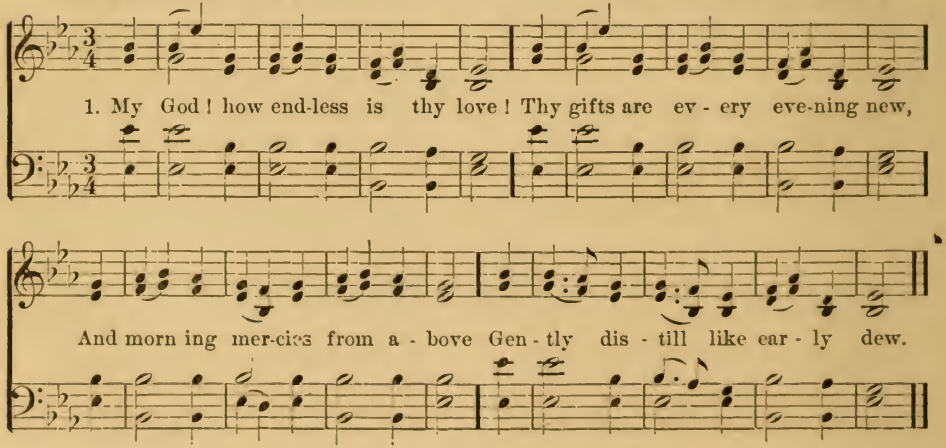
2 Wake and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part,
Who, all night long, unwearied sing
High praise to the eternal King.

3 All praise to thee who safe hast kept,
And hast refreshed me while I slept;
Grant, Lord! when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless life partake.

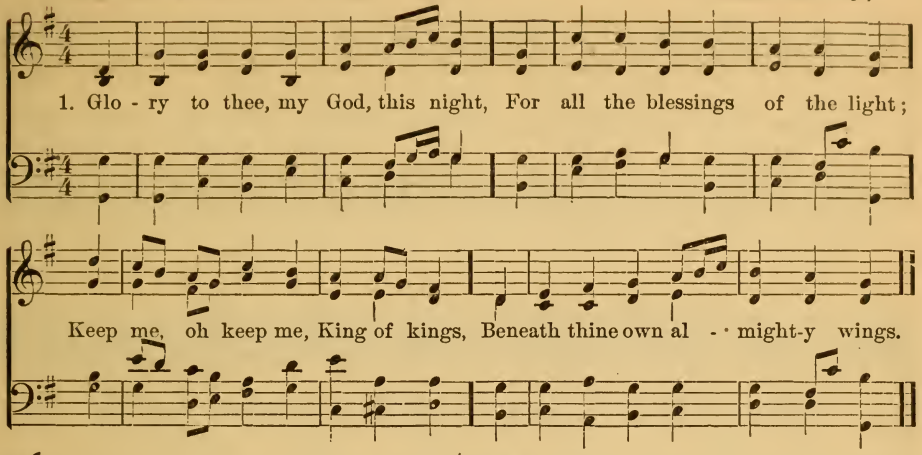
4 Lord! I my vows to thee renew;
Scatter my sins as morning dew;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with thyself my spirit fill.

*Thomas Ken.* 1697.

## GRATITUDE. L. M.

*A. Bost. Arr. T. Hastings.* 1837.

1. My God! how end-less is thy love! Thy gifts are ev - ery eve-ning new,
And morn ing mer-cies from a - bove Gen - tly dis - till like ear - ly dew.

TALLIS' EVENING HYMN. L. M. *Thomas Tallis.* 1567.


1. Glo - ry to thee, my God, this night, For all the blessings of the light;
Keep me, oh keep me, King of kings, Beneath thine own al - · might-y wings.

## 46

2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done;
That with the world, myself, and thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise glorious at the awful day.

4 O, may my soul on thee repose;
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close,
Sleep, that may me more vigorous make
To serve my God when I awake.

5 Praise God from whom all blessings flow,
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

*Thomas Ken.* 1697.

## 47

1 Millions within thy courts have met,
Millions, this day, before thee bowed;
Their faces Zion-ward were set,
Vows with their lips to thee they vowed.

2 Soon as the light of morning broke
O'er island, continent, or deep,
Thy far-spread family awoke,
Sabbath, all round the world, to keep.

3 And not a prayer, a tear, a sigh,
Hath failed this day some suit to gain;
To those in trouble thou wert nigh:
Not one hath sought thy face in vain.

4 Yet one prayer more!—and be it one,
In which both heaven and earth accord:
Fulfill thy promise to thy Son;
Let all that breathe call Jesus Lord!

*James Montgomery.* 1853.

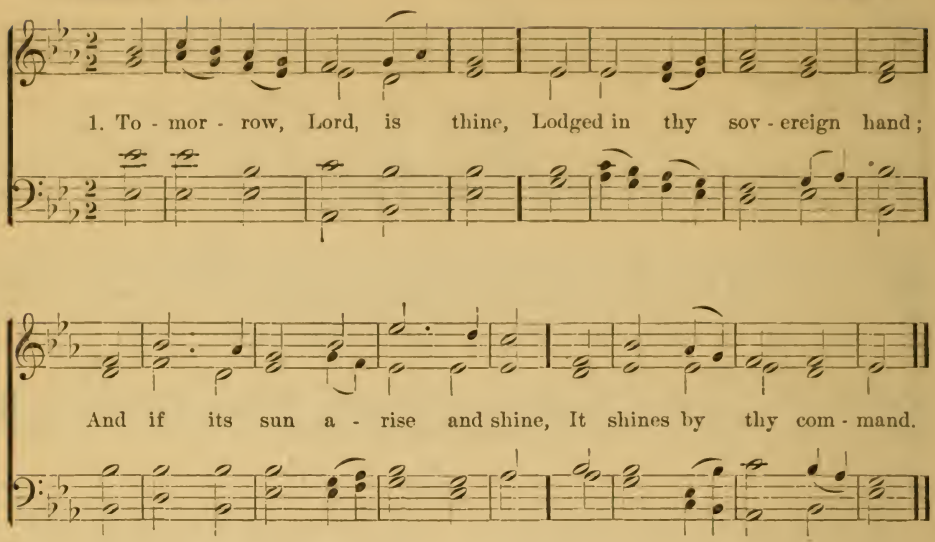
## 48

1 My God! how endless is thy love!
Thy gifts are every evening new,
And morning mercies from above
Gently distill like early dew.

2 Thou spread'st the curtain of the night,
Great Guardian of my sleeping hours!
Thy sovereign word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowsy powers.

3 I yield my powers to thy command,
To thee I consecrate my days;
Perpetual blessings from thy hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

*Isaac Watts.* 1709.

VENICE. S. M. *English.*

## 49

2 The present moment flies,
And bears our life away;
O! make thy servants truly wise,
That they may live to-day.

3 Since, on this wingéd hour,
Eternity is hung,
Waken, by thine almighty power,
The aged and the young.

4 One thing demands our care;—
O! be it still pursued;
Lest, slighted once, the season fair
Should never be renewed.

5 To Jesus may we fly,
Swift as the morning light,
Lest life's young golden beams should die,
In sudden, endless night.

*Philip Doddridge.* 1755.

## 50

1 Come at the morning hour,
Come, let us kneel and pray;
Prayer is the Christian pilgrim's staff
To walk with God all day.

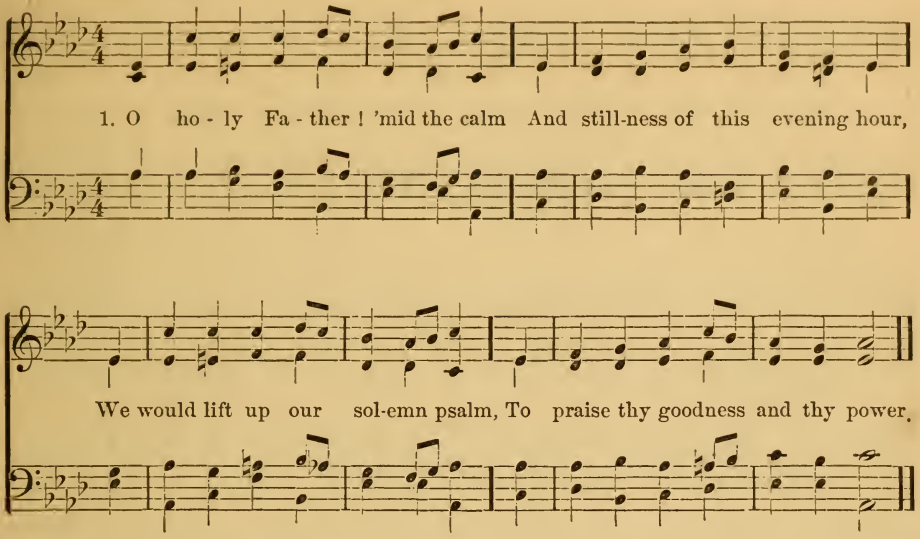
2 At noon, beneath the Rock
Of Ages, rest and pray;
Sweet is that shelter from the sun
In weary heat of day.

3 At evening, in thy home,
Around its altar, pray;
And finding there the house of God,
With heaven then close the day.

4 When midnight veils our eyes,
O, it is sweet to say,
I sleep, but my heart waketh, Lord!
With thee to watch and pray.

*James Montgomery.* 1853.

CHESTER. L. M. *Robert Schumann.*


1. O ho - ly Fa - ther ! 'mid the calm And still-ness of this evening hour,
We would lift up our sol-emn psalm, To praise thy goodness and thy power.

## 51

1 O Holy Father! 'mid the calm
And stillness of this evening hour,
We would lift up our solemn psalm,
To praise thy goodness and thy power.

2 For over us, and over all,
Thy tender mercies still extend,
Nor vainly shall thy children call
On thee, our Father and our Friend!

3 Kept by thy goodness through the day,
Thanksgiving to thy name we pour;
Night o'er us, with its stars,—we pray
Thy love, to guard us evermore!

4 In grief, console; in gladness, bless;
In darkness, guide; in sickness, cheer;
Till, perfected in righteousness,
Before thy throne our souls appear!

*W. H. Burleigh.* 1841.

## 52

1 O blest Creator of the light,
Who dost the dawn from darkness bring,
And in the heavens' most glorious height
Dost bid the stars together sing!

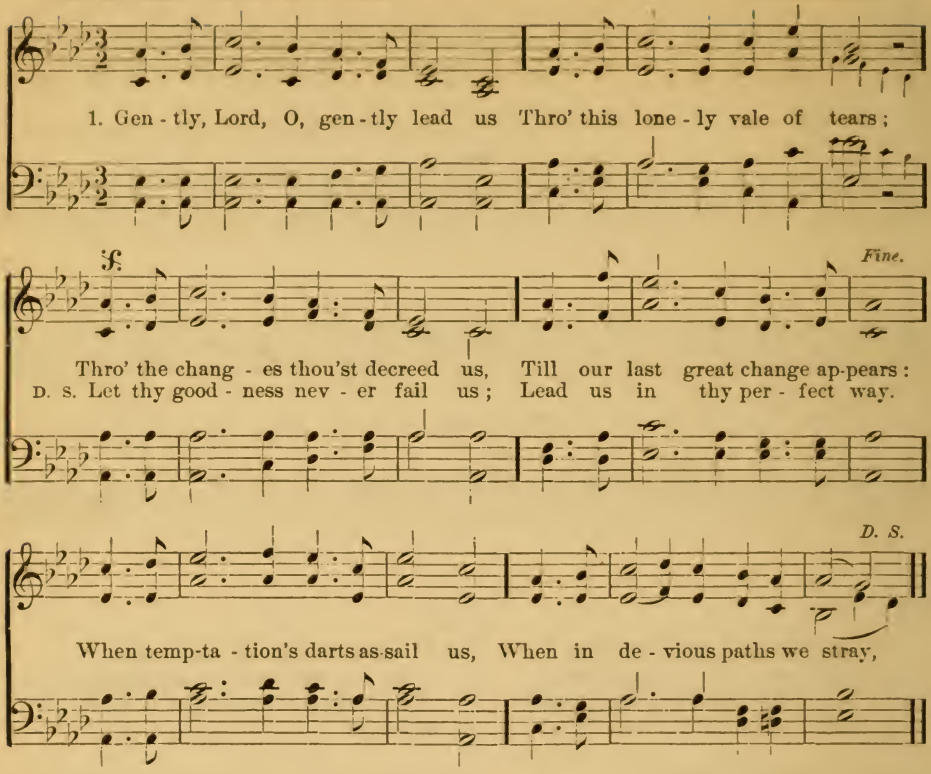
2 Who, gently blending eve with morn
And morn with eve, dost make the day;
Thick flows the flood of darkness down;
O, hear us as we come to pray!

3 Keep thou our souls from thought of crime;
Keep them from guilt's remorseful strife;
Nor living for the things of time,
But living the eternal life.

4 Teach us to knock at heaven's high door;
Teach us the prize of life to win;
Teach us all evil to abhor
And purify ourselves within.

*Tr., Edward Caswall.* 1849.

AUTUMN. 8s & 7s. 8 lines. *Spanish Melody.*


1. Gen - tly, Lord, O, gen - tly lead us Thro' this lone - ly vale of tears;
Thro' the chang - es thou'st decreed us, Till our last great change ap-pears:
D. S. Let thy good - ness nev - er fail us; Lead us in thy per - fect way.
When temp-ta - tion's darts as-sail us, When in de - vious paths we stray,
Fine.
D. S.

## 53

2 In the hour of pain and anguish,
In the hour when death draws near,
Suffer not our hearts to languish,
Suffer not our souls to fear:
And, when mortal life is ended,
Bid us on thy bosom rest;
Till, by angel-bands attended,
We awake among the blest.

*Thomas Hastings.* 1830.

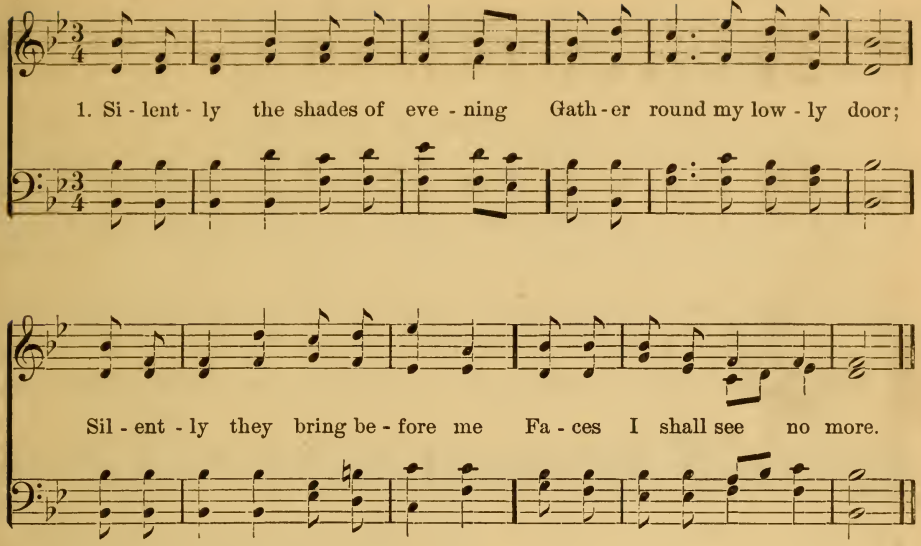
## 54

1 Praise to thee, thou great Creator!
Praise to thee from every tongue;
Join, my soul, with every creature,
Join the universal song.
Father, source of all compassion,
Pure, unbounded grace is thine;
Hail the God of our salvation!
Praise him for his love divine.

2 For ten thousand blessings given,
For the hope of future joy,
Sound his praise through earth and heaven,
Sound Jehovah's praise on high.
Joyfully on earth adore him,
Till in heaven our song we raise;
There, enraptured, fall before him,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

*John Fawcett.* 1767.

STOCKWELL. 8s & 7s. *D. E. Jones.* 1848.




## 55

1 Silently the shades of evening
Gather round my lowly door;
Silently they bring before me
Faces I shall see no more.

2 O, the lost, the unforgotten,
Though the world be oft forgot;
O, the shrouded and the lonely,
In our hearts they perish not.

3 Living in the silent hours,
Where our spirits only blend,
They unlinked with earthly trouble,
We still hoping for its end.

4 How such holy memories cluster,
Like the stars when storms are past,
Pointing up to that fair heaven
We may hope to gain at last.

*C. C. Cox.* 1848.

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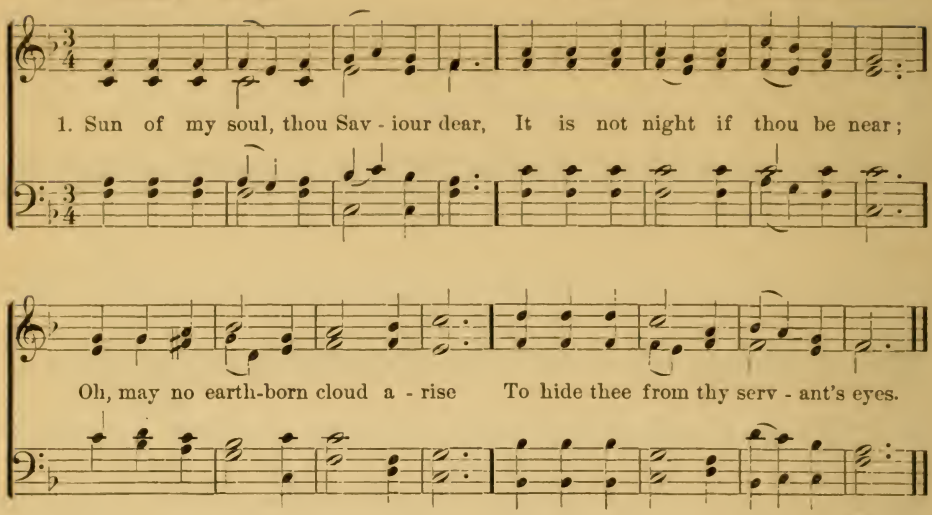
## 56 (AUTUMN.)

1 SAVIOUR! breathe an evening blessing,
Ere repose our eyelids seal;
Sin and want we come confessing;
Thou canst save, and thou canst heal.
Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrows past us fly,
Angel-guards from thee surround us,
We are safe if thou art nigh.

2 Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness cannot hide from thee:
Thou art he who, never weary,
Watcheth where thy people be.
Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
And our couch become our tomb,
May the morn in heaven awake us,
Clad in bright and deathless bloom.

*James Edmeston.* 1820.

HURSLEY. L. M. *F. J. Haydn. Arr. by W. H. Monk.* 1861.


1. Sun of my soul, thou Sav - iour dear, It is not night if thou be near;
Oh, may no earth-born cloud a - rise To hide thee from thy serv - ant's eyes.

## 57

1 Sun of my soul, thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if thou be near;
O, may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide thee from thy servant's eyes.

2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought how sweet to rest
Forever on my Saviour's breast.

3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without thee I dare not die.

4 If some poor wandering child of thine,
Have spurned to-day the voice divine—
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
Let him no more lie down in sin.

5 Watch by the sick; enrich the poor
With blessings from thy boundless store;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

6 Come near and bless us when we wake
Ere through the world our way we take;
Till in the ocean of thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

*John Keble.* 1827.

## 58

1 O Jesus, Lord of heavenly grace,
Thou Brightness of the Father's face,
Thou Fountain of eternal light, [night!
Whose beams disperse the shades of

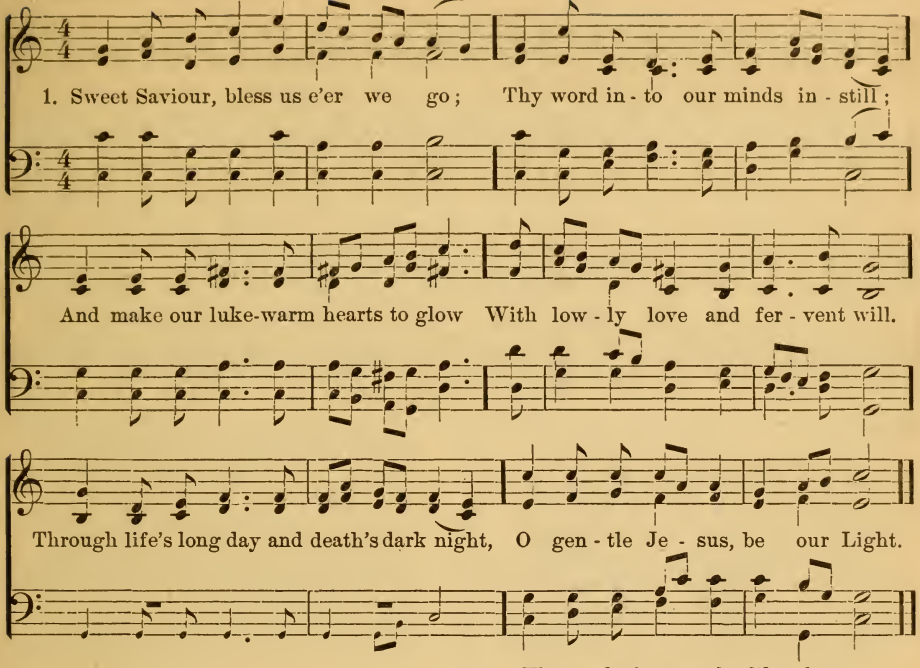
2 Come, holy Sun of heavenly love!
Send down thy radiance from above,
And to our inmost hearts convey
The Holy Spirit's cloudless ray.

3 O! hallowed thus be every day!
Let meekness be our morning ray,
And faithful love our noon-day light,
And hope our sunset, calm and bright.

4 O Christ! with each returning morn,
Thine image to our hearts is borne;
O! may we ever clearly see
Our Saviour and our God in thee!

*Ambrose*, 390. *Tr. John Chandler.* 1837.

JESUS OUR LIGHT. L. M. 6 lines. *Arr. from Mendelssohn.*


1. Sweet Saviour, bless us e'er we go; Thy word in - to our minds in - still;
And make our luke-warm hearts to glow With low - ly love and fer - vent will.
Through life's long day and death's dark night, O gen - tle Je - sus, be our Light.

59

2 The day is gone, its hours have run,
And thou hast taken count of all,
The scanty triumphs grace hath won,
The broken vow, the frequent fall.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our Light.

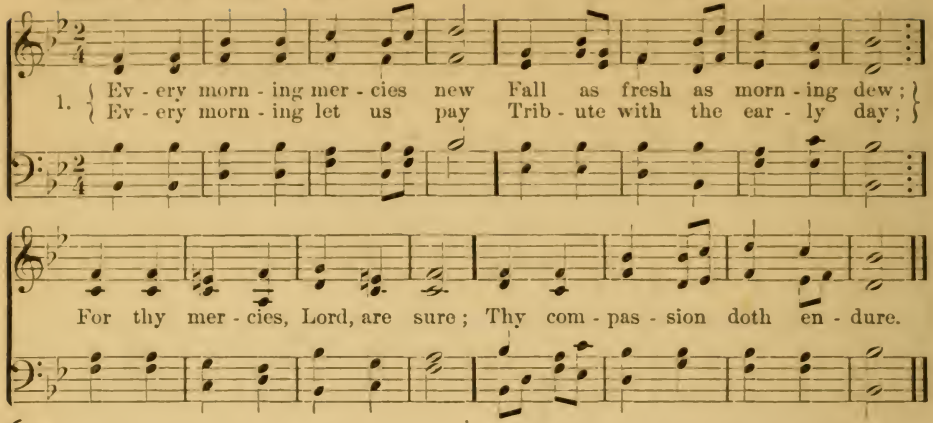
3 Grant us, dear Lord, from evil ways
True absolution and release;
And bless us, more than in past days,
With purity and inward peace.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our Light.

4 Do more than pardon; give us joy,
Sweet fear, and sober liberty,
And simple hearts without alloy
That only long to be like thee.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our Light.

5 Labor is sweet, for thou hast toiled;
And care is light, for thou hast cared;
Ah! never let our works be soiled
With strife, or by deceit ensnared.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our Light.

6 For all we love, the poor, the sad,
The sinful, unto thee we call;
O, let thy mercy make us glad:
Thou art our Jesus, and our all.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our Light. Amen.

*Frederic W. Faber.* 1849.

ROSEFIELD. 7s. 6 lines. *Cæsar H. A. Malan.* 1830.

1. Ev - ery morn - ing mer - cies new Fall as fresh as morn - ing dew;
Ev - ery morn - ing let us pay Trib - ute with the ear - ly day;
For thy mer - cies, Lord, are sure; Thy com - pas - sion doth en - dure.

60

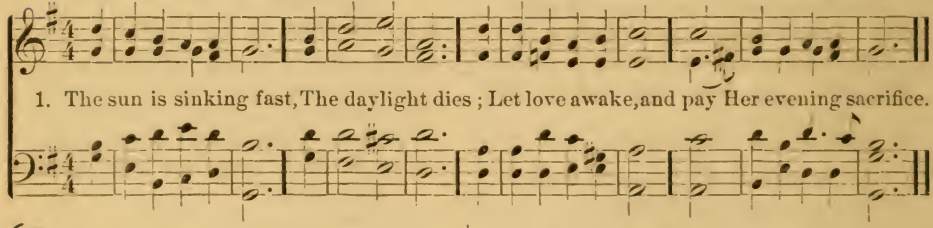
2 Still the greatness of thy love
Daily doth our sins remove;
Daily, far as east from west,
Lifts the burden from the breast;
Gives unbought to those who pray
Strength to stand in evil day.

3 Let our prayers each morn prevail,
That these gifts may never fail;
And, as we confess the sin
And the tempter's power within,
Feed us with the Bread of Life;
Fit us for our daily strife.

4 As the morning light returns,
As the sun with splendor burns,
Teach us still to turn to thee,
Ever blessed Trinity,
With our hands our hearts to raise,
In unfailing prayer and praise.

*Horatius Bonar.* 1868.

EVENING SACRIFICE. *H. S. Irons.*




61

2 As Christ upon the cross
His Head inclined,
And to his Father's hands
His parting soul resigned;

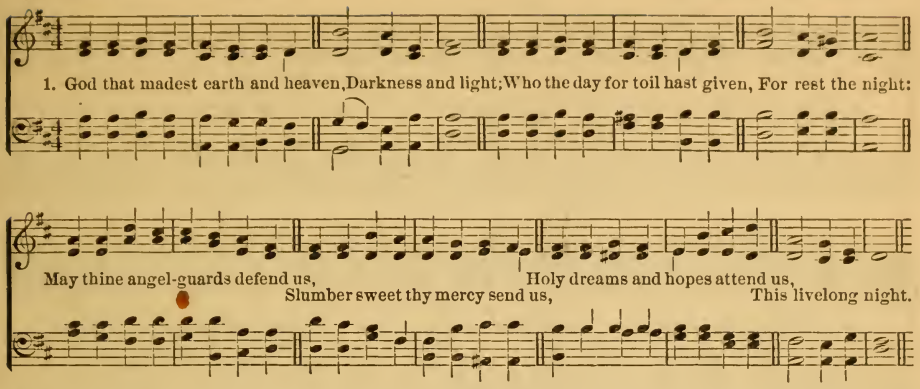
3 So now herself my soul
Would wholly give
Into his sacred charge,
In whom all spirits live.

4 Thus would I live; yet now
Not I, but he
In all his power and love
Henceforth alive in me.

5 One sacred Trinity!
One Lord Divine!
May I be ever his,
And he forever mine.

*From the Latin. Tr. E. Caswall.*

TEMPLE. 8s & 4s. *Edward J. Hopkins.* 1869.


1. God that madest earth and heaven, Darkness and light; Who the day for toil hast given, For rest the night:
May thine angel-guards defend us, Holy dreams and hopes attend us,
Slumber sweet thy mercy send us, This livelong night.

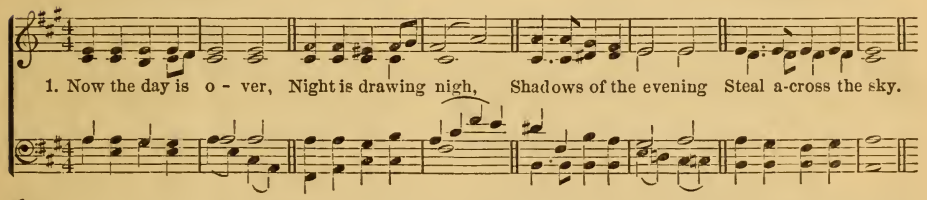
## 62

2 And when morn again shall call us
To run life's way,
May we still, whate'er befall us,
Thy will obey;
From the power of evil hide us,
In the narrow pathway guide us,
Nor thy smile be e'er denied us,
The livelong day.

3 Guard us waking, guard us sleeping,
And when we die,
May we in thy mighty keeping
All peaceful lie;
When the last dread call shall wake us,
Do not thou, our God, forsake us,
But to reign in glory take us
With thee on high.

*Reginald Heber.* 1827. v. 1, 2. *Richard Whately.* v. 3.

NOW THE DAY IS OVER. *J. Barnby.* 1868.




## 63

2 Jesus, give the weary
Calm and sweet repose,
With thy tend'rest blessing
May our eyelids close.

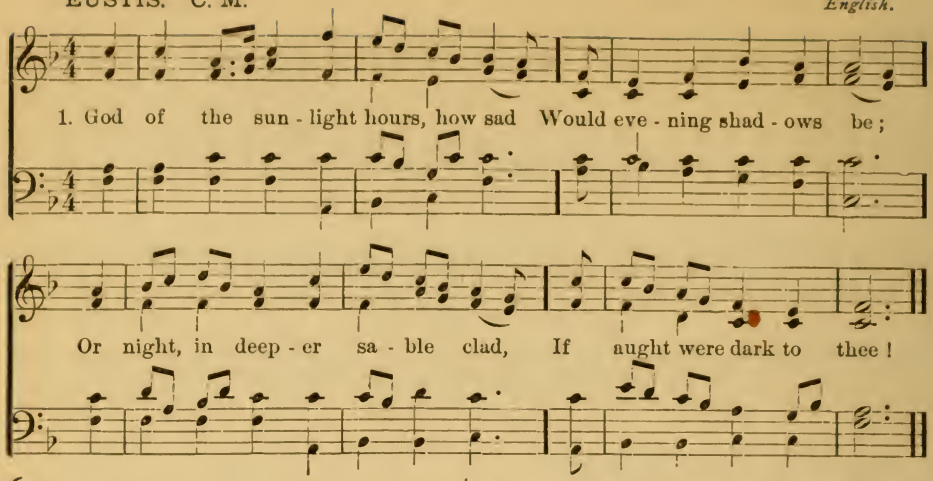
3 Grant to little children
Visions bright of thee;
Guard the sailors tossing
On the deep blue sea.

4 Through the long night-watches,
May thine angels spread
Their white wings above me,
Watching round my bed.

5 When the morning wakens,
Then may I arise
Pure and fresh and sinless
In thy holy eyes.

*S. Baring-Gould.*

EUSTIS. C. M. *English.*




## 64

2 How mournfully that golden gleam
Would touch the thoughtful heart,
If, with its soft, retiring beam,
We saw thy light depart!

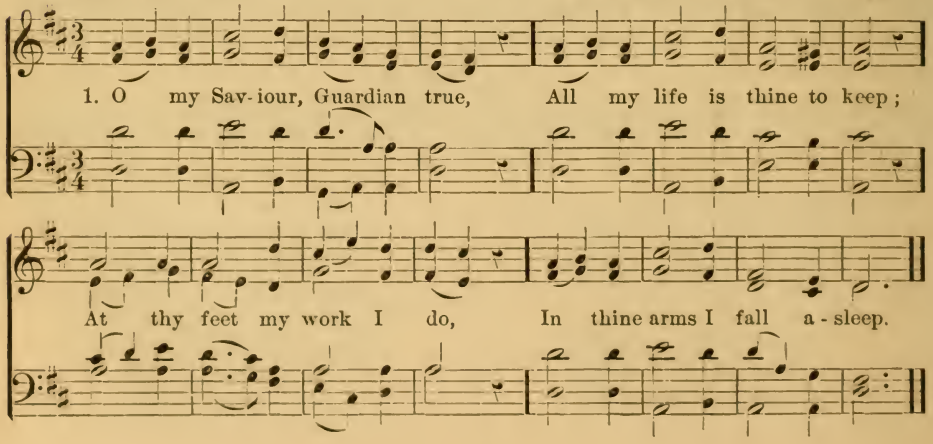
3 But though the sunset hours may hide
These gentle rays awhile;
And deep thro' ocean's wave may glide
The slumber of their smile;

4 Enough, while these dull heavens may lower,
If here thy presence be;
Then midnight shall be morning hour,
And darkness light to me.

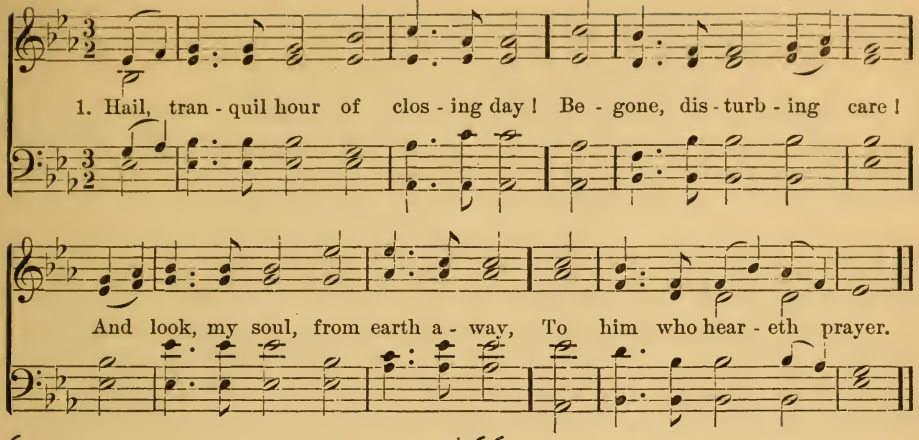
5 Thro' the deep gloom of mortal things,
Thy light of love can throw
That ray which gilds an angel's wings,
To soothe a pilgrim's woe.

*Maria G. Saffery.* 1834.

DALLAS. 7s. *Maria Luigi Cherubini.* (1760—1842.)



SOUTHPORT. C. M. *Geo. Kingsley.* 1853.




## 65

2 How sweet the tear of penitence,
Before his throne of grace,
While, to the contrite spirit's sense,
He shows his smiling face.

3 How sweet, thro' long-remembered years,
His mercies to recall;
And, pressed with wants, and griefs, and fears,
To trust his love for all.

4 How sweet to look, in thoughtful hope,
Beyond this fading sky,
And hear him call his children up
To his fair home on high.

5 Calmly the day forsakes our heaven
To dawn beyond the west;
So let my soul, in life's last even,
Retire to glorious rest.

*Leonard Bacon.* 1845.

## 66

1 I LOVE to steal awhile away
From every cumbering care,
And spend the hours of setting day
In humble, grateful prayer.

2 I love in solitude to shed
The penitential tear,
And all his promises to plead,
Where none but God can hear.

3 I love to think on mercies past,
And future good implore,
And all my cares and sorrows cast
On him whom I adore.

4 Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er,
May its departing ray
Be calm as this impressive hour,
And lead to endless day!

*Phœbe H. Brown.* 182[illegible]

## 67 (DALLAS.)

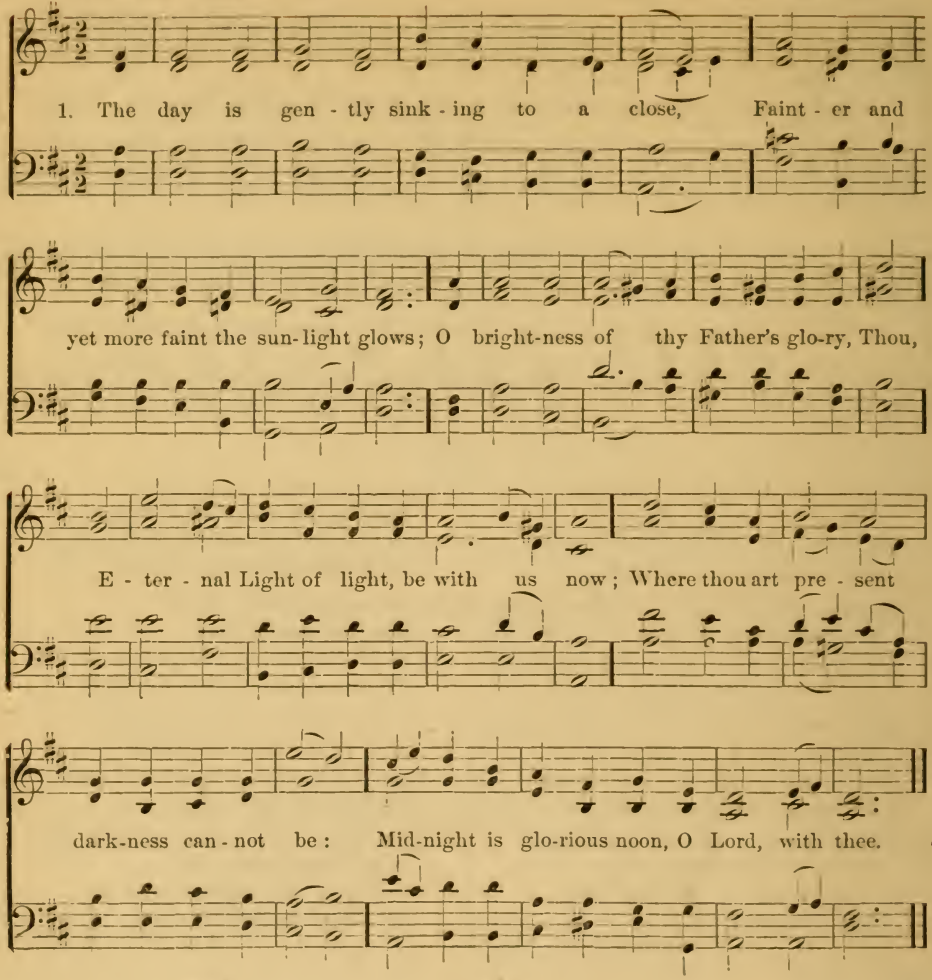
2 Leaning on thy tender care,
Thou hast led my soul aright;
Fervent was my morning prayer;
Joyful is my song to-night.

3 Tender mercies on my way
Falling softly like the dew,
Sent me freshly every day—
I will bless the Lord for you.

4 Source of all that comforts me,
Well of joy for which I long;
Let the song I sing to thee
Be an everlasting song!

*Anon.*

WORDSWORTH. 10s. *Henry Smart.* 1870.


1. The day is gen - tly sink - ing to a close, Faint - er and
yet more faint the sun-light glows; O bright-ness of thy Father's glo-ry, Thou,
E - ter - nal Light of light, be with us now; Where thou art pre - sent
dark-ness can - not be: Mid-night is glo-rious noon, O Lord, with thee.

68

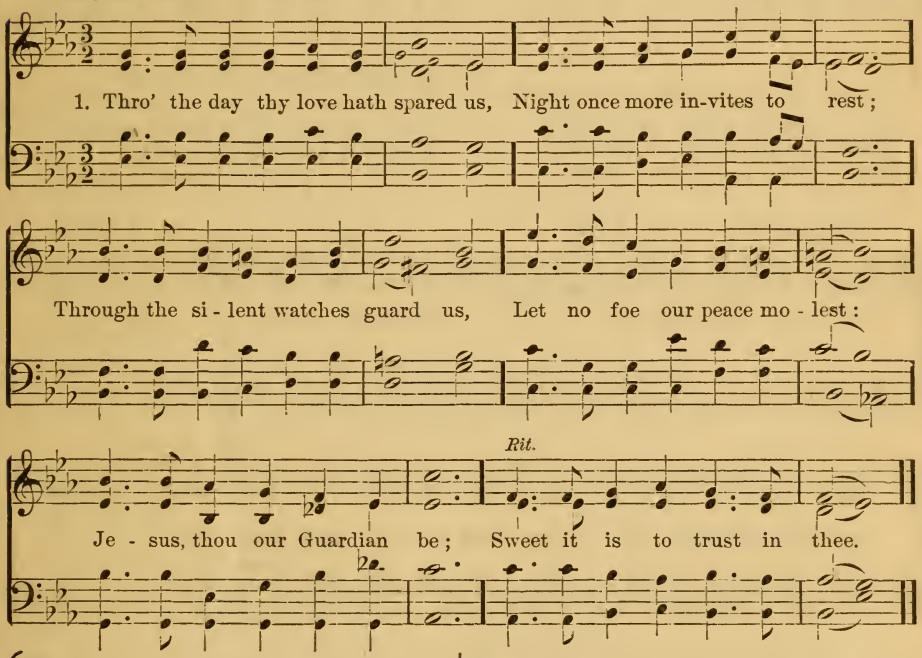
2 Our changeful lives are ebbing to an end,
Onward to darkness and to death we tend;
O Conqueror of the grave, be thou our Guide,
Be thou our light in death's dark eventide;
Then in our mortal hour will be no gloom,
No sting in death, no terror in the tomb.

3 Thou, who in darkness walking didst appear
Upon the waves, and thy disciples cheer,
Come, Lord, in lonesome days, when storms assail,
And earthly hopes and human succors fail:
When all is dark, may we behold thee nigh,
And hear thy voice, "Fear not, for it is I."

4 The weary world is mouldering to decay,
Its glories wane, its pageants fade away;
In that last sunset, when the stars shall fall,
May we arise, awakened by thy call,
With thee, O Lord, forever to abide
In that blest day which has no eventide.

*C. Wordsworth.*

NIGHTFALL. 8s & 7s. *J. Barnby.* 1870.


1. Thro' the day thy love hath spared us, Night once more in-vites to rest;
Through the si - lent watches guard us, Let no foe our peace mo - lest:
Rit.
Je - sus, thou our Guardian be; Sweet it is to trust in thee.

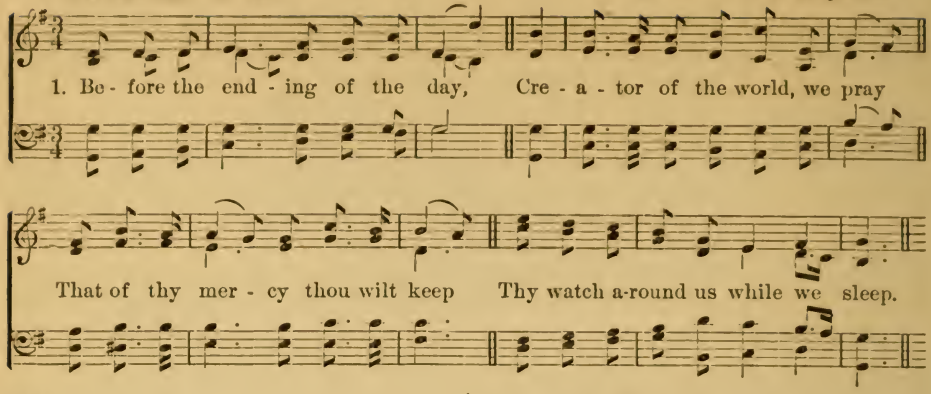
69

2 Pilgrims here on earth, and strangers,
Dwelling in the midst of foes,
Us and ours preserve from dangers;
In thy love may we repose,
And, when life's short day is past,
Rest with thee in heaven at last.

3 Blesséd God, let all adore thee,
Saints on earth, and saints in heaven;
Every creature bow before thee,
Who hast all their being given;
Who dost seek and save the lost;
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

*Thomas Kelly.* 1820.

THRACIA. L. M. *G. A. Macfarren.*


1. Be - fore the end - ing of the day, Cre - a - tor of the world, we pray
That of thy mer - cy thou wilt keep Thy watch a-round us while we sleep.

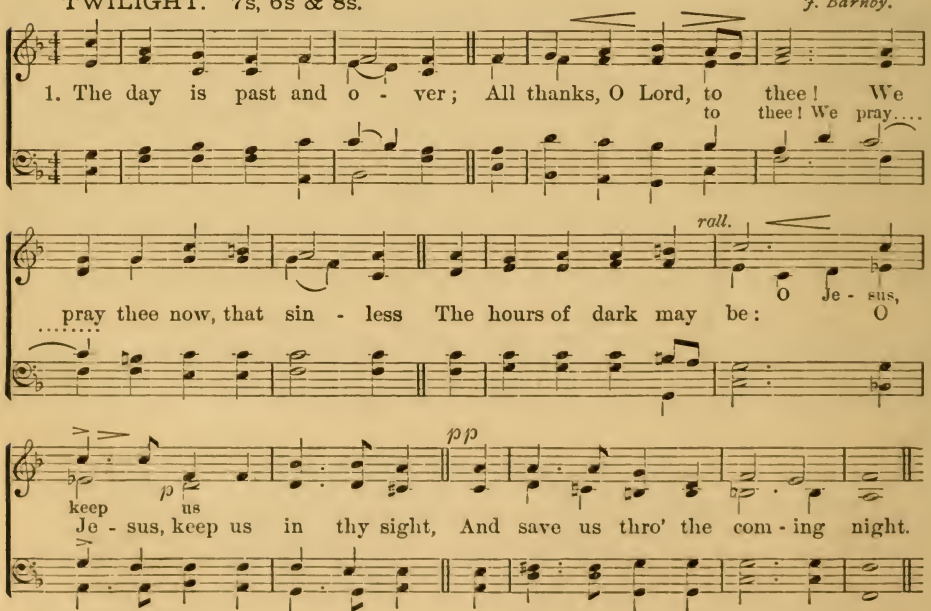
## 70

2 Far off bid night's dark phantoms fly;
Let no unholy dreams come nigh;
Tread under-foot our unseen foe,
That we may no pollution know.

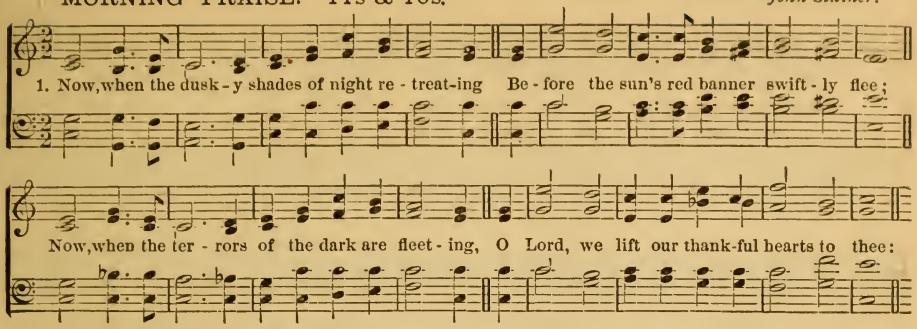
3 Almighty Father, hear our cry
Thro' Jesus Christ our Lord most High,
Who, with the Holy Ghost and thee,
Doth live and reign eternally.

*Tr., John Mason Neale.* 1851.

TWILIGHT. 7s, 6s & 8s. *J. Barnby.*


1. The day is past and o - ver; All thanks, O Lord, to thee! We
to thee! We pray....
rall.
pray thee now, that sin - less The hours of dark may be: O
O Je - sus,
pp
p
keep us
Je - sus, keep us in thy sight, And save us thro' the com - ing night.

MORNING PRAISE. 11s & 10s. *John Stainer.*


1. Now, when the dusk - y shades of night re - treat-ing Be - fore the sun's red banner swift - ly flee;
Now, when the ter - rors of the dark are fleet - ing, O Lord, we lift our thank-ful hearts to thee:

**71**

2 To thee, whose word the fount of life unsealing,
When hill and dale in thickest darkness lay,
Awoke bright rays across the dim earth stealing,
And bade the eve and morn complete the day.

3 Look from the height of heaven, and send to cheer us
Thy light and truth, and guide us onward still;
Still let thy mercy, as of old, be near us,
And lead us safely to thy Holy Hill.

4 So, when that morn of endless light is waking,
And shades of evil from its splendors flee,
Safe may we rise, this earth's dark vale forsaking,
Through all the long bright day to dwell with thee.

5 Be this by thee, O God Thrice Holy, granted,
O Father, Son, and Spirit, ever blest;
Whose glory by the heaven and earth is chanted,
Whose Name by men and angels is confest. *English Hymnary.*

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**72** (TWILIGHT.)

2 The joys of day are over;
We lift our hearts to thee,
And ask thee, that offenceless
The hours of dark may be:
O Jesus, make their darkness light,
And save us through the coming night.

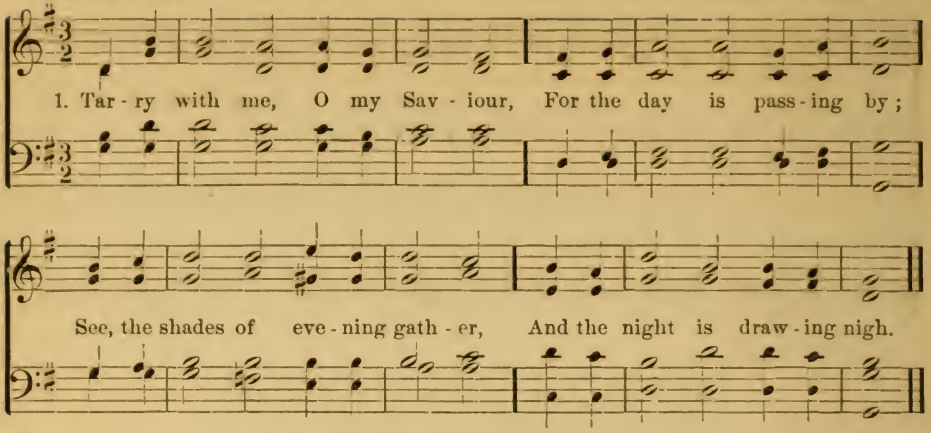
3 The toils of day are over;
We raise our hymn to thee,
And ask, that free from peril,
The hours of dark may be:
O Jesus, keep us in thy sight,
And guard us through the coming night.

4 Our eyes enlighten, Saviour,
Or sleep in death shall we;
And he, our wakeful tempter,
Shall cry triumphantly:
"He could not make their darkness light,
Nor guard them thro' the hours of night."

5 Be thou our souls' preserver,
O God, for thou dost know
How many are the perils
Through which we have to go;
O loving Jesus, hear our call,
And guard and save us from them all.

*Anatolius, ab.* 458. *Tr., John Mason Neale.* 1862.

SEPARATION. 8s & 7s. *U. C. Burnap.* 1872.




73

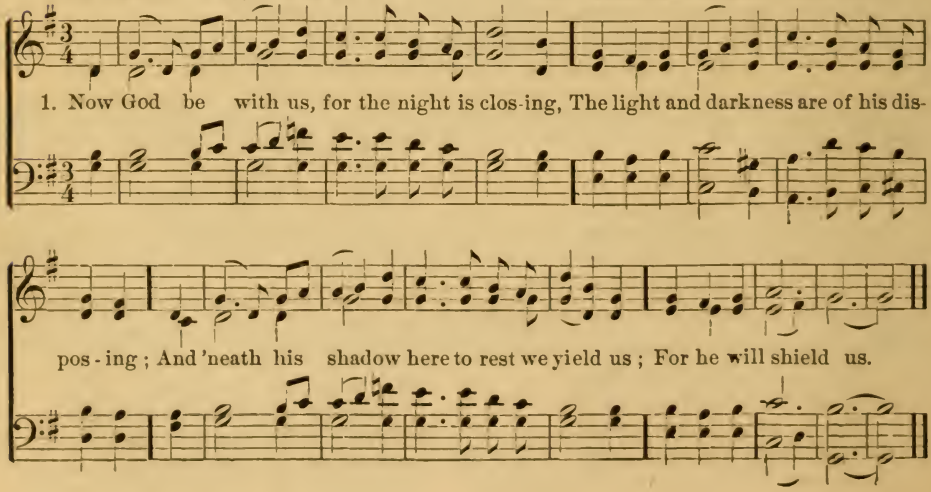
2 Deeper, deeper grow the shadows,
Paler now the glowing west;
Swift the night of death advances;
Shall it be the night of rest?

3 Feeble, trembling, fainting, dying,
Lord, I cast myself on thee;
Tarry with me through the darkness;
While I sleep, still watch by me.

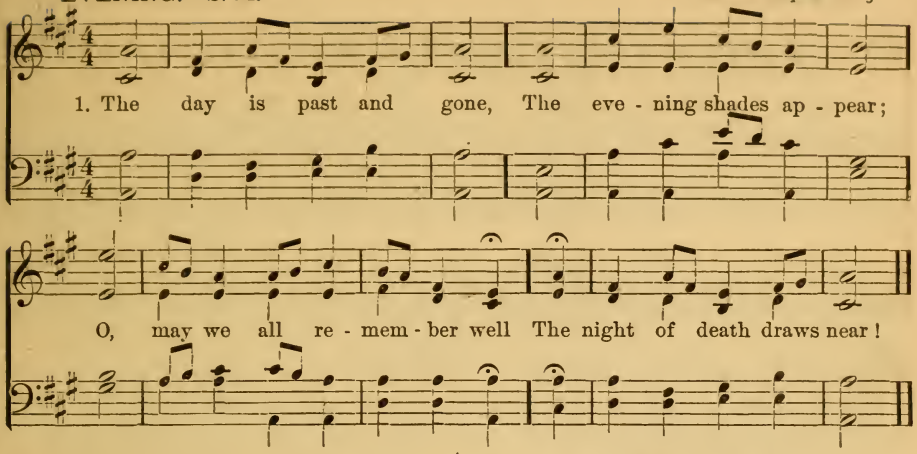
4 Tarry with me, O my Saviour;
Lay my head upon thy breast
Till the morning, then awake me,—
Morning of eternal rest.

*Caroline S. Smith.* 1855.

PALMER. 11s, 10s & 5s. *Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy.* (1809—1847.)


1. Now God be with us, for the night is clos-ing, The light and darkness are of his dis-
pos - ing; And 'neath his shadow here to rest we yield us; For he will shield us.

EVENING. S. M. *Aaron Chapin.* 1813.




74

2 We lay our garments by,
Upon our beds to rest;
So death will soon disrobe us all
Of what we here possessed.

3 Lord, keep us safe this night,
Secure from all our fears;
May angels guard us while we sleep,
Till morning light appears.

4 And when we early rise,
And view the unwearied sun,
May we set out to win the prize,
And after glory run.

5 And when our days are past,
And we from time remove,
O may we in thy bosom rest,
The bosom of thy love!

*John Leland.* 1799.

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75 (PALMER.)

2 Let evil thoughts and spirits flee before us;
Till morning cometh, watch, O Father, o'er us;
In soul and body thou from harm defend us,
Thine angels send us.

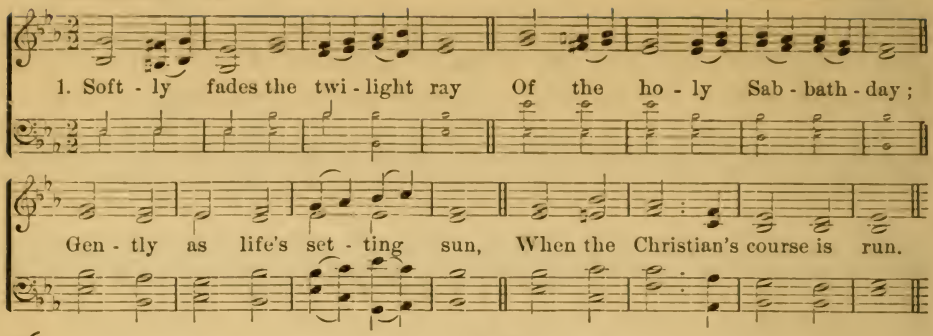
3 Let pious thoughts be ours when sleep o'ertakes us;
Our earliest thoughts be thine when morning wakes us;
All sick and mourners, we to thee commend them,
Do thou befriend them.

4 We have no refuge, none on earth to aid us,
But thee, O Father, who thine own hast made us;
But thy dear presence will not leave them lonely
Who seek thee only.

5 Father, thy Name be praised, thy kingdom given;
Thy will be done on earth as 'tis in heaven;
Keep us in life; forgive our sins; deliver
Us now and ever.

*Tr. Catherine Winkworth.* 1858.

HOLLEY. 7s. *George Hews.* 1835.




## 76

2 Night her solemn mantle spreads
O'er the earth, as daylight fades;
All things tell of calm repose
At the holy Sabbath's close.

3 Peace is on the world abroad;
'Tis the holy peace of God,
Symbol of the peace within
When the spirit rests from sin.

4 Still the Spirit lingers near,
Where the evening worshipper
Seeks communion with the skies,
Pressing onward to the prize.

5 Saviour, may our Sabbaths be
Days of peace and joy in thee,
Till in heaven our souls repose,
Where the Sabbath ne'er shall close.

*Samuel F. Smith.* 1843.

## 77

1 Softly now the light of day
Fades upon my sight away;
Free from care, from labor free,
Lord, I would commune with thee.

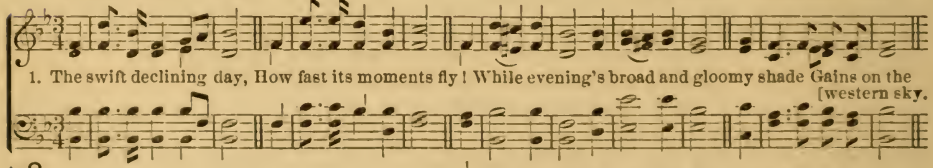
2 Thou, whose all-pervading eye
Naught escapes, without, within!
Pardon each infirmity,
Open fault, and secret sin.

3 Soon, for me, the light of day
Shall forever pass away;
Then, from sin and sorrow free,
Take me, Lord, to dwell with thee.

4 Thou who, sinless, yet hast known
All of man's infirmity!
Then, from thine eternal throne,
Jesus, look with pitying eye.

*George W. Doane.* 1824.

BRADEN. S. M. *William B. Bradbury.* 1844.




## 78

2 Ye mortals, mark its pace,
And use the hours of light;
And know, its Maker can command
At once eternal night.

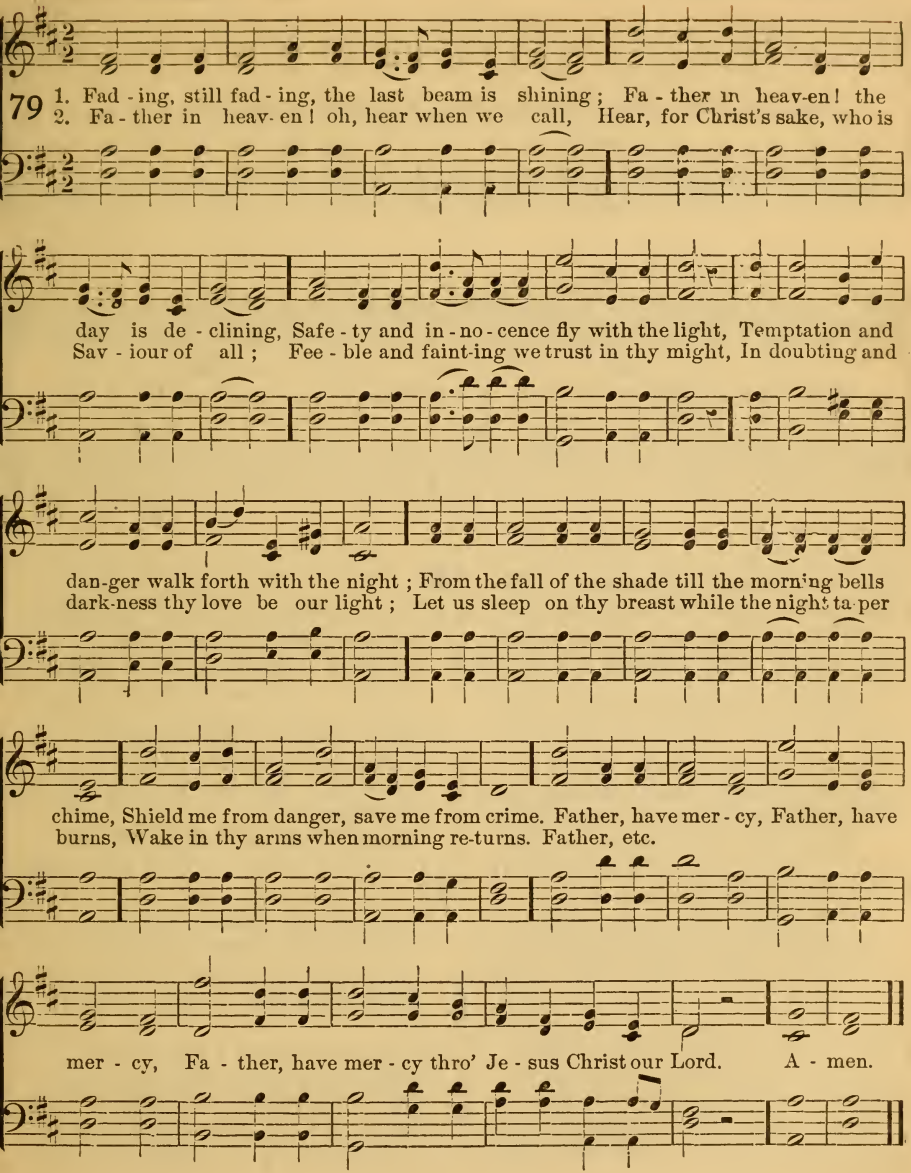
3 Give glory to the Lord,
Who rules the whirling sphere;
Submissive at his footstool bow,
And seek salvation there.

4 Then shall new lustre break
Through death's impending gloom,
And lead you to unchanging light,
In your celestial home.

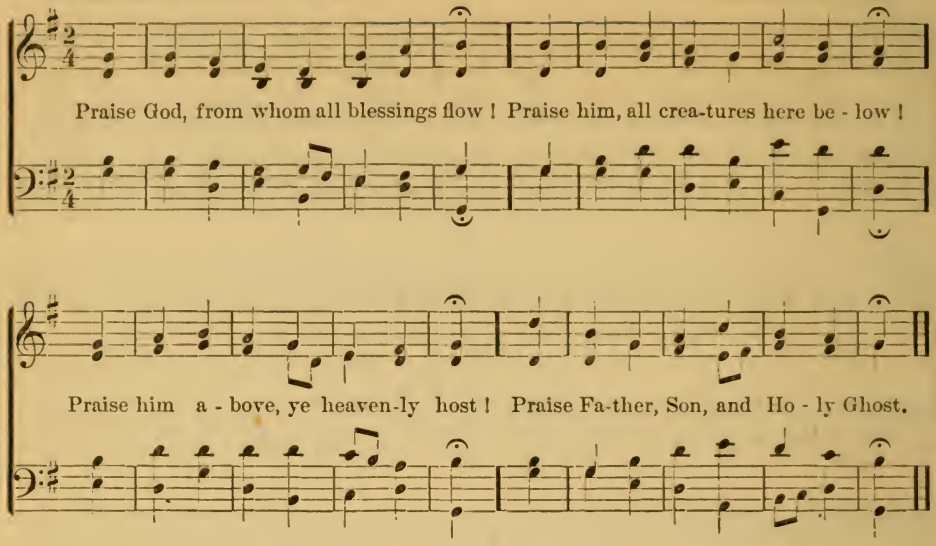
*Philip Doddridge.* 1740.

## LAST BEAM. P. M.

*Portuguese.*


79
1. Fad - ing, still fad - ing, the last beam is shining; Fa - ther in heav-en! the
2. Fa - ther in heav- en! oh, hear when we call, Hear, for Christ's sake, who is
day is de - clining, Safe - ty and in - no - cence fly with the light, Temptation and
Sav - iour of all; Fee - ble and faint-ing we trust in thy might, In doubting and
dan-ger walk forth with the night; From the fall of the shade till the morn'ng bells
dark-ness thy love be our light; Let us sleep on thy breast while the night ta per
chime, Shield me from danger, save me from crime. Father, have mer - cy, Father, have
burns, Wake in thy arms when morning re-turns. Father, etc.
mer - cy, Fa - ther, have mer - cy thro' Je - sus Christ our Lord. A - men.

OLD HUNDRED. L. M. *Guillaume Franc.* 1543.


Praise God, from whom all blessings flow ! Praise him, all crea-tures here be - low !
Praise him a - bove, ye heaven-ly host ! Praise Fa-ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost.

## 80

1 Ye nations round the earth, rejoice
Before the Lord, your sovereign King;
Serve him with cheerful heart and voice,
With all your tongues his glory sing.

2 The Lord is God; 'tis he alone
Doth life and breath and being give:
We are his work, and not our own,
The sheep that on his pastures live.

3 Enter his gates with songs of joy,
With praises to his courts repair;
And make it your divine employ,
To pay your thanks and honors there.

4 The Lord is good, the Lord is kind;
Great is his grace, his mercy sure;
And all the race of man shall find
His truth from age to age endure.

*Isaac Watts.* 1719.

## 81

1 From all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise:
Let the Redeemer's name be sung,
Through every land, by every tongue.

2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord!
Eternal truth attends thy word:
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

*Isaac Watts.* 1719.

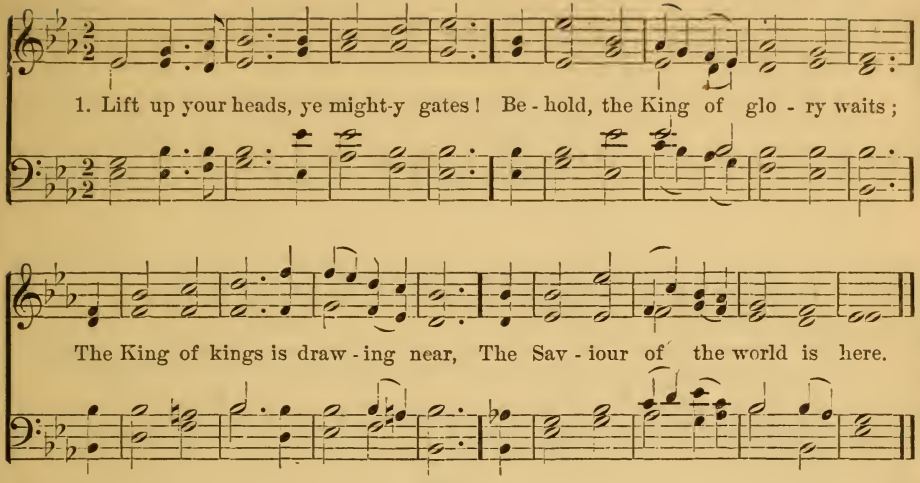
## 82

1 Be thou, O God, exalted high;
And as thy glory fills the sky,
So let it be on earth displayed,
Till thou art here, as there, obeyed.

2 Thy praises, Lord, I will resound
To all the listening nations round:
Thy mercy highest heaven transcends,
Thy truth beyond the clouds extends.

*Tate & Brady.* 1696.

TRURO. L. M. *Charles Burney.* 1760.


1. Lift up your heads, ye might-y gates! Be-hold, the King of glo-ry waits;
The King of kings is draw-ing near, The Sav-iour of the world is here.

## 83

2 The Lord is just, a helper tried,
Mercy is ever at his side;
His kingly crown is holiness,
His sceptre, pity in distress.

3 Fling wide the portals of your heart,
Make it a temple set apart
From earthly use for heaven's employ,
Adorned with prayer and love and joy.

4 Redeemer, come! I open wide
My heart to thee: here, Lord, abide!
Let me thy inner presence feel,
Thy grace and love in me reveal.

5 So come, my Sovereign, enter in;
Let new and nobler life begin:
Thy Holy Spirit guide us on,
Until the glorious crown be won.

*George Weissel.* 1630.

## 84

1 O DREADFUL glory that doth make
Thick darkness round the heavenly throne,
Through which no angel-eye may break,
Wherein the Lord doth dwell alone!

2 What secret place, what distant star
Is like, dread Lord, to thine abode?
Why dwellest thou from us so far?
We yearn for thee, thou hidden God.

3 Vain searchers! but we need not mourn;
We need not stretch our weary wings;
Thou meetest us where'er we turn;
Thou beamest, Lord, from all bright things.

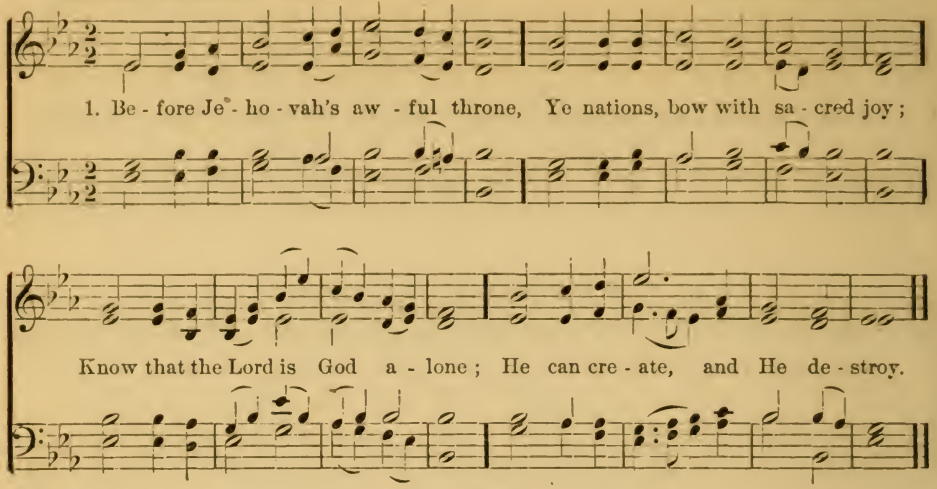
4 But sweetest, Lord, dost thou appear
In the dear Saviour's smiling face;
The heavenly majesty draws near
And offers us its kind embrace.

5 To us, vain searchers after God,
To us the Holy Ghost doth come;
From us thou hidest thine abode;
But thou wilt make our souls thy home.

6 O Glory that no eye may bear!
O Presence Bright, our souls' sweet guest!
O Farthest off, O ever Near!
Most Hidden and Most Manifest!

*Thomas H. Gill.* 1860.

DUKE STREET. L. M. *John Hatton.* 1790.




## 85

1 Before Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy:
Know that the Lord is God alone;
He can create, and he destroy.

2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and formed us men;
And when, like wandering sheep, we strayed,
He brought us to his fold again.

3 We are his people, we his care,
Our souls, and all our mortal frame:
What lasting honors shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to thy name?

4 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heaven our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

5 Wide as the world is thy command,
Vast as eternity thy love;
Firm as a rock thy truth shall stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

*Isaac Watts.* 1719.

## 86

1 The Lord is King! lift up thy voice,
O earth, and all ye heavens, rejoice!
From world to world the joy shall ring:
The Lord Omnipotent is King.

2 The Lord is King! who then shall dare
Resist his will, distrust his care,
Or murmur at his wise decrees,
Or doubt his royal promises?

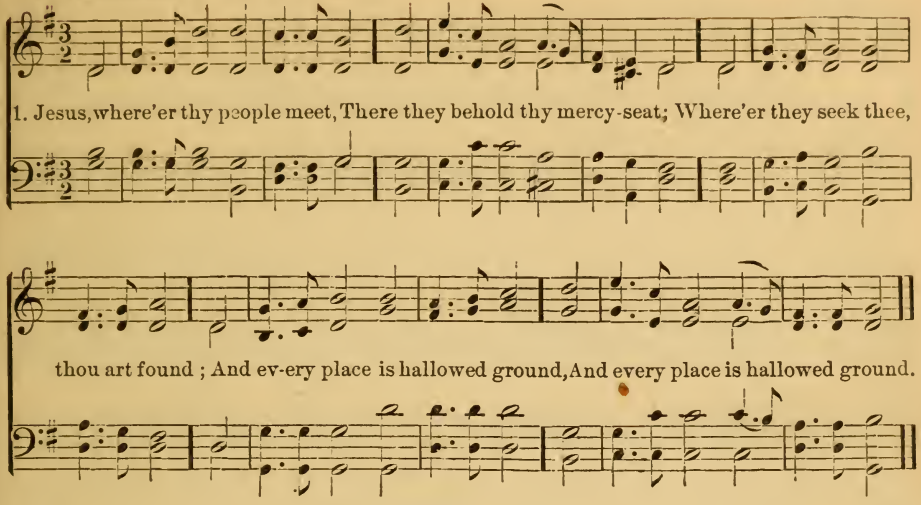
3 The Lord is King! child of the dust.
The Judge of all the earth is just:
Holy and true are all his ways:
Let every creature speak his praise

4 O, when his wisdom can mistake,
His might decay, his love forsake,
Then may his children cease to sing,
The Lord Omnipotent is King.

5 One Lord, one empire, all secures;
He reigns, and life and death are yours:
Through earth and heaven one song shall ring
The Lord Omnipotent is King.

*Josiah Conder.* 1824.

VANHALL'S HYMN. L. M. *Vanhall.*


1. Jesus, where'er thy people meet, There they behold thy mercy-seat; Where'er they seek thee,
thou art found ; And ev-ery place is hallowed ground, And every place is hallowed ground.

## 87

1 Jesus, where'er thy people meet,
There they behold thy mercy-seat;
Where'er they seek thee, thou art found;
And every place is hallowed ground.

2 For thou, within no walls confined,
Inhabitest the humble mind;
Such ever bring thee where they come,
And going, take thee to their home.

3 Great Shepherd of thy chosen few!
Thy former mercies here renew;
Here to our waiting hearts proclaim
The sweetness of thy saving name.

*William Cowper.* 1769.

## 88

1 Come, O my soul, in sacred lays
Attempt thy great Creator's praise:
But oh, what tongue can speak his fame?
What mortal verse can reach the theme?

2 Enthroned amid the radiant spheres,
He glory like a garment wears;
To form a robe of light divine,
Ten thousand suns around him shine.

3 In all our Maker's grand designs,
Almighty power with wisdom shines;
His works, thro' all this wondrous frame,
Declare the glory of his name.

4 Raised on devotion's lofty wing,
Do thou, my soul, his glories sing;
And let his praise employ thy tongue,
Till listening worlds shall join the song!

*Thomas Blacklock.* 1754.

## 89

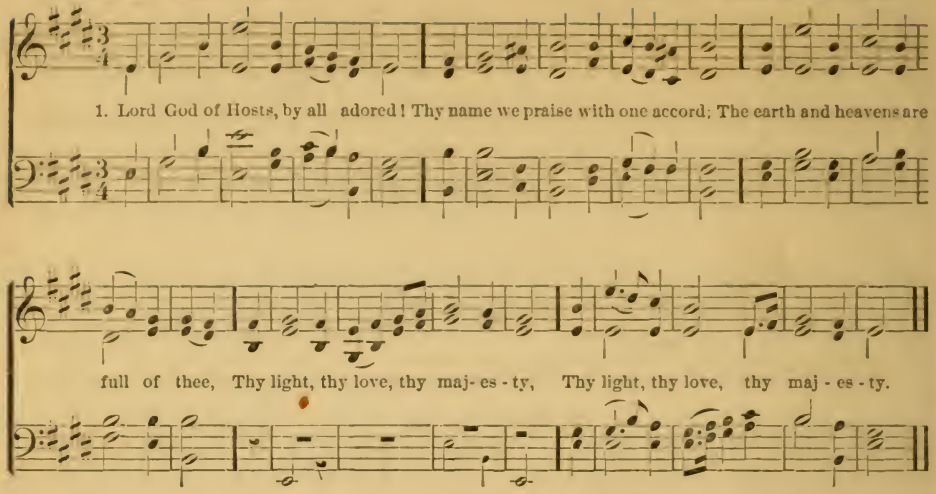
1 Kingdoms and thrones to God belong;
Crown him, ye nations, in your song;
His wondrous names and pow'rs rehearse;
His honors shall enrich your verse.

2 He shakes the heavens with loud alarms;
How terrible is God in arms!
In Israel are his mercies known;
Israel is his peculiar throne.

3 Proclaim him King, pronounce him blest;
He's your defence, your joy, your rest;
When terrors rise, and nations faint,
God is the strength of every saint.

*Isaac Watts.* 1719.

ROTHWELL. L. M *William Tansur.* 1743.


1. Lord God of Hosts, by all adored! Thy name we praise with one accord; The earth and heavens are
full of thee, Thy light, thy love, thy maj- es - ty, Thy light, thy love, thy maj - es - ty.

## 90

1 Lord God of Hosts, by all adored!
Thy name we praise with one accord;
The earth and heavens are full of thee,
Thy light, thy love, thy majesty.

2 Loud hallelujahs to thy name
Angels and seraphim proclaim;
Eternal praise to thee is given
By all the powers and thrones in heaven.

3 The apostles join the glorious throng,
The prophets aid to swell the song,
The noble and triumphant host
Of martyrs make of thee their boast.

4 The holy church in every place
Throughout the world exalts thy praise;
Both heaven and earth do worship thee,
Thou Father of eternity!

5 From day to day, O Lord, do we
Highly exalt and honor thee;
Thy name we worship and adore,
World without end, forevermore.

*John Gambold.* 1754. *Tr., Thomas Cotterill.* 1810.

## 91

1 Lord of all being; throned afar,
Thy glory flames from sun and star;
Centre and soul of every sphere,
Yet to each loving heart how near!

2 Sun of our life, thy quickening ray
Sheds on our path the glow of day;
Star of our hope, thy softened light
Cheers the long watches of the night.

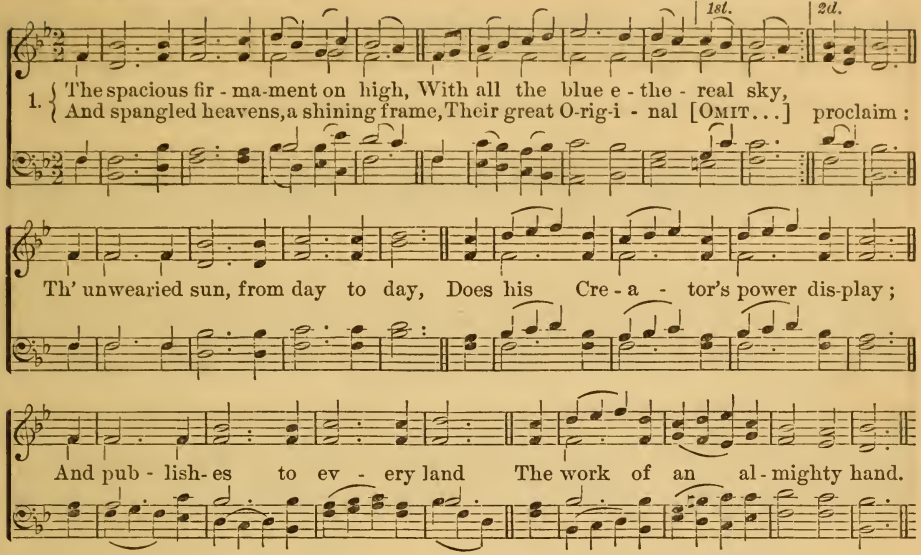
3 Our midnight is thy smile withdrawn;
Our noontide is thy gracious dawn;
Our rainbow arch thy mercy's sign;
All, save the clouds of sin, are thine!

4 Lord of all life, below, above,
Whose light is truth, whose warmth is love,
Before thy ever-blazing throne
We ask no lustre of our own.

5 Grant us thy truth to make us free,
And kindling hearts that burn for thee,
Till all thy living altars claim
One holy light, one heavenly flame!

*Oliver Wendell Holmes.* 1848.

CREATION. L. M. D. *Francis Joseph Haydn.* 1798.


1st.
2d.
1. The spacious fir - ma-ment on high, With all the blue e - the - real sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame, Their great O-rig-i - nal [OMIT...] proclaim:
Th' unwearied sun, from day to day, Does his Cre - a - tor's power dis-play;
And pub - lish-es to ev - ery land The work of an al - mighty hand.

## 92

2 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale;
And nightly, to the listening earth,
Repeats the story of her birth;
While all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

3 What though in solemn silence, all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball,—
What though no real voice nor sound
Amid their radiant orbs be found,—
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
For ever singing as they shine,
"The hand that made us is divine."

*Joseph Addison.* 1712.

## 93

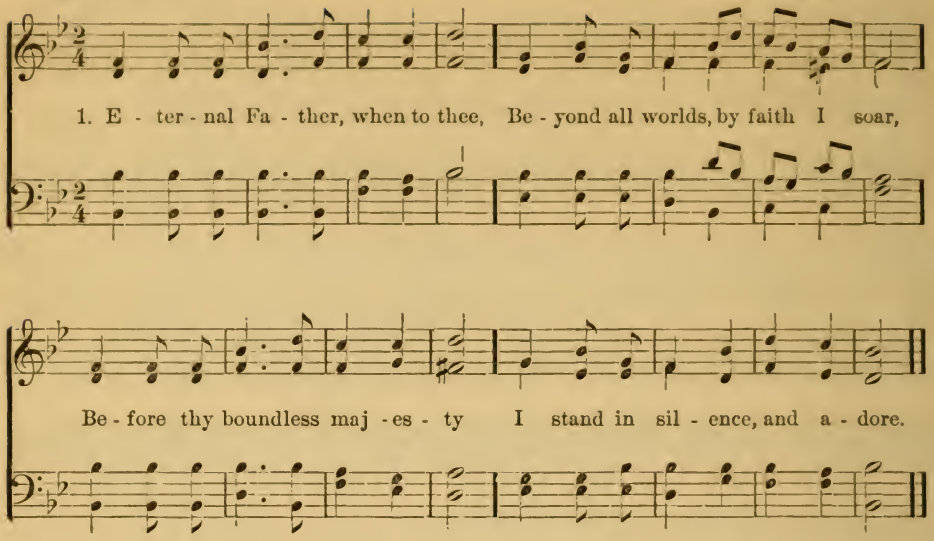
1 ETERNAL Source of every joy,
Well may thy praise our lips employ,
While in thy temple we appear,
To hail thee, sovereign of the year!
Wide as the wheels of nature roll,
Thy hand supports and guides the whole,
The sun is taught by thee to rise,
And darkness when to veil the skies.

2 The flowery spring at thy command,
Perfumes the air, adorns the land;
The summer rays with vigor shine,
To raise the corn, to cheer the vine.
Thy hand, in autumn, richly pours,
Through all our coasts redundant stores;
And winters, softened by thy care,
No more a face of horror wear.

3 Seasons, and months, and weeks and days,
Demand successive songs of praise;
And be the grateful homage paid,
With morning light and evening shade.
Here in thy house let incense rise,
And circling Sabbaths bless our eyes,
Till to those lofty heights we soar,
Where days and years revolve no more.

*Philip Doddridge.* 1755.

WELTON. L. M. *Cæsar H. A. Malan.* 1830.




## 94

1 Eternal Father, when to thee,
Beyond all worlds, by faith I soar,
Before thy boundless majesty
I stand in silence, and adore.

2 But, Saviour, thou art by my side;
Thy voice I hear, thy face I see.
Thou art my friend, my daily guide;
God over all, yet *God with me.*

3 And thou, Great Spirit, in my heart
Dost make thy temple day by day:
The Holy Ghost of God thou art,
Yet dwellest in this house of clay.

4 Blest Trinity, in whom alone
All things created move or rest,
High in the heavens thou hast thy throne,
Thou hast thy throne within my breast.

*Hervey D. Ganse.* 1872.

## 95

1 O Source divine, and Life of all,
The Fount of being's wondrous sea,
Thy depth would every heart appall,
That saw not Love supreme in thee.

2 We shrink before thy vast abyss,
Where worlds on worlds eternal brood;
We know thee truly but in this,
That thou bestowest all our good.

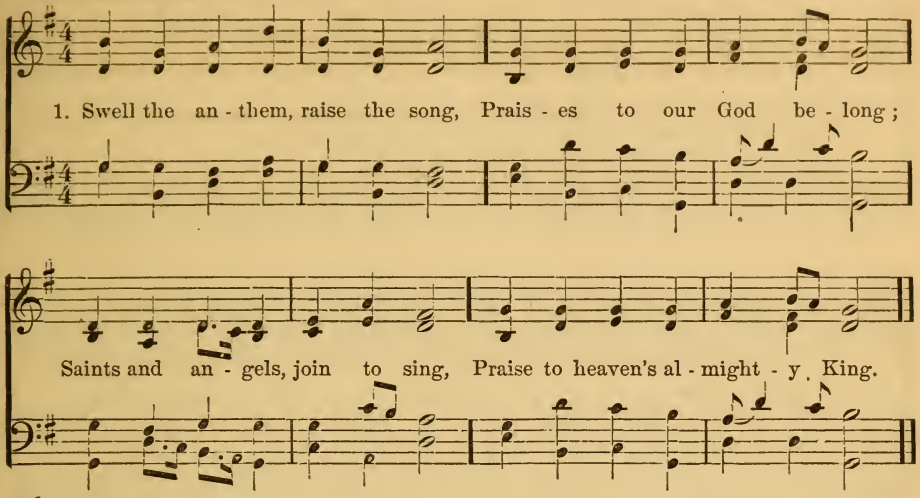
3 And so, 'mid boundless time and space,
O grant us still in thee to dwell,
And through the ceaseless web to trace
Thy presence working all things well.

4 Nor let thou life's delightful play
Thy truth's transcendent vision hide;
Nor strength and gladness lead astray
From thee, our nature's only guide.

5 Bestow on every joyous thrill
Thy deeper tone of reverent awe;
Make pure thy children's erring will,
And teach their hearts to love thy law.

*John Sterling.* 1839.

NUREMBURG. 7s. *Johann Rudolf Ahle.* 1664.


1. Swell the an - them, raise the song, Prais - es to our God be - long;
Saints and an - gels, join to sing, Praise to heaven's al - might - y King.

96

2 Hark, the voice of nature sings
Praises to the King of kings;
Let us join the choral song,
And the heavenly notes prolong.

*Nathan Strong.* 1799.

97

1 Mighty God, the First, the Last,
What are ages in thy sight
But as yesterday when past,
Or a watch within the night?

2 All that being ever knew,
Down, far down, ere time had birth,
Stands as clear within thy view
As the present things of earth.

3 All that being e'er shall know,
On, still on, through farthest years,
All eternity can show,
Bright before thee now appears.

4 In thine all-embracing sight,
Every change its purpose meets,
Every cloud floats into light,
Every woe its glory greets.

5 Whatsoe'er our lot may be,
Calmly in this thought we'll rest,—
Could we see as thou dost see,
We should choose it as the best.

*William Gaskell.* 1837.

98 (Welton.)

1 When Israel, of the Lord beloved,
Out from the land of bondage came,
Her fathers' God before her moved,
An awful guide, in smoke and flame.

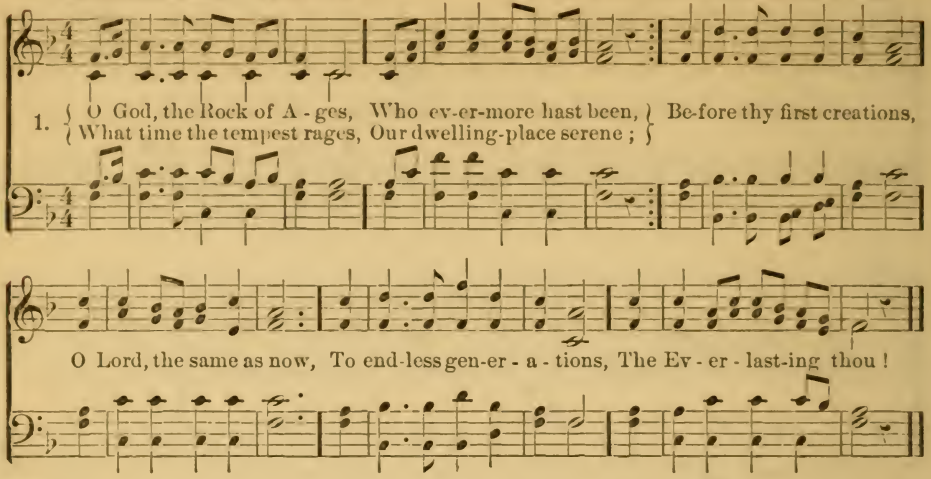
2 By day, along th' astonished lands,
The cloudy pillar glided slow:
By night, Arabia's crimsoned sands
Returned the fiery column's glow.

3 Thus present still, though now unseen,
O Lord, when shines the prosperous day,
Be thoughts of thee a cloudy screen,
To temper the deceitful ray.

4 And O, when gathers on our path,
In shade and storm, the frequent night,
Be thou long-suffering, slow to wrath,
A burning and a shining light.

*Walter Scott.* 1820.

MENDEBRAS. 7s & 6s. D. *German Air. Arr. by Lowell Mason.* 1839.


1. O God, the Rock of A - ges, Who ev-er-more hast been, Be-fore thy first creations,
What time the tempest rages, Our dwelling-place serene ;
O Lord, the same as now, To end-less gen-er - a - tions, The Ev - er - last-ing thou !

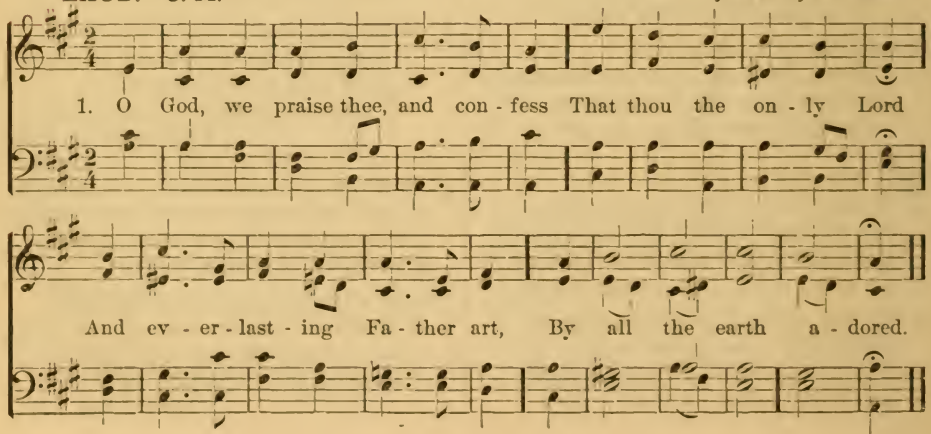
99

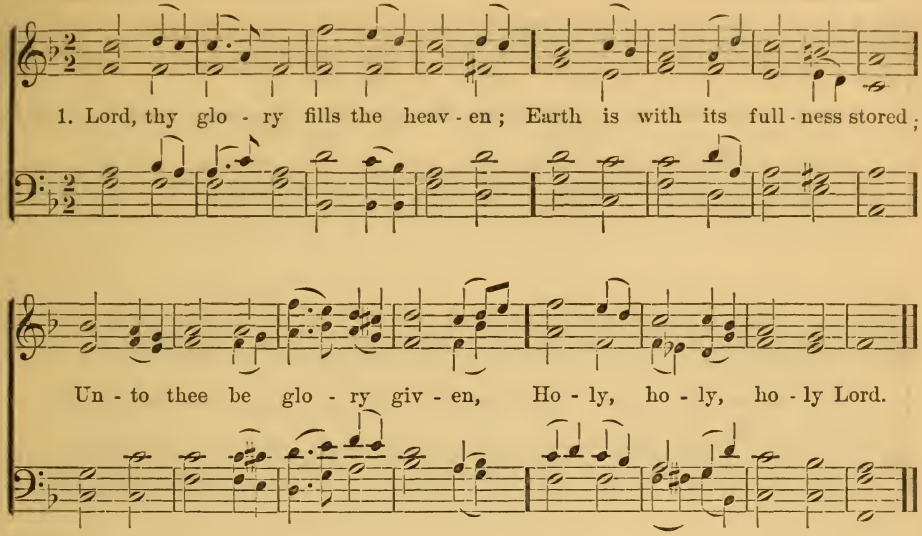
2 Our years are like the shadows
On sunny hills that lie,
Or grasses in the meadows
That blossom but to die:
A sleep, a dream, a story
By strangers quickly told,
An unremaining glory
Of things that soon are old.

3 O thou who canst not slumber,
Whose light grows never pale,
Teach us aright to number
Our years before they fail!
On us thy mercy lighten,
On us thy goodness rest,
And let thy Spirit brighten
The hearts thyself hast blessed!

*Edward H. Bickersteth.*

LAUD. C. M. *John B. Dykes.* 1861.



MOSCOW. 8s & 7s. *Alexis Lwoff.* 1833.

**100**

2 Heaven is still with anthems ringing;
Earth takes up the angels' cry,
Holy, holy, holy, singing,
Lord of hosts, thou Lord most high.

3 Ever thus in God's high praises,
Brethren, let our tongues unite,
While our thoughts his greatness raises,
And our love his gifts excite:

4 With his seraph train before him,
With his holy church below,
Thus unite we to adore him,
Bid we thus our anthem flow.

5 Thus thy glorious name confessing,
We adopt the angels' cry,
Holy, holy, holy, blessing
Thee, the Lord our God most high!

*Richard Mant.* 1837.

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**101**

1 O God, we praise thee, and confess
That thou the only Lord
And everlasting Father art,
By all the earth adored.

2 To thee all angels cry aloud;
To thee the powers on high,
Both cherubim and seraphim,
Continually do cry:—

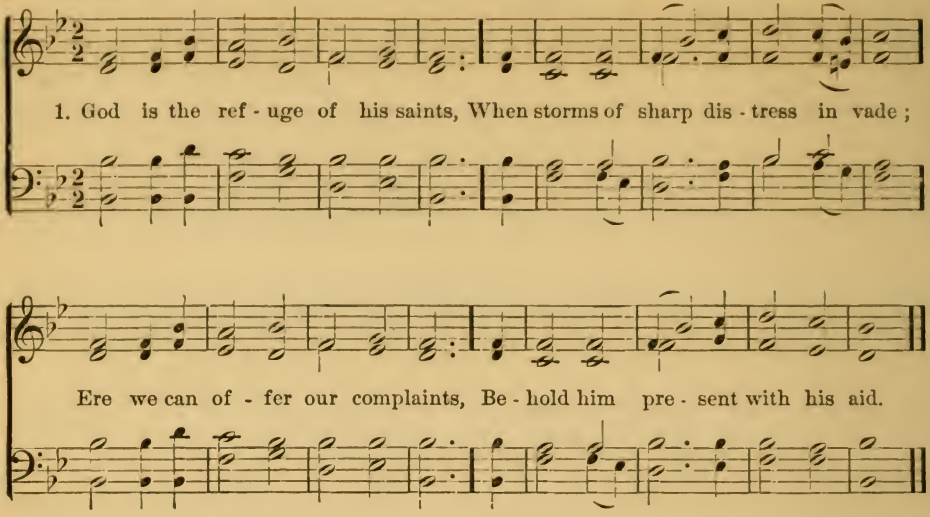
3 O holy, holy, holy Lord,
Whom heavenly hosts obey,
The world is with the glory filled
Of thy majestic sway!

4 The apostles' glorious company,
And prophets crowned with light,
With all the martyrs' noble host,
Thy constant praise recite.

5 The holy church throughout the world,
O Lord, confesses thee,
That thou the eternal Father art,
Of boundless majesty.

*Tate & Brady.* 1703.

WARD. L. M. *Scotch. Arr. by Lowell Mason.* 1830.


1. God is the ref - uge of his saints, When storms of sharp dis - tress in vade;
Ere we can of - fer our complaints, Be - hold him pre - sent with his aid.

## 102

1 God is the refuge of his saints,
When storms of sharp distress invade;
Ere we can offer our complaints,
Behold him present with his aid.

2 Let mountains from their seats be hurled
Down to the deep, and buried there,
Convulsions shake the solid world;
Our faith shall never yield to fear.

3 Loud may the troubled ocean roar;
In sacred peace our souls abide;
While every nation, every shore,
Trembles, and dreads the swelling tide.

4 There is a stream whose gentle flow
Supplies the city of our God,
Life, love and joy, still gliding through,
And watering our divine abode.

5 That sacred stream, thine holy word,
Our grief allays, our fear controls;
Sweet peace thy promises afford,
And give new strength to fainting souls.

6 Zion enjoys her Monarch's love,
Secure against a threatening hour;
Nor can her firm foundation move,
Built on his truth, and armed with power.

*Isaac Watts.* 1719.

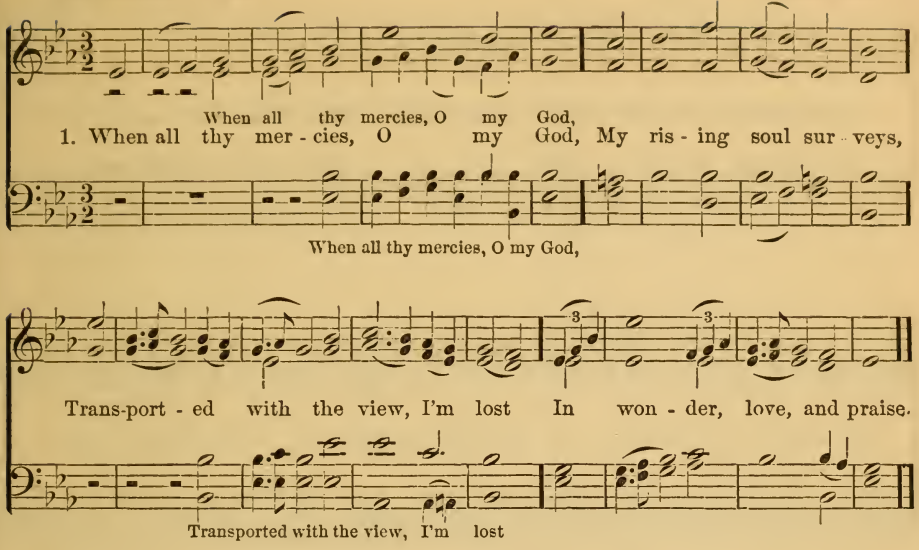
## 103

1 There's nothing bright, above, below,
From flowers that bloom to stars that glow,
But in its light my soul can see
Some features of the Deity.

2 There's nothing dark, below, above,
But in its gloom I trace thy love,
And meekly wait the moment when
Thy touch shall make all bright again.

3 The light, the dark, where'er I look,
Shall be one pure and shining book,
Where I may read, in words of flame,
The glories of thy wondrous name.

*Thomas Moore.* 1816.

GENEVA. C. M. *J. Cole.* 1805.

When all thy mercies, O my God,
1. When all thy mer - cies, O my God, My ris - ing soul sur - veys,
When all thy mercies, O my God,
Trans-port - ed with the view, I'm lost In won - der, love, and praise.
Transported with the view, I'm lost

## 104

1 When all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

2 Unnumbered comforts on my soul
Thy tender care bestowed,
Before my infant heart conceived
From whom those comforts flowed.

3 When in the slippery paths of youth
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm, unseen, conveyed me safe,
And led me up to man.

4 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.

5 Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

6 Through all eternity, to thee
A joyful song I'll raise;
But O, eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise!

*Joseph Addison.* 1712.

## 105

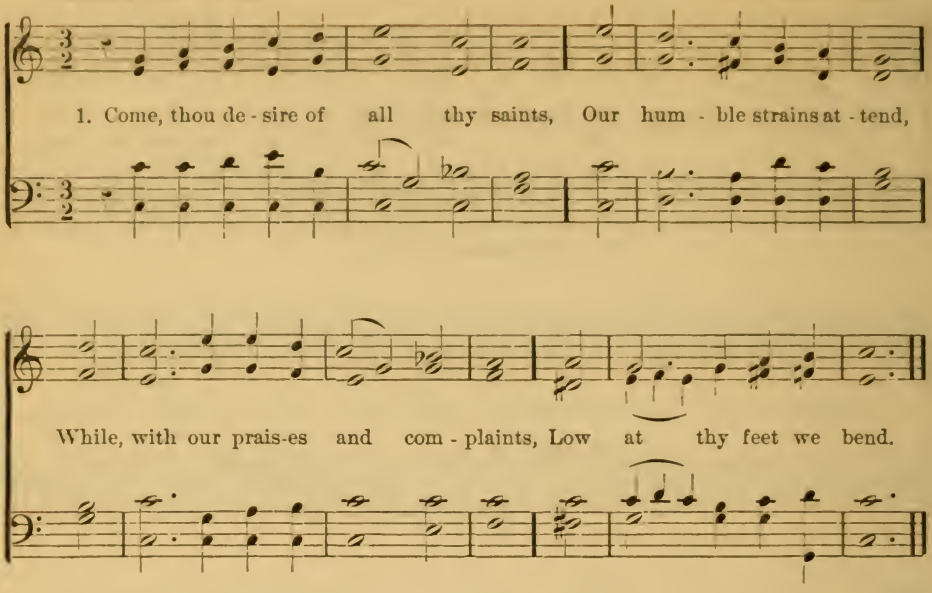
1 The mercies of my God and King
My tongue shall still pursue:
O happy they who, while they sing
Those mercies, share them too!

2 As bright and lasting as the sun,
As lofty as the sky,
From age to age thy word shall run,
And chance and change defy.

3 The covenant of the King of kings
Shall stand forever sure;
Beneath the shadow of thy wings
Thy saints repose secure.

*Henry Francis Lyte.* 1834.

MERTON. C. M. *H. K. Oliver.* 1842.


1. Come, thou de - sire of all thy saints, Our hum - ble strains at - tend,
While, with our prais-es and com - plaints, Low at thy feet we bend.

## 106

2 How should our songs, like those above,
With warm devotion rise!
How should our souls, on wings of love,
Mount upward to the skies!

3 Come, Lord! thy love alone can raise
In us the heavenly flame;
Then shall our lips resound thy praise,
Our hearts adore thy name.

4 Dear Saviour! Let thy glory shine,
And fill thy dwellings here,
Till life, and love, and joy divine
A heaven on earth appear.

5 Then shall our hearts enraptured say,
Come, great Redeemer! come,
And bring the bright, the glorious day,
That calls thy children home.

*Anne Steele.* 1760.

## 107

1 THERE's not a star whose twinkling light
Illumes the distant earth,
And cheers the solemn gloom of night,
But goodness gave it birth.

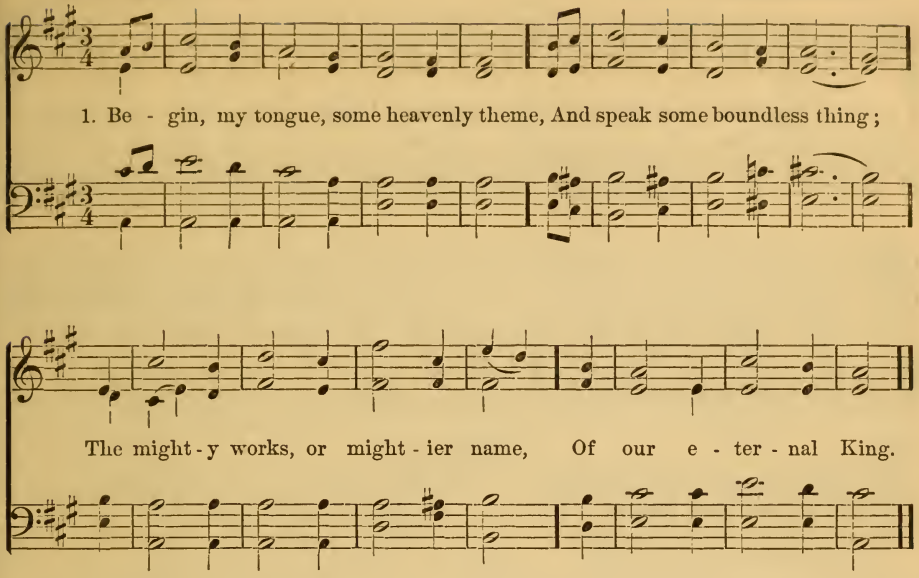
2 There's not a cloud whose dews distil
Upon the parching clod,
And clothe with verdure vale and hill,
That is not sent by God.

3 There's not a place in earth's vast round,
In ocean deep, or air,
Where skill and wisdom are not found;
For God is everywhere.

4 Around, beneath, below, above,
Wherever space extends,
There Heaven displays its boundless love,
And power with goodness blends.

*James Cowdran Wallace.* 1824.

MANOAH. C. M. *Gioacchimo Rossini.*


1. Be - gin, my tongue, some heavenly theme, And speak some boundless thing;
The might - y works, or might - ier name, Of our e - ter - nal King.

## 108

2 Tell of his wondrous faithfulness,
And sound his power abroad;
Sing the sweet promise of his grace,
And the performing God.

3 His very word of grace is strong,
As that which built the skies;
The voice that rolls the stars along,
Speaks all the promises.

4 O, might I hear thy heavenly tongue
But whisper, "Thou art mine!"
Those gentle words should raise my song
To notes almost divine.

*Isaac Watts.* 1707.

## 109

1 My God! the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights,
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights.

2 In darkest shades if he appear,
My dawning is begun!
He is my soul's sweet morning star,
And he my rising sun.

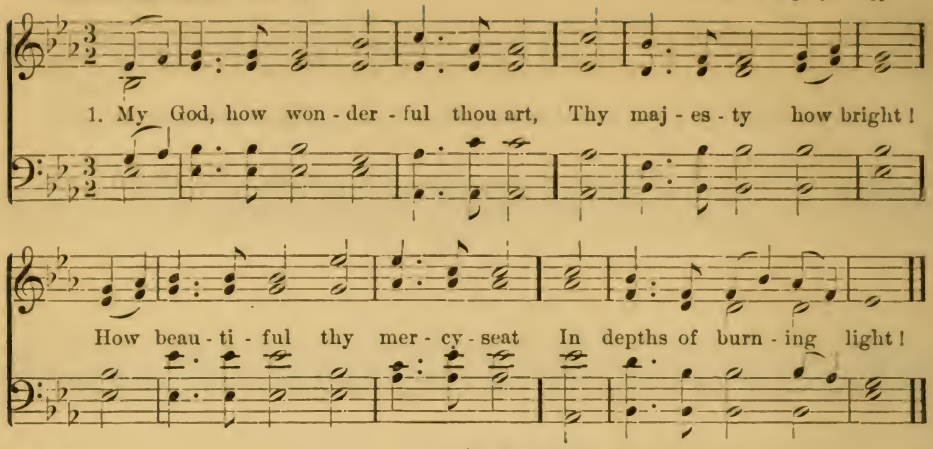
3 The opening heavens around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss,
While Jesus shows his heart is mine,
And whispers, I am his!

4 My soul would leave this heavy clay
At that transporting word,
Run up with joy the shining way,
T' embrace my dearest Lord.

5 Fearless of hell, and ghastly death,
I'd break through every foe;
The wings of love, and arms of faith,
Should bear me conqueror through.

*Isaac Watts.* 1709.

SOUTHPORT. C. M. *Geo. Kingsley.* 1853.




## 110

1 My God, how wonderful thou art,
Thy Majesty how bright!
How beautiful thy mercy-seat
In depths of burning light!

2 O how I fear thee, living God!
With deepest, tenderest fears,
And worship thee with trembling hope
And penitential tears.

3 Yet I may love thee too, O Lord,
Almighty as thou art;
For thou hast stooped to ask of me
The love of my poor heart.

4 No earthly father loves like thee;
No mother half so mild
Bears and forbears, as thou hast done
With me thy sinful child.

5 Only to sit and think of God,
O, what a joy it is! [name,
To think the thought, to breathe the
Earth has no higher bliss.

6 Father of mercies, Love's reward,
What rapture will it be,
Prostrate before thy throne to lie,
And gaze and gaze on thee!

*Frederic W. Faber.* 1849.

## 111

1 God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sovereign will.

3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

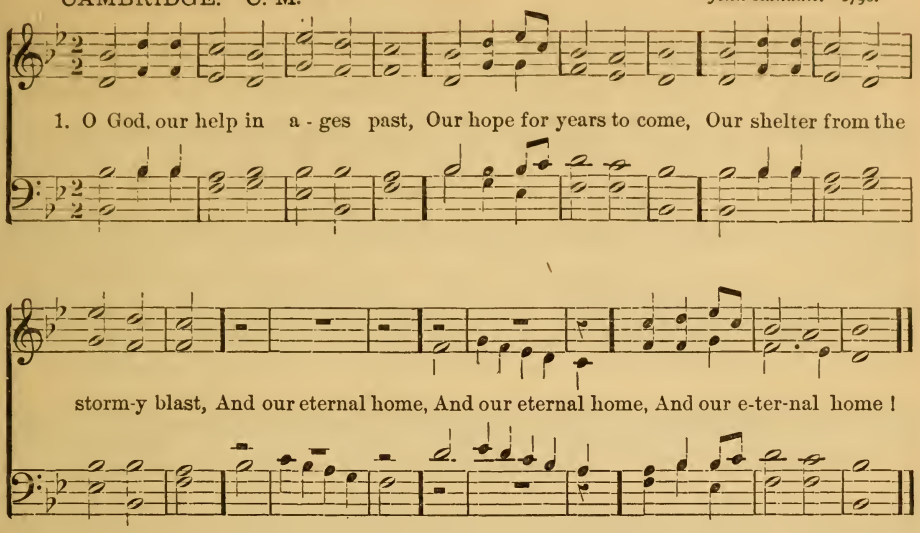
4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace;
Behind a frowning providence,
He hides a smiling face.

5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

6 Blind unbelief is sure to err
And scan his work in vain;
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

*William Cowper.* 1779.

CAMBRIDGE. C. M. *John Randall.* 1790.


1. O God, our help in a - ges past, Our hope for years to come, Our shelter from the
storm-y blast, And our eternal home, And our eternal home, And our e-ter-nal home !

## 112

2 Under the shadow of thy throne,
Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting thou art God,
To endless years the same.

4 A thousand ages in thy sight
Are like an evening gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night,
Before the rising sun.

5 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

6 O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come!
Be thou our guard, while troubles last,
And our eternal home.

*Isaac Watts.* 1719.

## 113

1 THERE is a book that all may read,
Which heavenly truth imparts,
And all the lore its scholars need,
Pure eyes and Christian hearts.

2 The works of God above, below,
Within us and around,
Are pages in that book to show
How God himself is found.

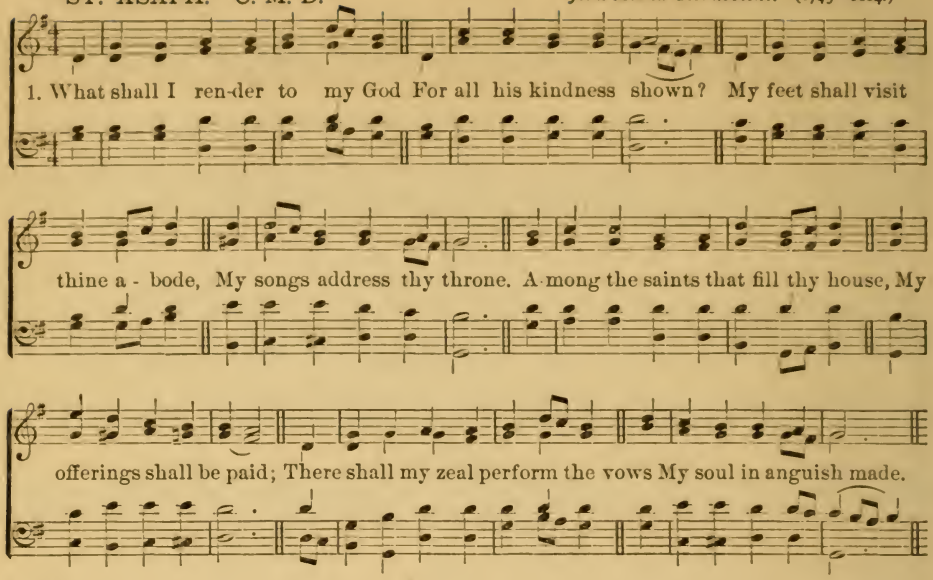
3 The glorious sky, embracing all,
Is like the Maker's love,
Wherewith encompassed, great and small
In peace and order move.

4 The dew of heaven is like thy grace,
It steals in silence down;
But where it lights, the favored place
By richest fruits is known.

5 Thou who hast given me eyes to see
And love this sight so fair,
Give me a heart to find out thee,
And read thee everywhere.

*John Keble.* 1827.

ST. ASAPH. C. M. D. *Jean Maria Giornovichi.* (1745—1804.)


1. What shall I ren-der to my God For all his kindness shown? My feet shall visit
thine a - bode, My songs address thy throne. A-mong the saints that fill thy house, My
offerings shall be paid; There shall my zeal perform the vows My soul in anguish made.

## 114

2 How much is mercy thy delight,
Thou ever-blessed God!
How dear thy servants in thy sight—
How precious is their blood!
How happy all thy servants are!
How great thy grace to me!
My life, which thou hast made thy care,
Lord! I devote to thee.

3 Now I am thine, for ever thine;
Nor shall my purpose move;
Thy hand hath loosed my bonds of pain,
And bound me with thy love.
Here, in thy courts, I leave my vow,
And thy rich grace record;
Witness, ye saints, who hear me now,
If I forsake the Lord.

*Isaac Watts.* 1719.

## 115

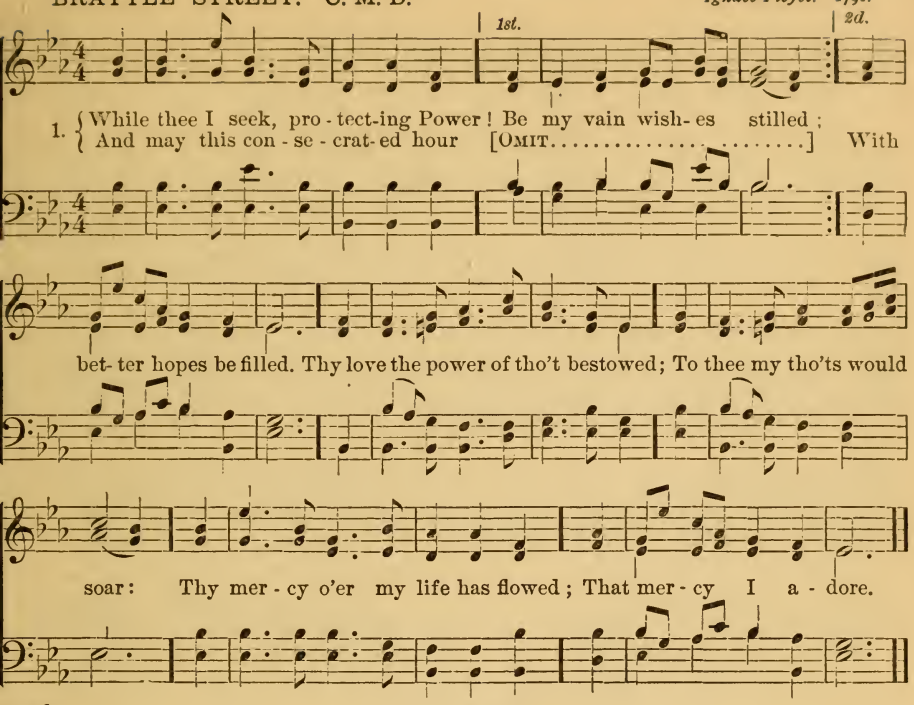
1 O Lord, I would delight in thee,
And on thy care depend:
To thee in every trouble flee,
My best, my only Friend!
When all created streams are dried,
Thy fullness is the same;
May I with this be satisfied,
And glory in thy name.

2 No good in creatures can be found,
But may be found in thee;
I must have all things, and abound,
While God is God to me.
O that I had a stronger faith,
To look within the veil,
To credit what my Saviour saith,
Whose word can never fail.

3 He that has made my heaven secure,
Will here all good provide;
While Christ is rich, can I be poor?
What can I want beside?
O Lord, I cast my care on thee;
I triumph and adore;
Henceforth my great concern shall be
To love and praise thee more.

*John Ryland.* 1777.

BRATTLE STREET. C. M. D. *Ignace Pleyel.* 1791.


1st.
2d.
1. While thee I seek, pro - tect-ing Power! Be my vain wish- es stilled;
And may this con - se - crat- ed hour [OMIT.....] With
bet- ter hopes be filled. Thy love the power of tho't bestowed; To thee my tho'ts would
soar: Thy mer - cy o'er my life has flowed; That mer - cy I a - dore.

## 116

2 In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand I see!
Each blessing to my soul more dear
Because conferred by thee.
In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.

3 When gladness wings my favored hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill;
Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet thy will.
My lifted eye, without a tear,
The gathering storm shall see;
My steadfast heart shall know no fear;
That heart will rest on thee.

*Helen Maria Williams.* 1786.

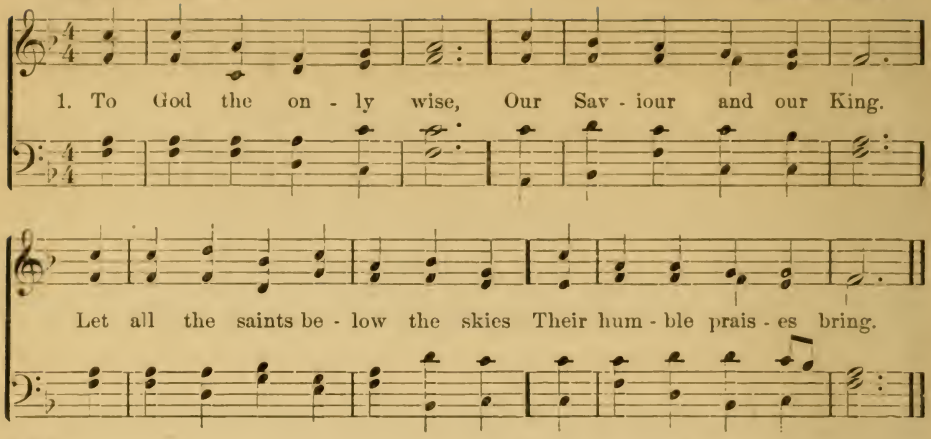
## 117

1 WHEN the worn spirit wants repose,
And sighs her God to seek,
How sweet to hail the evening's close
That ends the weary week.
How sweet to hail the early dawn
That opens on the sight,
When first that soul-reviving morn
Beams its new rays of light.

2 Sweet day, thine hours too soon will cease;
Yet, while they gently roll,
Breathe, heavenly Spirit, source of peace,
A Sabbath o'er my soul.
When will my pilgrimage be done,
The world's long week be o'er,
That Sabbath dawn which needs no sun,
That day which fades no more?

*James Edmeston.* 1820.

BADEA. S. M. *German Melody.*




## 118

2 'Tis his almighty love,
His counsel and his care,
Preserves us safe from sin and death,
And every hurtful snare.

3 He will present our souls,
Unblemished and complete,
Before the glory of his face,
With joys divinely great.

4 Then all the chosen seed
Shall meet around the throne,
Shall bless the conduct of his grace,
And make his wonders known.

5 To our Redeemer God
Wisdom and power belongs,
Immortal crowns of majesty,
And everlasting songs.

*Isaac Watts.* 1709.

## 119

1 O BLESS the Lord, my soul,
Let all within me join,
And aid my tongue to bless his name,
Whose favors are divine.

2 O bless the Lord, my soul,
Nor let his mercies lie
Forgotten in unthankfulness,
And without praises die.

3 'Tis he forgives thy sins,
'Tis he relieves thy pain,
'Tis he that heals thy sicknesses,
And make thee young again.

4 He crowns thy life with love,
When ransomed from the grave;
He that redeemed my soul from hell,
Hath sovereign power to save.

*Isaac Watts.* 1719.

## 120

1 My soul, repeat his praise,
Whose mercies are so great;
Whose anger is so slow to rise,
So ready to abate.

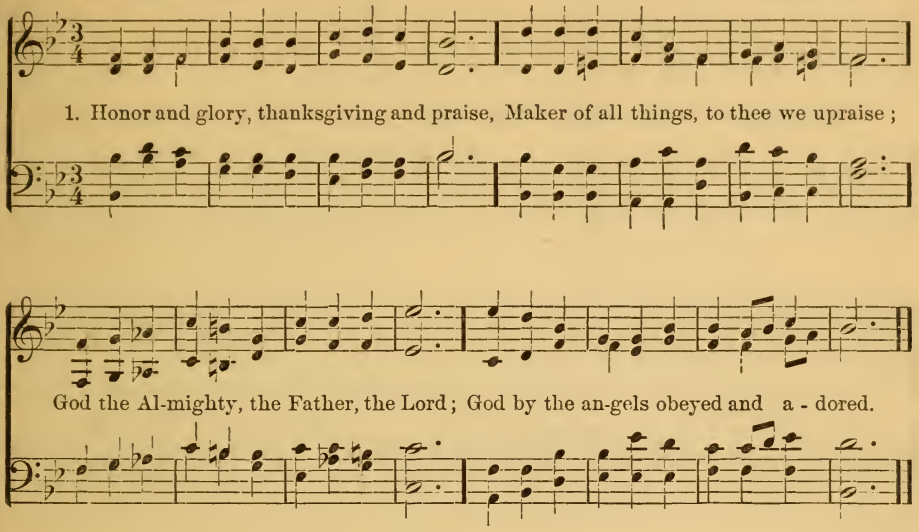
2 God will not always chide;
And, when his strokes are felt,
His strokes are fewer than our crimes,
And lighter than our guilt.

3 High as the heavens are raised
Above the ground we tread,
So far the riches of his grace
Our highest thoughts exceed.

4 His power subdues our sins,
And his forgiving love,
Far as the east is from the west,
Doth all our guilt remove.

*Isaac Watts.* 1719.

DAYMAN. 10s. *J. Barnby.* 1870.


1. Honor and glory, thanksgiving and praise, Maker of all things, to thee we upraise ;
God the Al-mighty, the Father, the Lord ; God by the an-gels obeyed and a - dored.

## 121

2 Thou art the Father of heaven and earth;
Worlds uncreated to thee owe their birth;
All the creation, thy voice when it heard,
Started to life and to light at thy Word.

3 Onward the sun and the moon on their march
Span with the rainbow the firmament's arch;
Stars yet unknown, and whose light is to come,
Find in creation their place and a home.

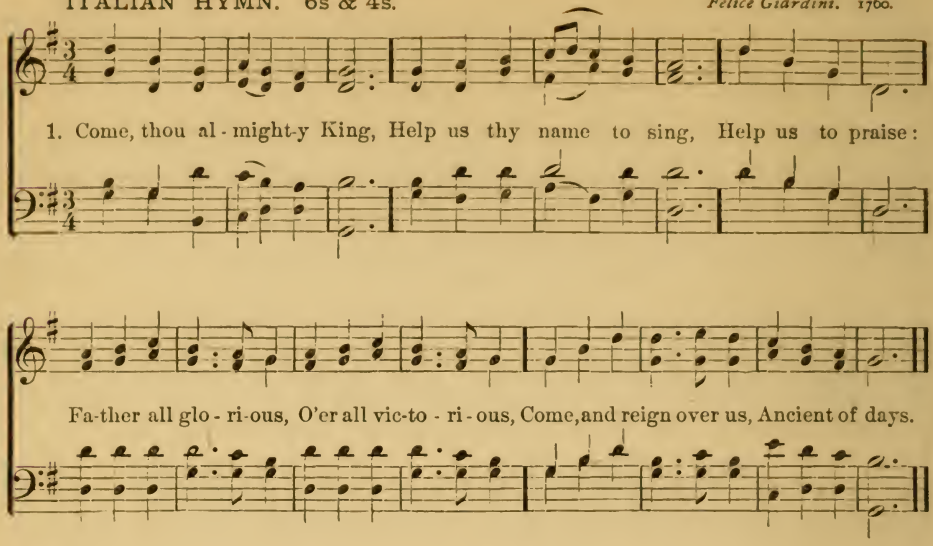
4 Earth with the mountain, the river, the plain,
Sky with the dew-drop, the wind, and the rain,
Beast of the forest, wild bird of the air,
All are thy creatures, and all are thy care.

5 Ocean the restless, and waters that swell,
Lightnings that flash over flood, over fell,
Own thee the Master Almighty, and call
Thee the Creator, the Father, of all.

6 Yea, thou art Father of all, and thy love
Pity for man that is fallen doth move;
Guide us in life, and protect to the last;
And, at thine Advent, Lord, pardon the past.

*E. A. Dayman.*

ITALIAN HYMN. 6s & 4s. *Felice Giardini.* 1760.


1. Come, thou al - might-y King, Help us thy name to sing, Help us to praise:
Fa-ther all glo - ri-ous, O'er all vic-to - ri - ous, Come, and reign over us, Ancient of days.

## 122

2 Come, thou incarnate Word,
Gird on thy mighty sword;
Our prayer attend;
Come, and thy people bless,
And give thy word success:
Spirit of holiness,
On us descend.

3 Come, holy Comforter,
Thy sacred witness bear,
In this glad hour:
Thou, who almighty art,
Now rule in every heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of power.

4 To the great One in Three,
The highest praises be,
Hence evermore!
His sovereign majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore.

*Charles Wesley.* 1757.

## 123

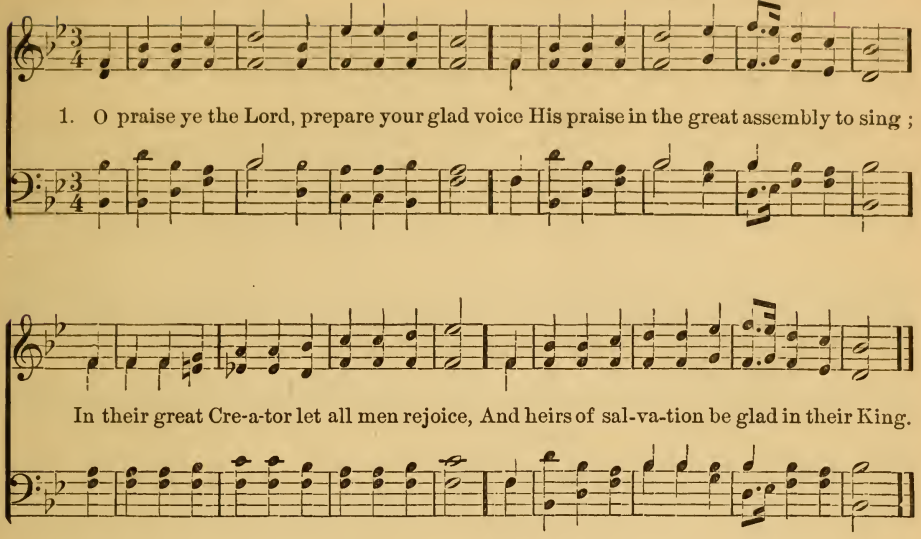
1 Thou, whose almighty Word
Chaos and darkness heard,
And took their flight;
Hear us, we humbly pray,
And where the Gospel's day
Sheds not its glorious ray,
"Let there be light."

2 Thou, who didst come to bring
On thy redeeming wing
Healing and sight,
Health to the sick in mind,
Sight to the inly blind,
O, now to all mankind
"Let there be light."

3 Spirit of truth and love,
Life-giving, holy Dove,
Speed forth thy flight;
Move o'er the water's face,
Bearing the lamp of grace,
And in earth's darkest place
"Let there be light."

*John Marriott.* 1813.

LYONS. 10s & 11s. *Francis Joseph Haydn.* 1770.


1. O praise ye the Lord, prepare your glad voice His praise in the great assembly to sing ;
In their great Cre-a-tor let all men rejoice, And heirs of sal-va-tion be glad in their King.

## 124

2 Let them his great name devoutly adore ;
In loud-swelling strains his praises express,
Who graciously opens his bountiful store,
Their wants to relieve, and his children to bless.

3 With glory adorned, his people shall sing
To God, who defence and plenty supplies;
Their loud acclamations to him, their great King,
Through earth shall be sounded, and reach to the skies.

*Nahum Tate.* 1696.

## 125

1 O WORSHIP the King all-glorious above,
And gratefully sing his wonderful love ;
Our Shield and Defender, the Ancient of days,
Pavilioned in splendor, and girded with praise.

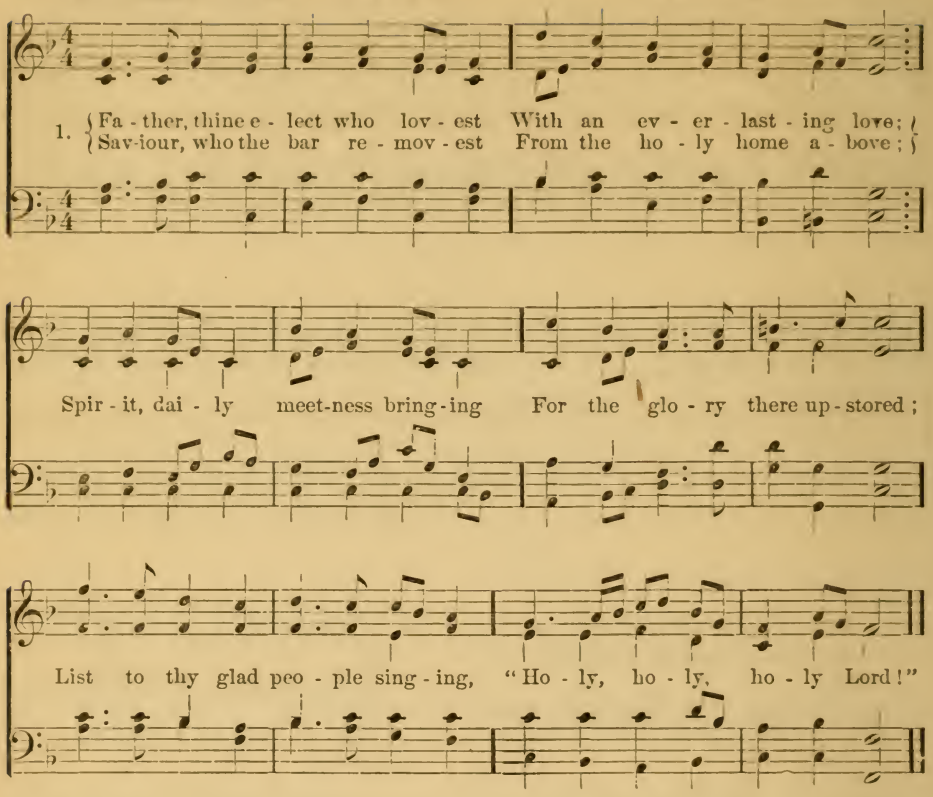
2 O tell of his might, and sing of his grace,
Whose robe is the light, whose canopy space ;
His chariots of wrath the deep thunder-clouds form,
And dark is his path on the wings of the storm.

3 Thy bountiful care what tongue can recite ?
It breathes in the air, it shines in the light,
It streams from the hills, it descends to the plain,
And sweetly distills in the dew and the rain.

4 Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
In thee do we trust, nor find thee to fail ;
Thy mercies how tender ! how firm to the end !
Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend.

*Sir Robert Grant.* 1830.

AUSTRIAN HYMN. 8s & 7s. D. *Francis Joseph Haydn.* 1797.


1. Fa - ther, thine e - lect who lov - est With an ev - er - last - ing love;
Sav-iour, who the bar re - mov - est From the ho - ly home a - bove;
Spir - it, dai - ly meet-ness bring - ing For the glo - ry there up - stored;
List to thy glad peo - ple sing - ing, "Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Lord!"

## 126

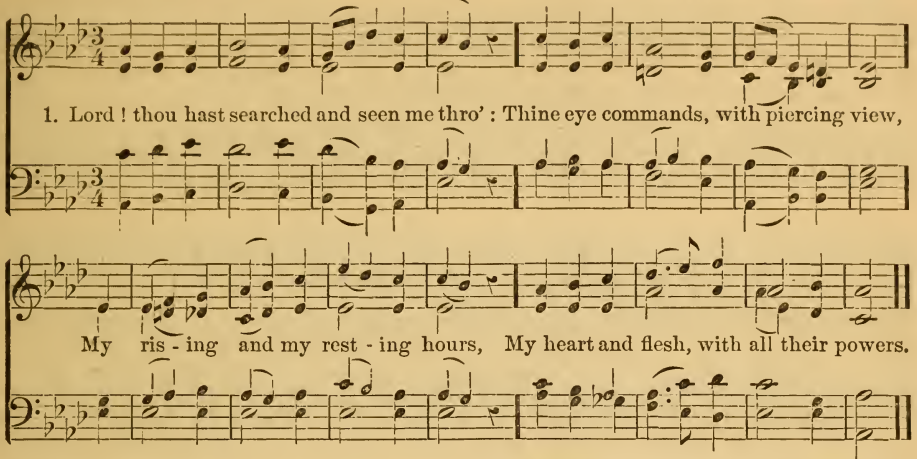
1 Father, thine elect who lovest
With an everlasting love;
Saviour, who the bar removest
From the holy home above;
Spirit, daily meetness bringing
For the glory there upstored;
List to thy glad people singing,
"Holy, holy, holy, Lord!"

2 Lord, with sin-bound souls thou bearest,
Struggling towards this strain divine;
Glad on mortal lips thou hearest
That thrice awful name of thine.
But thou listenest, O how sweetly!
When from holy lips outpoured,
Rings thro' heaven this strain full meetly,
"Holy, holy, holy Lord!"

3 Shall we, Lord, meet voices never
Bring to that eternal hymn?
Hallow us to help the endeavor
Of thy pure-lipped Seraphim:
Hark! their own high strain we bring thee,
Listen to the full accord!
Sweet the song we ever sing thee,
"Holy, holy, holy Lord!"

*Thomas H. Gill.* 1860.

BOWEN. L. M. *Francis Joseph Haydn.* (1732—1809.)


1. Lord ! thou hast searched and seen me thro' : Thine eye commands, with piercing view,
My ris - ing and my rest - ing hours, My heart and flesh, with all their powers.

## 127

2 My thoughts, before they are my own,
Are to my God distinctly known;
He knows the words I mean to speak,
Ere from my opening lips they break.

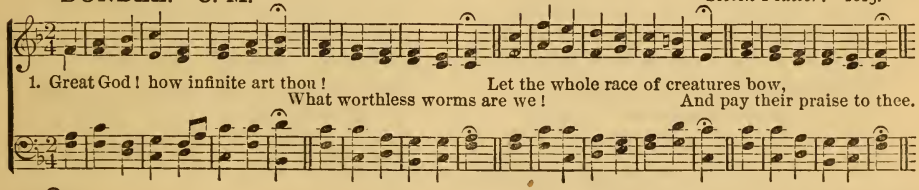
3 Within thy circling power I stand;
On every side I find thy hand;
Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,
I am surrounded still with God.

4 Amazing knowledge, vast and great!
What large extent! what lofty height!
My soul, with all the powers I boast,
Is in the boundless prospect lost.

5 O, may these thoughts possess my breast,
Where'er I rove, where'er I rest;
Nor let my weaker passions dare
Consent to sin, for God is there.

*Isaac Watts.* 1719.

DUNDEE. C. M. *Scotch Psalter.* 1615.


1. Great God ! how infinite art thou ! Let the whole race of creatures bow,
What worthless worms are we ! And pay their praise to thee.

## 128

2 Thy throne eternal ages stood,
Ere seas or stars were made;
Thou art the ever-living God,
Were all the nations dead.

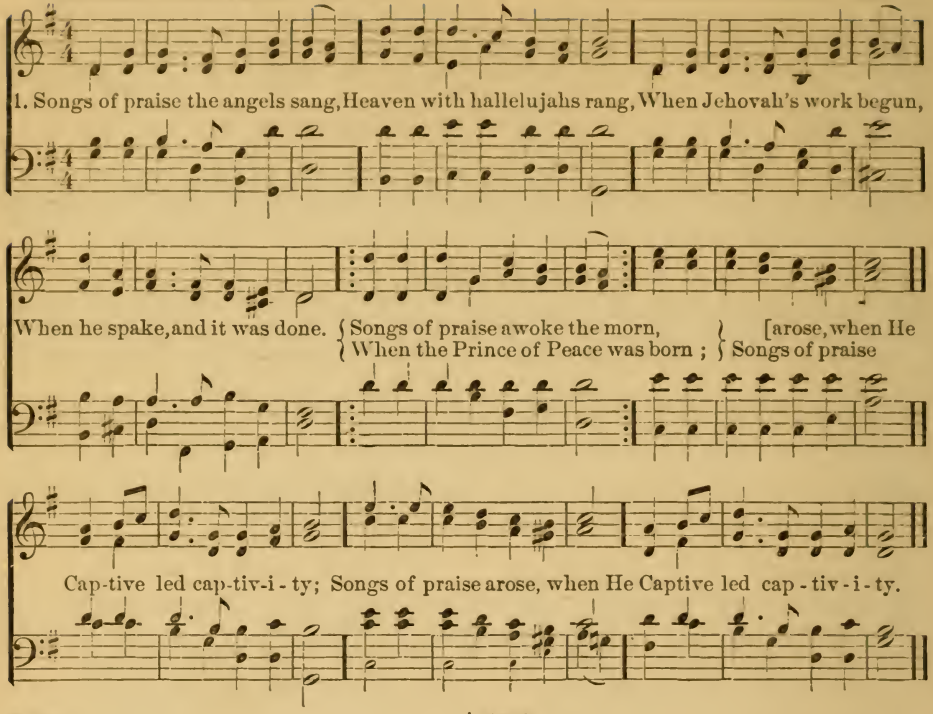
3 Eternity, with all its years,
Stands present in thy view;
To thee there's nothing old appears,
Great God! there's nothing new.

4 Our lives thro' various scenes are drawn,
And vexed with trifling cares;
While thine eternal thought moves on
Thine undisturbed affairs.

5 Great God! how infinite art thou!
What worthless worms are we!
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to thee.

*Isaac Watts.* 1709.

HERALD-ANGELS. 7s. D. *Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy.* 1846.


1. Songs of praise the angels sang, Heaven with hallelujahs rang, When Jehovah's work begun,
When he spake, and it was done. Songs of praise awoke the morn, When the Prince of Peace was born ; [arose, when He Songs of praise
Cap-tive led cap-tiv-i-ty; Songs of praise arose, when He Captive led cap-tiv-i-ty.

## 129

2 Heaven and earth must pass away,—
Songs of praise shall crown that day ;
God will make new heavens and earth,—
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.
And shall man alone be dumb,
Till that glorious kingdom come?
No ; the Church delights to raise
Psalms and hymns and songs of praise.

3 Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice ;
Learning here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.
Borne upon the latest breath,
Songs of praise shall conquer death ;
Then, amidst eternal joy,
Songs of praise their powers employ.

*James Montgomery.* 1819.

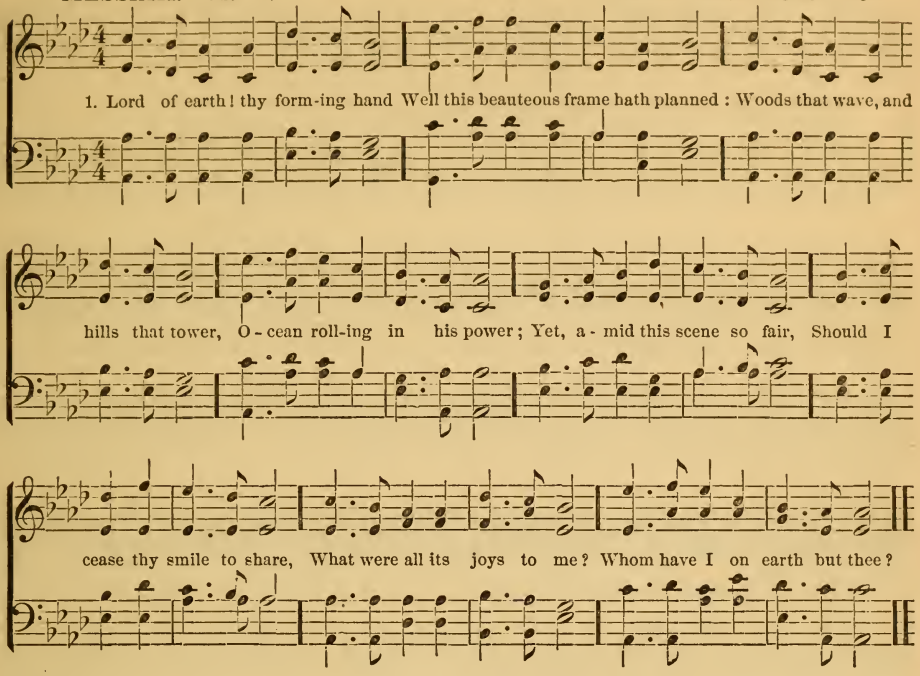
## 130

1 Praise the Lord, his glories show,
Saints within his courts below,
Angels round his throne above,
All that see and share his love!
Earth to heaven, and heaven to earth,
Tell his wonders, sing his worth ;
Age to age, and shore to shore,
Praise him, praise him, evermore!

2 Praise the Lord, his mercies trace ;
Praise his providence and grace,
All that he for man hath done,
All he sends us through his Son.
Strings and voices, hands and hearts,
In the concert bear your parts :
All that breathe, your Lord adore ;
Praise him, praise him, evermore!

*Henry Francis Lyte.* 1834.

MESSIAH. 7s. D. *Arr. by George Kingsley.* 1838.


1. Lord of earth! thy form-ing hand Well this beauteous frame hath planned: Woods that wave, and
hills that tower, O-cean roll-ing in his power; Yet, a-mid this scene so fair, Should I
cease thy smile to share, What were all its joys to me? Whom have I on earth but thee?

## 131

2 Lord of heaven! beyond our sight
Shines a world of purer light;
There in love's unclouded reign
Parted hands shall meet again;
O that world is passing fair,
Yet, if thou wert absent there,
What were all its joys to me?
Whom have I in heaven but thee?

*Robert Grant.*

## 132

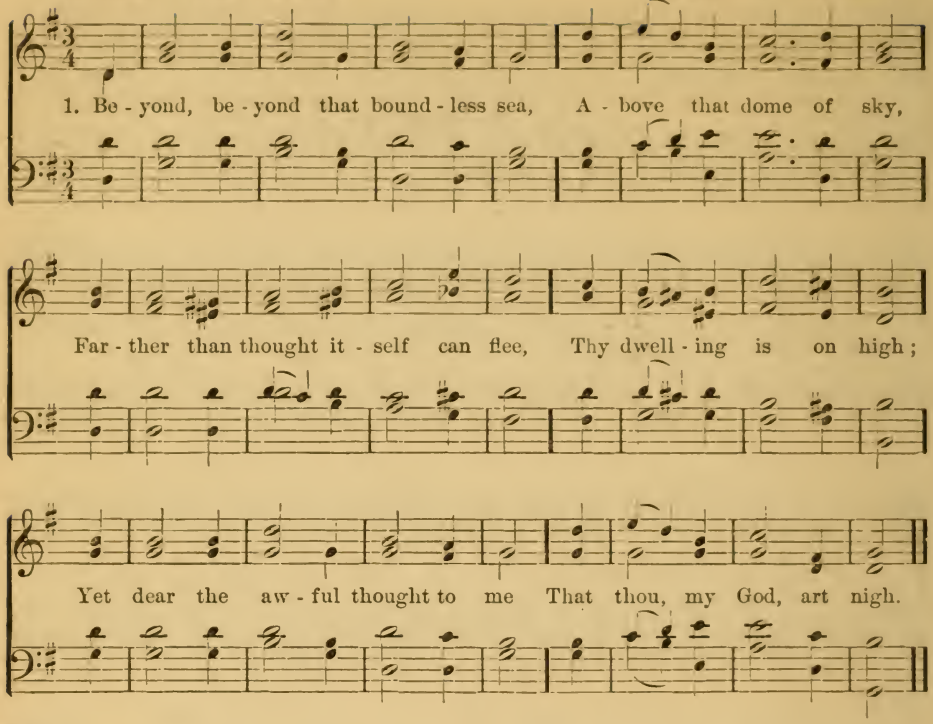
1 Holy, holy, holy Lord
God of Hosts! When heaven and earth,
Out of darkness, at thy word,
Issued into glorious birth,
All thy works before thee stood,
And thine eye beheld them good,
While they sang with sweet accord,
Holy, holy, holy Lord!

2 Holy, holy, holy! Thee
One Jehovah evermore,
Father, Son, and Spirit, we,
Dust and ashes, would adore;
Lightly by the world esteemed,
From that world by thee redeemed,
Sing we here, with glad accord,
Holy, holy, holy Lord!

3 Holy, holy, holy! All
Heaven's triumphant choir shall sing,
When the ransomed nations fall
At the footstool of their King:
Then shall saints and seraphim,
Hearts and voices, swell one hymn,
Round the throne with full accord,
Holy, holy, holy Lord!

*James Montgomery.* 1836, 1853.

SPOHR. C. M. 6 lines. *Ludwig Spohr.* (1784–1859.)


1. Be - yond, be - yond that bound - less sea, A - bove that dome of sky,
Far - ther than thought it - self can flee, Thy dwell - ing is on high;
Yet dear the aw - ful thought to me That thou, my God, art nigh.

## 133

1 Beyond, beyond that boundless sea,
Above that dome of sky,
Farther than thought itself can flee,
Thy dwelling is on high;
Yet dear the awful thought to me
That thou, my God, art nigh.

2 Art nigh, and yet my laboring mind
Feels after thee in vain,
Thee in these works of power to find
Or to thy seat attain;
Thy messenger, the stormy wind,
Thy path, the trackless main.

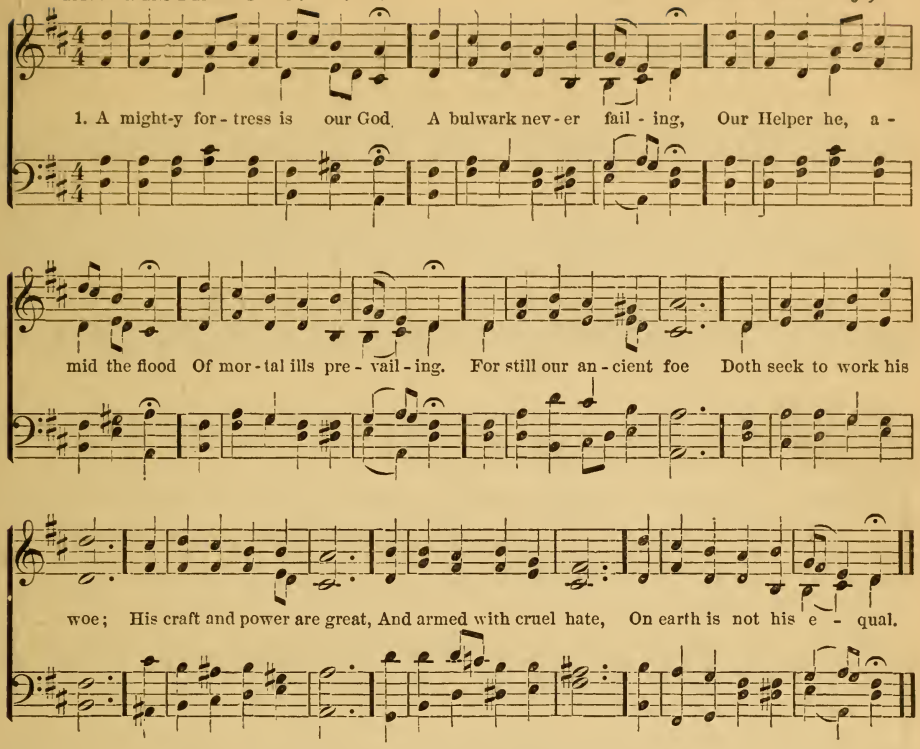
3 These speak of thee with loud acclaim;
They thunder forth thy praise,
The glorious honor of thy name,
The wonders of thy ways;
But thou art not in tempest flame,
Nor in the solar blaze.

4 We hear thy voice when thunders roll
Through the wild fields of air;
The waves obey thy dread control;
Yet still thou art not there;
Where shall I find him, O my soul!
Who yet is everywhere?

5 O, not in circling depth or height,
But in the conscious breast,
Present to faith, tho' veiled from sight,
There does his Spirit rest;
O come, thou Presence infinite!
And make thy creature blest.

*Josiah Conder.* 1855.

EIN' FESTE BURG. P. M. *Martin Luther.* 1529.


1. A might-y for-tress is our God, A bulwark nev-er fail-ing, Our Helper he, a-
mid the flood Of mor-tal ills pre-vail-ing. For still our an-cient foe Doth seek to work his
woe; His craft and power are great, And armed with cruel hate, On earth is not his e-qual.

## 134

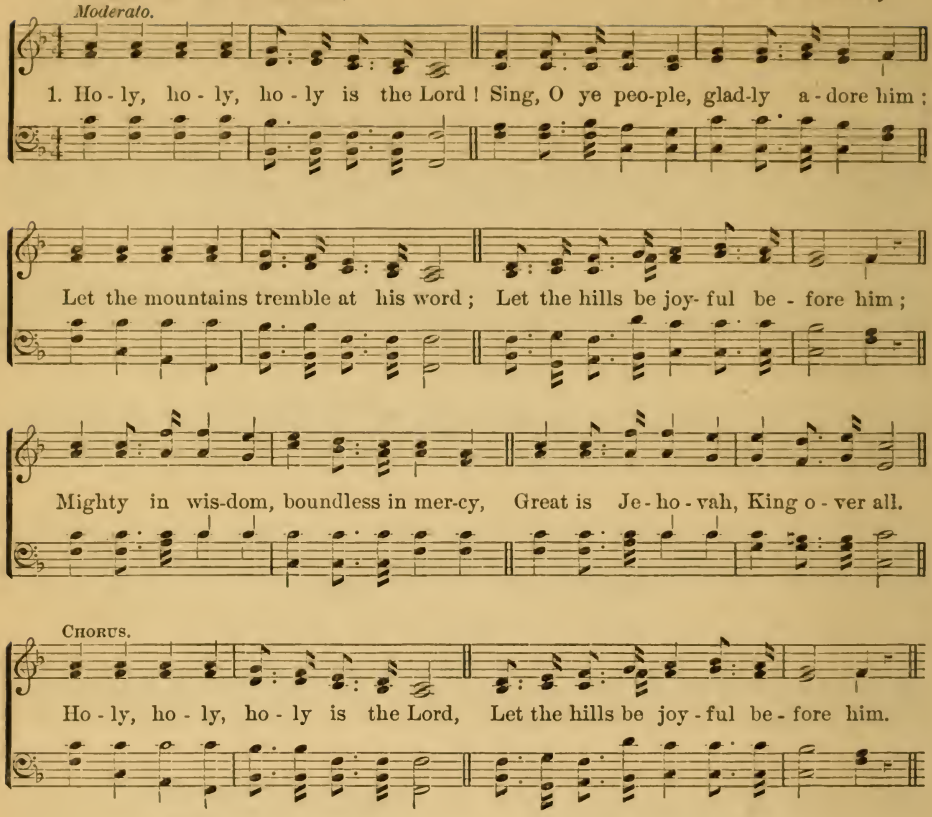
2 Did we in our own strength confide,
Our striving would be losing;
Were not the right man on our side,
The man of God's own choosing.
Dost ask who that may be?
Christ Jesus, it is he;
Lord Sabaoth is his name,
From age to age the same,
And he must win the battle.

3 And though this world, with devils filled,
Should threaten to undo us;
We will not fear, for God hath willed
His truth to triumph through us.
The prince of darkness grim,—
We tremble not for him;
His rage we can endure,
For lo! his doom is sure,
One little word shall fell him!

4 That word above all earthly powers—
No thanks to them—abideth;
The Spirit and the gifts are ours
Through him who with us sideth.
Let goods and kindred go,
This mortal life also;
The body they may kill;
God's truth abideth still,
His kingdom is for ever.

*Martin Luther.* 1527. *Tr. F. W. Hedge.*

## HOLY IS THE LORD.

*William B. Bradbury.*

Moderato.
1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly is the Lord ! Sing, O ye peo-ple, glad-ly a - dore him ;
Let the mountains tremble at his word ; Let the hills be joy- ful be - fore him ;
Mighty in wis-dom, boundless in mer-cy, Great is Je - ho - vah, King o - ver all.
Chorus.
Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly is the Lord, Let the hills be joy - ful be - fore him.

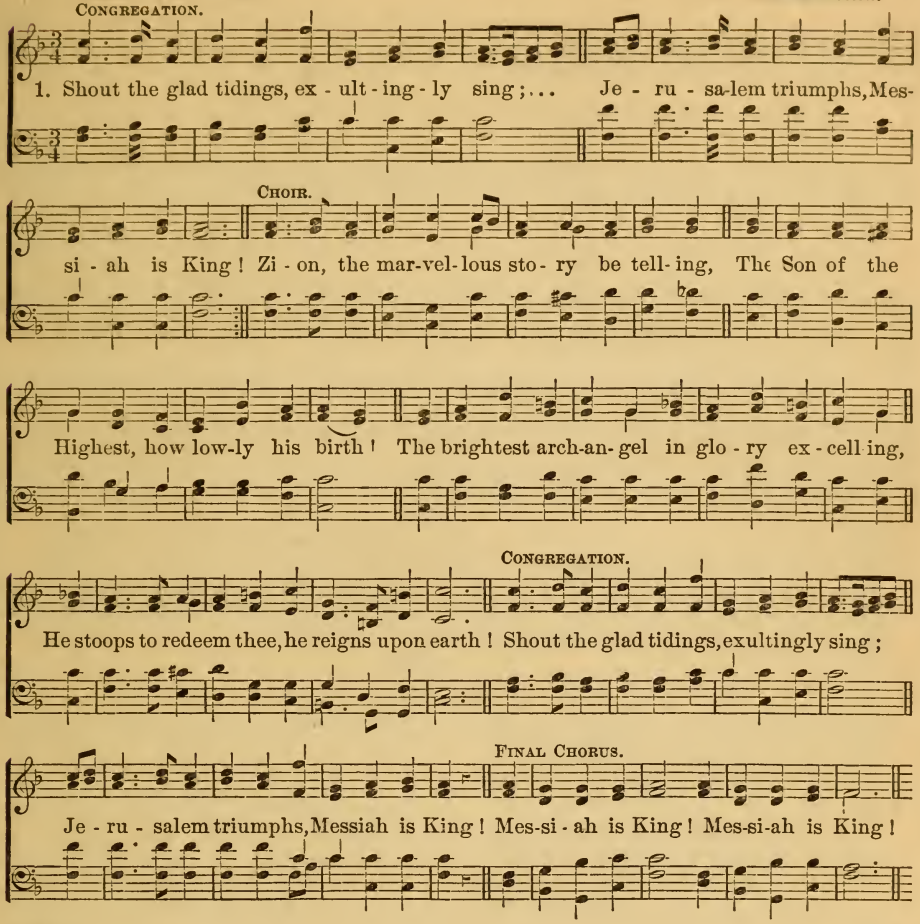
## 135

2 Praise him, praise him! shout aloud for joy,
Watchman of Zion, herald the story;
Sin and death his kingdom shall destroy;
All the earth shall sing of his glory;
Praise him, ye angels, ye who behold him
Robed in his splendor, matchless, divine.

3 King eternal, blesséd be his name!
So may his children gladly adore him,
When in heaven we join the happy strain,
When we cast our bright crowns before him;
There in his likeness joyful awaking,
There we shall see him, there we shall sing.

## GLAD TIDINGS.

*Charles Avison.*


CONGREGATION.
1. Shout the glad tidings, ex - ult - ing - ly sing; ... Je - ru - sa-lem triumphs, Mes-
CHOIR.
si - ah is King! Zi - on, the mar-vel-lous sto - ry be tell-ing, The Son of the
Highest, how low-ly his birth! The brightest arch-an-gel in glo - ry ex - cell-ing,
CONGREGATION.
He stoops to redeem thee, he reigns upon earth! Shout the glad tidings, exultingly sing;
FINAL CHORUS.
Je - ru - salem triumphs, Messiah is King! Mes-si - ah is King! Mes-si-ah is King!

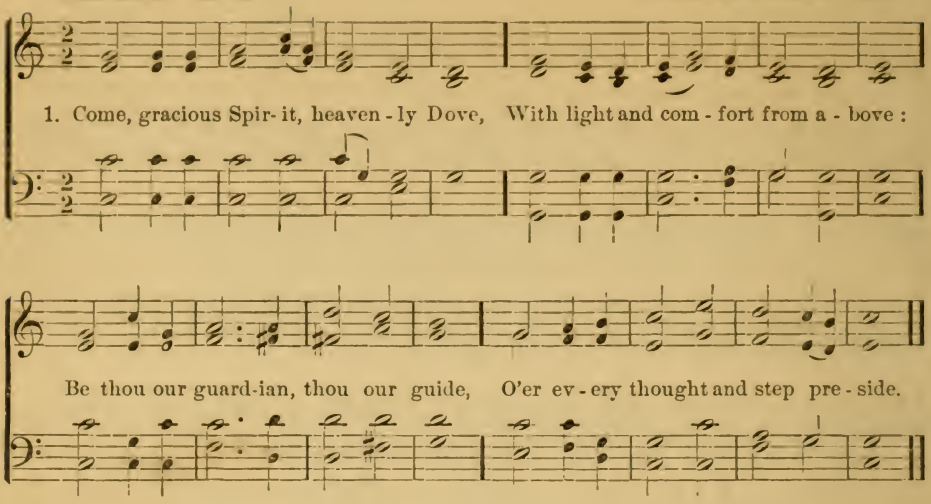
**136**

2 Tell how he cometh; from nation to nation, [echo round;
The heart-cheering news let the earth
How free to the faithful he offers salvation, [are crown'd.
How his people with joy everlasting
Shout the glad tidings, exultingly sing;
Jerusalem triumphs, Messiah is King!

3 Mortals, your homage be gratefully bringing, [arise;
And sweet let the gladsome hosanna
Ye angels, the full hallelujah be singing;
One chorus resound through the earth and the skies.
Shout the glad tidings, exultingly sing;
Jerusalem triumphs, Messiah is King!

*W. A. Muhlenburg.* 1826.

ZEPHYR. L. M. *William B. Bradbury.* 1844.


1. Come, gracious Spir- it, heaven - ly Dove, With light and com - fort from a - bove :
Be thou our guard-ian, thou our guide, O'er ev - ery thought and step pre - side.

## 137

2 To us the light of truth display,
And make us know and choose thy way;
Plant holy fear in every heart,
That we from God may ne'er depart.

3 Lead us to holiness—the road
That we must take to dwell with God;
Lead us to Christ, the living way,
Nor let us from his precepts stray.

4 Lead us to God, our final rest,
To be with him forever blest;
Lead us to heaven, its bliss to share—
Fullness of joy forever there!

*S. Browne.* 1720.

## 138

1 As when in silence, vernal showers
Descend, and cheer the fainting flowers,
So, in the secrecy of love,
Falls the sweet influence from above.

2 That heavenly influence let me find
In holy silence of the mind,
While every grace maintains its bloom,
Diffusing wide its rich perfume.

3 Nor let these blessings be confined
To me, but poured on all mankind,
Till earth's wild wastes in verdure rise,
And a young Eden bless our eyes.

*J. Rippon.*

## 139

1 Come, O Creator Spirit blest!
And in our souls take up thy rest;
Come, with thy grace and heavenly aid,
To fill the hearts which thou hast made.

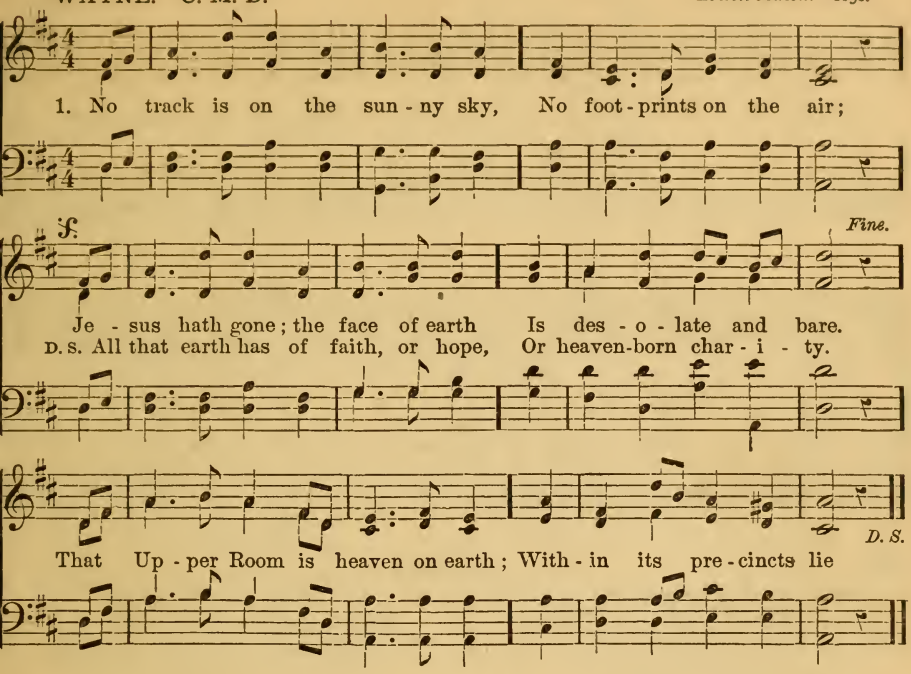
2 Great Comforter! to thee we cry;
O highest Gift of God most high!
O Fount of life! O Fire of love!
And sweet Anointing from above!

3 Kindle our senses from above,
And make our hearts o'erflow with love;
With patience firm, and virtue high,
The weakness of our flesh supply.

4 Far from us drive the foe we dread,
And grant us thy true peace instead;
So shall we not, with thee for guide,
Turn from the path of life aside.

*Lat., Rabanus Maurus.* 840.
*Tr., Edward Caswall.* 1849.

WAYNE. C. M. D. *Lowell Mason.* 1858.


1. No track is on the sun - ny sky, No foot - prints on the air;
Fine.
Je - sus hath gone; the face of earth Is des - o - late and bare.
D. S. All that earth has of faith, or hope, Or heaven-born char - i - ty.
D. S.
That Up - per Room is heaven on earth; With - in its pre - cincts lie

## 140

2 The eye of God looks down on them,
His love is centred there;
His Spirit yearns to be o'ercome
By their sweet strife of prayer.
He comes! he comes! that mighty breath,
From heaven's eternal shores;
His uncreated freshness fills
The church as it adores.

3 One moment—and the Spirit hung
O'er all with dread desire;
Then broke upon the heads of all
In cloven tongues of fire!
Most humble Spirit! mighty God!
Sweet must thy presence be,
If loss of Jesus can be gain,
So long as we have thee!

*Frederic W. Faber.* 1849.

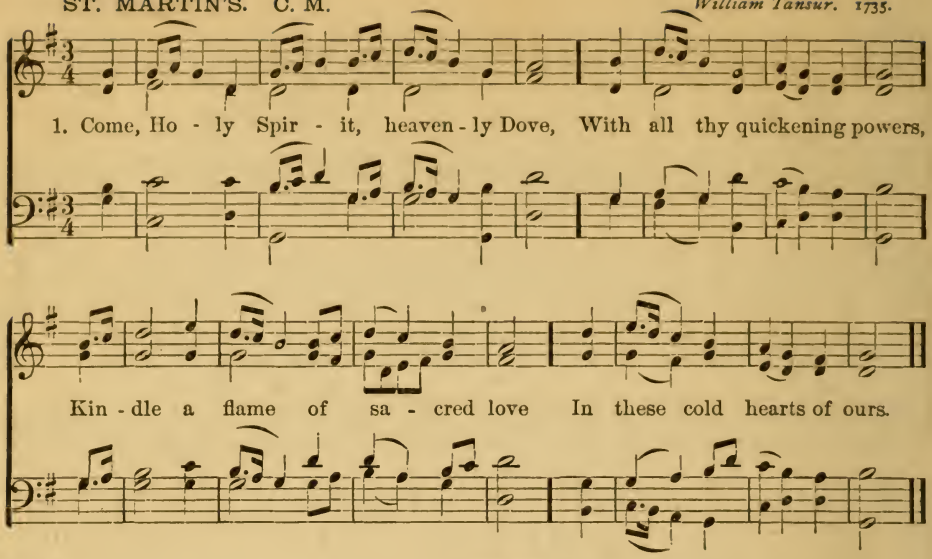
## 141

1 Lord, am I precious in thy sight?
Lord, wouldst thou have me thine?
May it be given me to delight
The Majesty divine?
O Holy Spirit! dost thou mourn
When I from thee depart?
Dost thou rejoice when I return,
And give thee back my heart?

2 O sweet, strange height of grace divine,
My sin thy grief to make,
And this poor faithfulness of mine
For thy delight to take!
O let me, Lord, each grace possess
That makes thy heaven more bright;
And bring the humble holiness
That gives my God delight.

*Thomas H. Gill.* 1860.

ST. MARTIN'S. C. M. *William Tansur.* 1735.


1. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, heaven - ly Dove, With all thy quickening powers,
Kin - dle a flame of sa - cred love In these cold hearts of ours.

## 142

1 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers,
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

2 Look! how we grovel here below,
Fond of these trifling toys!
Our souls can neither fly nor go,
To reach eternal joys.

3 In vain we tune our formal songs;
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

4 Dear Lord, and shall we ever live
At this poor, dying rate,—
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great?

5 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers,
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

*Isaac Watts.* 1709.

## 143

1 O Holy Ghost, the Comforter,
How is thy love despised,
While the heart longs for sympathy
And friends are idolized.

2 O Spirit of the living God,
Brooding with dove-like wings
Over the helpless and the weak
Among created things!

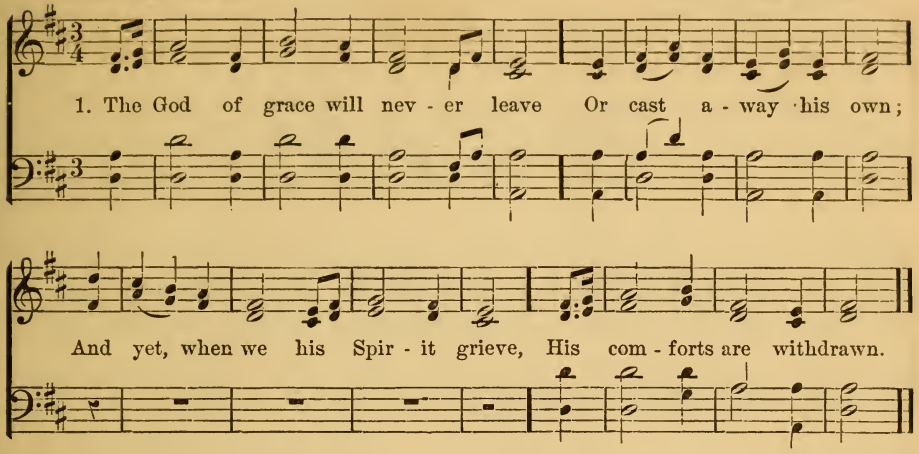
3 Where should our feebleness find strength,
Our helplessness a stay, [help,
Didst thou not bring us strength, and
And comfort, day by day?

4 Great are thy consolations, Lord,
And mighty is thy power,
In sickness and in solitude,
In sorrow's darkest hour.

5 O, if the souls that now despise
And grieve thee, heavenly Dove, [thee,
Would seek thee, and would welcome
How would they prize thy love!

*Jane Euphemia Browne.* 1843.

SILOAM. C. M. *Isaac B. Woodbury.* 1842.




## 144

2 If noisy war, or strife, abound,
We grieve the peaceful Dove;
His gracious aid is ever found
In paths of truth and love.

3 Forbid it, gracious Lord, that we,
Who, from thy hand, receive
The Spirit's power to make us free,
Should e'er that Spirit grieve.

*John Fawcett.* 1782.

## 145

1 Spirit Divine! attend our prayers,
And make our hearts thy home;
Descend with all thy gracious powers,
O come, Great Spirit, come!

2 Come as the light; to us reveal
Our emptiness and woe;
And lead us in those paths of life
Where all the righteous go.

3 Come as the fire; and purge our hearts,
Like sacrificial flame;
Let our whole soul an offering be
To our Redeemer's name.

4 Come as the dove; and spread thy wings,
The wings of peaceful love;
And let thy church on earth become
Blessed as the church above.

*Andrew Reed.* 1843.

## 146

1 Enthroned on high, Almighty Lord!
The Holy Ghost send down;
Fulfill in us thy faithful word,
And all thy mercies crown.

2 Though on our heads no tongues of fire
Their wondrous powers impart,
Grant, Saviour, what we more desire,
Thy Spirit in our heart.

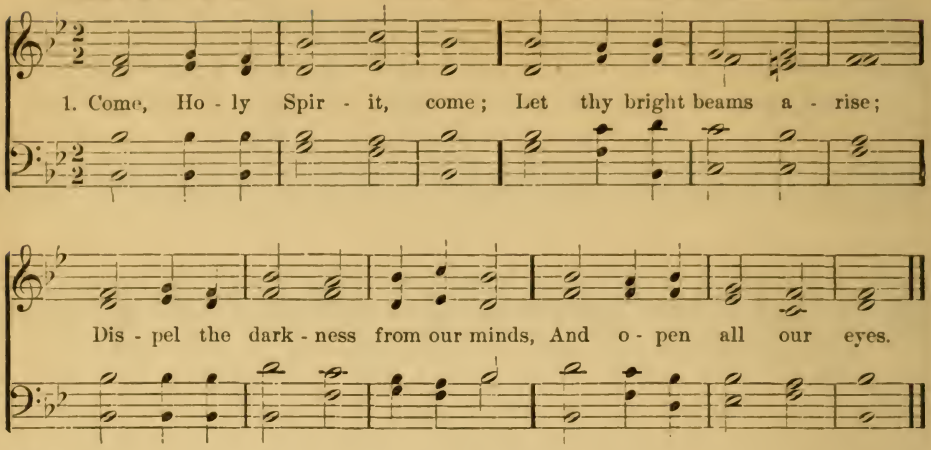
3 Spirit of life, and light, and love,
Thy heavenly influence give;
Quicken our souls, our guilt remove,
That we in Christ may live.

4 To our benighted minds reveal
The glories of his grace,
And bring us where no clouds conceal
The brightness of his face.

5 His love within us shed abroad,
Life's ever-springing well;
Till God in us, and we in God,
In love eternal dwell.

*Thomas Haweis.* 1792.

OLMUTZ. S. M. *From a Gregorian Chant. Adapted by Lowell Mason.* 1825.




## 147

2 Revive our drooping faith,
Our doubts and fears remove,
And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never-dying love.

3 'Tis thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh life in every part,
And new-create the whole.

4 Dwell, therefore, in our hearts;
Our minds from bondage free;
Then shall we know, and praise, and love,
The Father, Son, and thee.

*Joseph Hart.* 1759.

## 148

1 The Holy Ghost is here,
Where saints in prayer agree;
The Comforter divine is near
Each pleading company.

2 Not far away is he,
To be by prayer brought nigh;
But here in present majesty,
As in his courts on high.

3 He dwells within the soul,
An ever-welcome Guest;
He reigns with absolute control
As Monarch in the breast.

4 Obedient to thy will,
We wait to feel thy power;
O Lord of life, our hopes fulfill,
And bless this hallowed hour.

*Charles H. Spurgeon.*

## 149

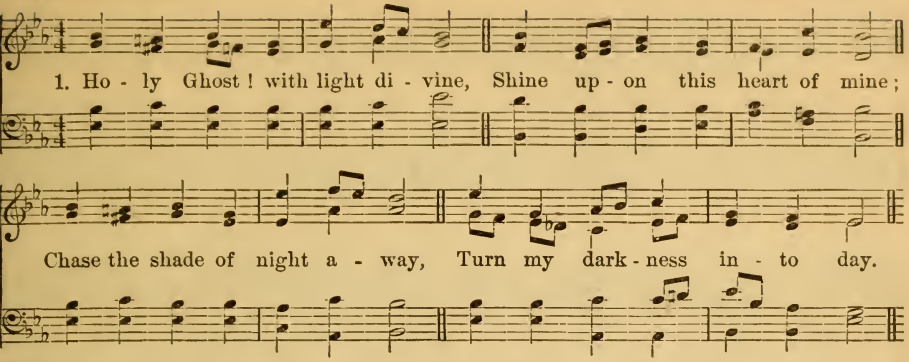
1 Blest Comforter Divine,
Let rays of heavenly love
Amid our gloom and darkness shine,
And guide our souls above.

2 Draw us with still small voice,
From every sinful way,
And bid the mourning saint rejoice,
Though earthly joys decay.

3 By thine inspiring breath
Make every cloud of care,
And e'en the gloomy vale of death,
A smile of glory wear.

4 O, fill thou every heart
With love to all our race!
Great Comforter, to us impart
These blessings of thy grace.

*Lydia H. Sigourney.* 1824.

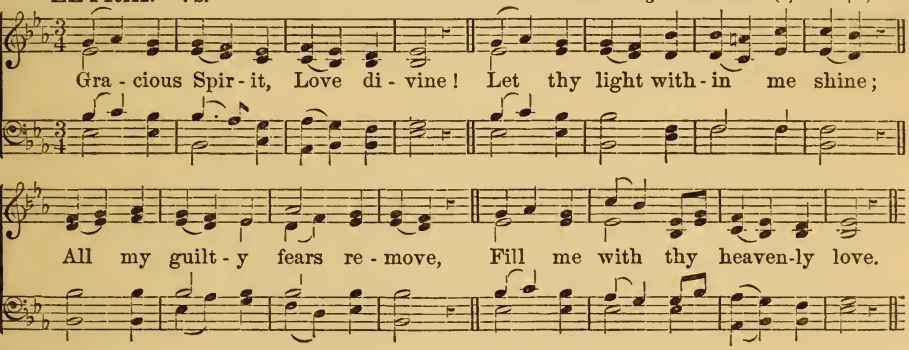
SOLITUDE. 7s. *L. T. Downes.* 1851.

150

2 Holy Ghost! with power divine,
Cleanse this guilty heart of mine;
Long hath sin, without control,
Held dominion o'er my soul.

3 Holy Ghost! with joy divine,
Cheer this saddened heart of mine;
Bid my many woes depart,
Heal my wounded, bleeding heart.

4 Holy Spirit! all-divine,
Dwell within this heart of mine;
Cast down every idol-throne,
Reign supreme, and reign alone.

*Andrew Reed.* 1817.

ELYRIA. 7s. *Maria Luigi Cherubini.* (1760—1842.)

151

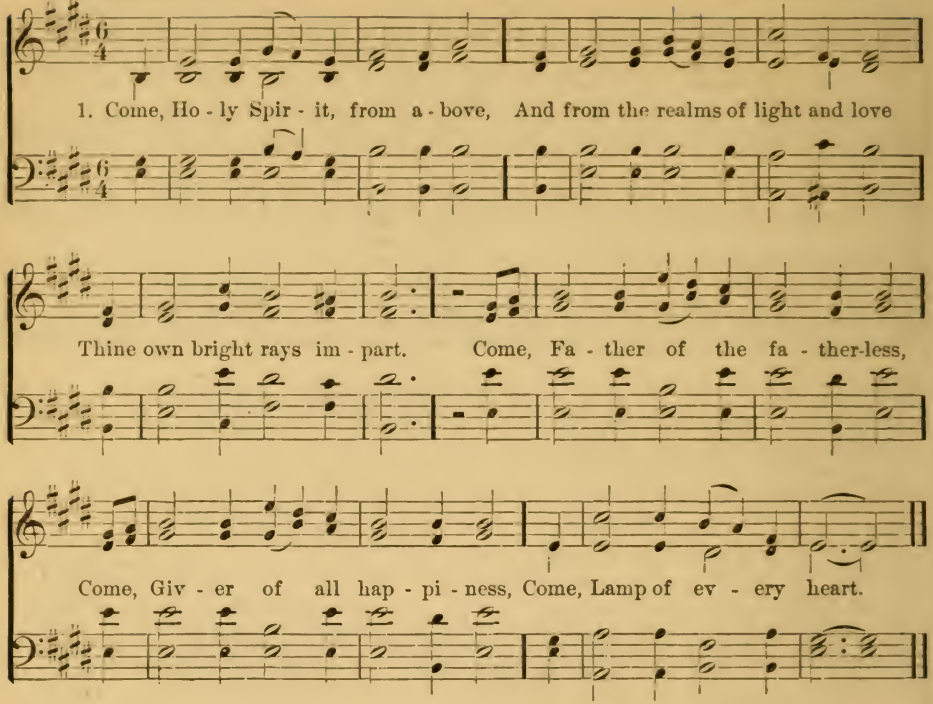
2 Speak thy pardoning grace to me,
Set the burdened sinner free;
Lead me to the Lamb of God,
Wash me in his precious blood.

3 Life and peace to me impart,
Seal salvation on my heart;
Breathe thyself into my breast,
Earnest of immortal rest.

4 Let me never from thee stray,
Keep me in the narrow way;
Fill my soul with joy divine,
Keep me, Lord, forever thine.

*John Stocker.* 1776.

BREMEN. C. P. M. *Thomas Hastings.*


1. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, from a - bove, And from the realms of light and love
Thine own bright rays im - part. Come, Fa - ther of the fa - ther-less,
Come, Giv - er of all hap - pi - ness, Come, Lamp of ev - ery heart.

## 152

1 Come, Holy Spirit, from above,
And from the realms of light and love
Thine own bright rays impart.
Come, Father of the fatherless,
Come, Giver of all happiness,
Come, Lamp of every heart.

2 O thou, of comforters the best,
O thou, the soul's most welcome guest,
O thou, our sweet repose,
Our resting-place from life's long care,
Our shadow from the world's fierce glare,
Our solace in all woes.

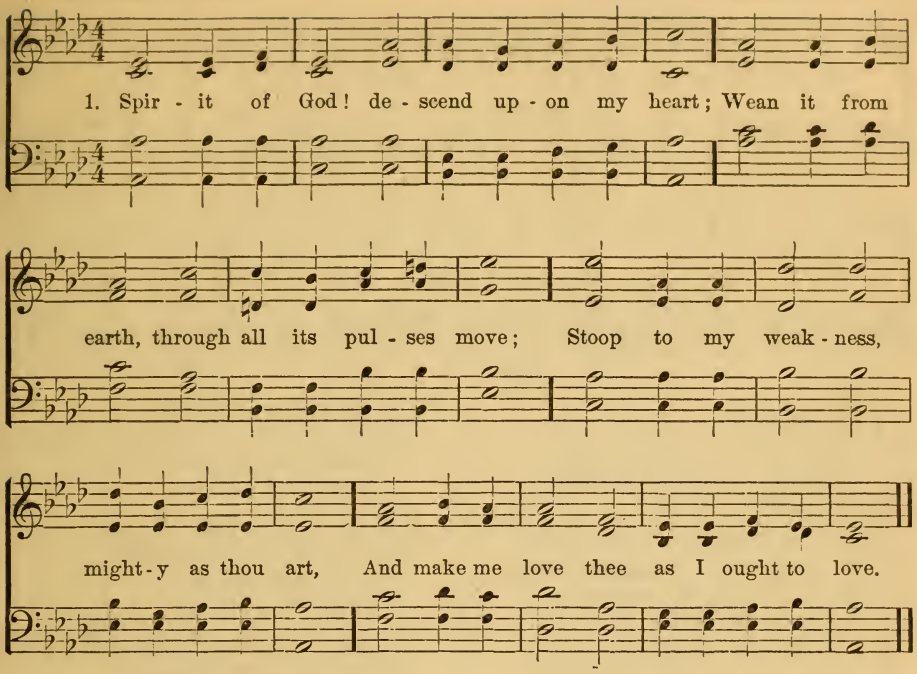
3 O Light divine! All light above,
Fill with the brightness of thy love
All lowly souls sincere;
Without thy pure divinity,
Nothing in all humanity
From taint of sin is clear.

4 Wash out each dark and sordid stain,
Water each dry and arid plain,
Raise up the bruiséd reed.
Enkindle what is cold and chill,
Relax the stiff and stubborn will,
Guide those that guidance need.

5 Give to the good, who find in thee
The Spirit's perfect liberty,
Thy sevenfold power and love.
Give virtue strength its crown to win,
Give struggling souls their rest from sin,
Give endless peace above.

*King Robert II. of France.* 996.
*Tr. Arthur Penrhyn Stanley.* 1873.

HOPKINS. 10s. *Edward J. Hopkins.*


1. Spir - it of God! de - scend up - on my heart; Wean it from
earth, through all its pul - ses move; Stoop to my weak - ness,
might - y as thou art, And make me love thee as I ought to love.

153

2 I ask no dream, no prophet ecstasies;
No sudden rending of the veil of clay;
No angel visitant, no opening skies;
But take the dimness of my soul away.

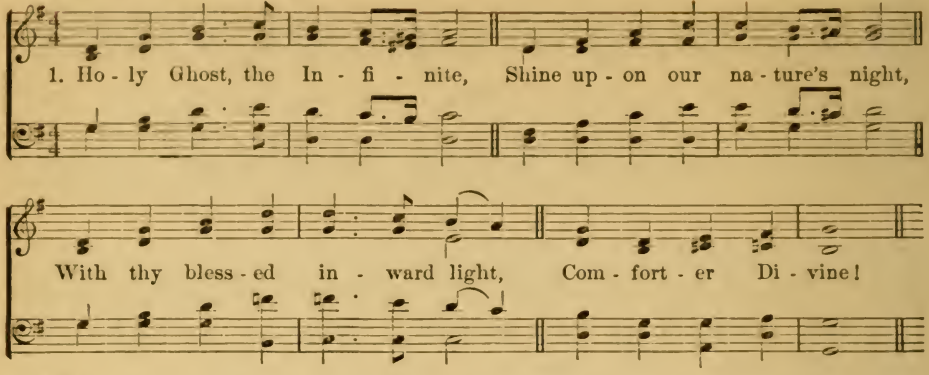
3 Hast thou not bid us love thee, God and King?
All, all thine own, soul, heart, and strength, and mind,
I see thy cross,—then teach my heart to cling!
O, let me seek thee, and O, let me find!

4 Teach me to feel that thou art always nigh;
Teach me the struggles of the soul to bear;
To check the rising doubt, the rebel sigh;
Teach me the patience of unanswered prayer.

5 Teach me to love thee as thine angels love,
One holy passion filling all my frame;
The baptism of the heaven-descended Dove,
My heart an altar, and thy love the flame!

*George Croly.* 1830

PARACLETE. 7s & 5s. *U. C. Burnap.* 1869.




## 154

1 Holy Ghost, the Infinite,
Shine upon our nature's night
With thy blessèd inward light,
Comforter Divine!

2 We are sinful, cleanse us, Lord;
We are faint, thy strength afford;
Lost, until by thee restored,
Comforter Divine!

3 Like the dew, thy peace distil;
Guide, subdue our wayward will,
Things of Christ unfolding still,
Comforter Divine!

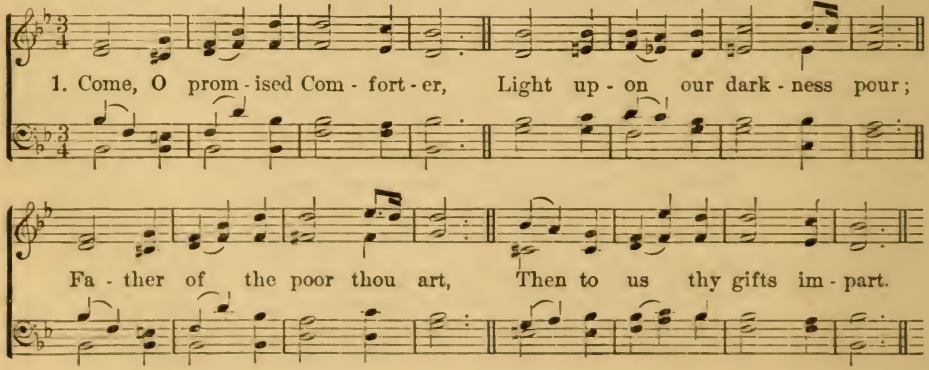
4 In us, for us, intercede,
And with voiceless groaning plead
Our unutterable need,
Comforter Divine!

5 In us "Abba, Father," cry,
Earnest of our bliss on high,
Seal of immortality,
Comforter Divine!

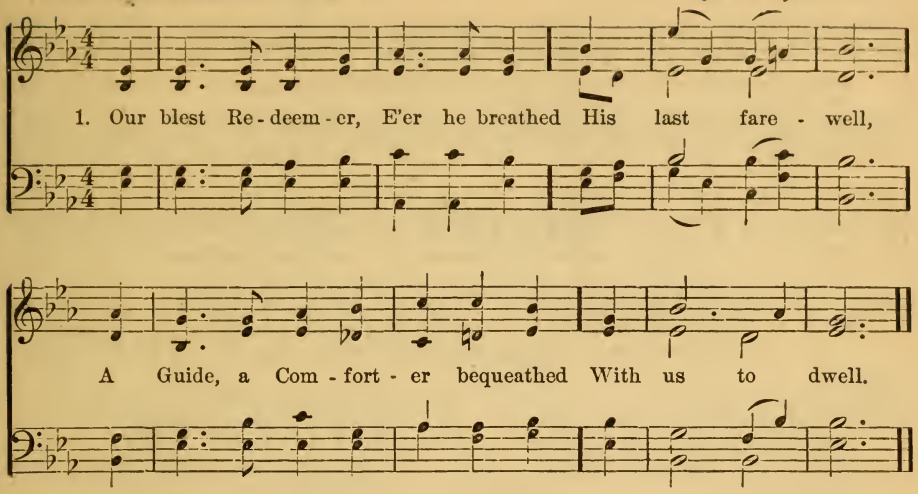
6 Search for us the depths of God;
Bear us up the starry road,
To the height of thine abode,
Comforter Divine!

*George Rawson.* 1853.

MERCY. 7s. *Arr. by Edwin P. Parker.* 1868.



ST. CUTHBERT. 8s & 4s. *John B. Dykes.* 1861.




## 155

1 Our blest Redeemer, ere he breathed
His last farewell,
A Guide, a Comforter, bequeathed
With us to dwell.

2 He came in tongues of living flame,
To teach, subdue;
All-powerful as the wind he came,
As viewless too.

3 He comes, his graces to impart,
A willing guest,
While he can find one humble heart
Wherein to rest.

4 He breathes that gentle voice we hear
As breeze of even;
That checks each fault, that calms each fear,
And speaks of heaven.

5 And all the good that we possess,
His gift we own;
Yea, every thought of holiness,
And victory won.

6 Spirit of purity and grace!
Our weakness see;
O, make our hearts thy dwelling-place,
And worthier thee!

*Harriet Auber.* 1829.

## 156

1 Come, O promised Comforter;
Light upon our darkness pour;
Father of the poor thou art,
Then to us thy gifts impart.

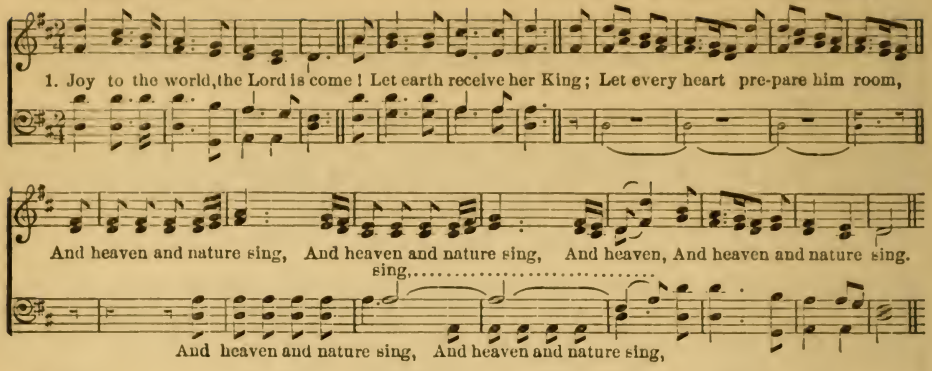
2 Light of everlasting Day,
Lord, direct us on our way;
Consolation all divine,
Blessèd Comforter, is thine.

3 Be our strength in weariness;
Thou the weeping heart dost bless;
Sweet repose in every toil,
Thou dost all our griefs beguile.

4 Crown our days with heavenly grace,
Help us when we close our race:
Help us when we look to thee;
Grant us endless joy to see.

*Arthur T. Russell.* 1848, 1851.

ANTIOCH. C. M. *Lowell Mason.* (*From Handel.*) 1836.


1. Joy to the world, the Lord is come! Let earth receive her King; Let every heart pre-pare him room,
And heaven and nature sing, And heaven and nature sing, And heaven, And heaven and nature sing.
sing,.....
And heaven and nature sing, And heaven and nature sing,

## 157

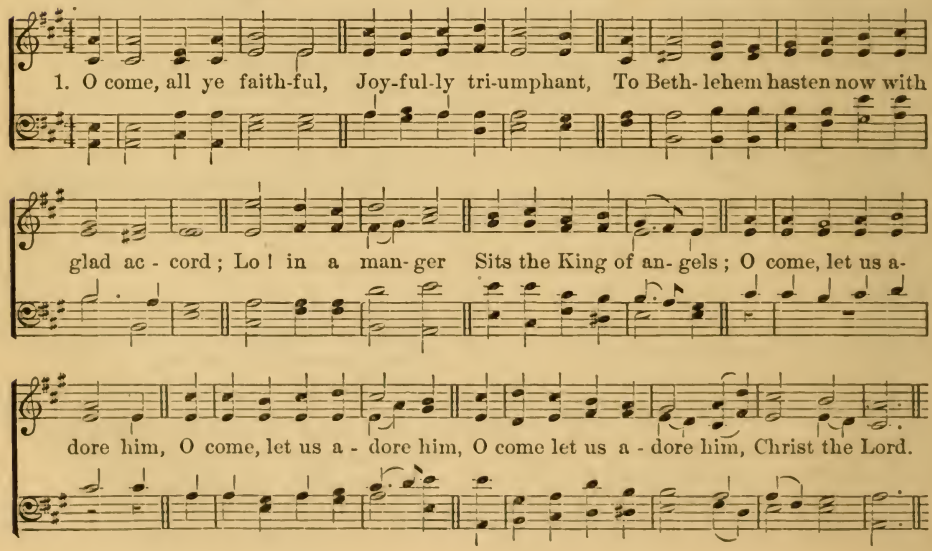
2 Joy to the world, the Saviour reigns;
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains
Repeat the sounding joy.

3 No more let sin and sorrow grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make his blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.

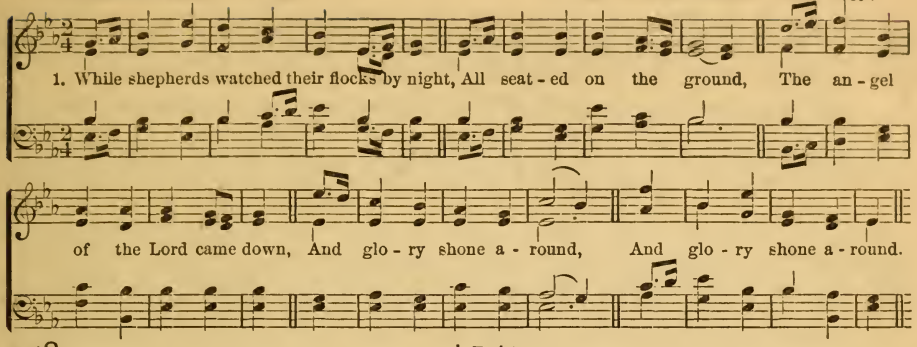
4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.

*Isaac Watts.* 1709.

ADESTE FIDELES. *John Reading.* 1760. *Arr. by Edw. J. Hopkins.*


1. O come, all ye faith-ful, Joy-ful-ly tri-umphant, To Beth-lehem hasten now with
glad ac - cord; Lo! in a man-ger Sits the King of an-gels; O come, let us a-
dore him, O come, let us a - dore him, O come let us a - dore him, Christ the Lord.

CHRISTMAS. C. M. *George Frederick Handel.* (1685—1759.)


1. While shepherds watched their flocks by night, All seat - ed on the ground, The an - gel
of the Lord came down, And glo - ry shone a - round, And glo - ry shone a - round.

## 158

2 "Fear not," he said,—for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind,—
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring,
To you and all mankind.

3 "To you, in David's town, this day,
Is born of David's line,
The Saviour, who is Christ, the Lord,
And this shall be the sign;

4 "The heavenly babe you there shall find
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapped in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid."

5 Thus spake the seraph—and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels, praising God, who thus
Addressed their joyful song:

6 "All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace;
Good-will henceforth from heaven to men
Begin, and never cease!"

*Nahum Tate.* 1703.

## 159

1 CALM on the listening ear of night,
Come heaven's melodious strains,
Where wild Judea stretches far
Her silver-mantled plains.

2 Celestial choirs, from courts above,
Shed sacred glories there,
And angels, with their sparkling lyres,
Make music on the air.

3 The answering hills of Palestine
Send back the glad reply;
And greet, from all their holy heights,
The day-spring from on high.

4 O'er the blue depths of Galilee
There comes a holier calm,
And Sharon waves, in solemn praise,
Her silent groves of palm.

5 "Glory to God!" the sounding skies
Loud with their anthems ring,—
"Peace to the earth, good-will to men,
From heaven's eternal King!"

*Edmund H. Sears.* 1835.

## 160 (ADESTE FIDELES.)

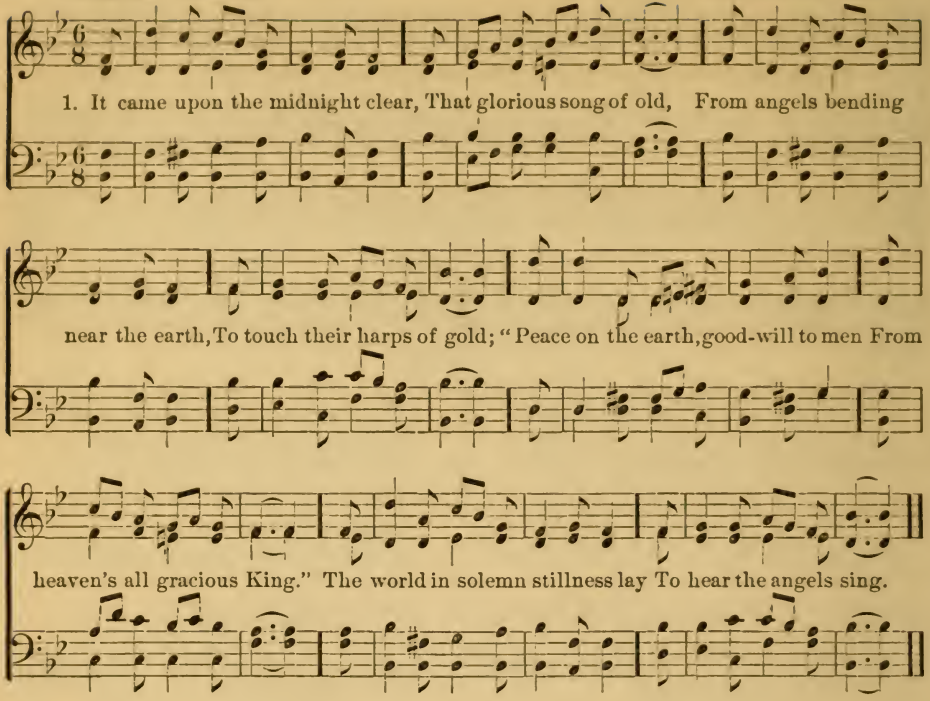
2 The Brightness of glory,
Light of Light eternal,
Our lowly nature he hath not abhorred:
Son of the Father,
Word of God, Incarnate; O come, etc.

3 Raise, raise, choirs of angels!
Songs of loudest triumph,
Thro' heavens high arches be your praises
Now to our God be [pour'd;
Glory in the highest; O come, etc.

4 Amen! Lord, we bless thee,
Born for our salvation,
O Jesus, forever be thy Name adored;
Word of the Father,
Now in flesh appearing: O come, etc.

*F. Oakeley.*

CAROL. C. M. D. *Richard Storrs Willis.*


1. It came upon the midnight clear, That glorious song of old, From angels bending
near the earth, To touch their harps of gold; "Peace on the earth, good-will to men From
heaven's all gracious King." The world in solemn stillness lay To hear the angels sing.

## 161

2 Still through the cloven skies they come,
With peaceful wings unfurled;
And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world:
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on hovering wing,
And ever o'er its Babel sounds
The blessèd angels sing.

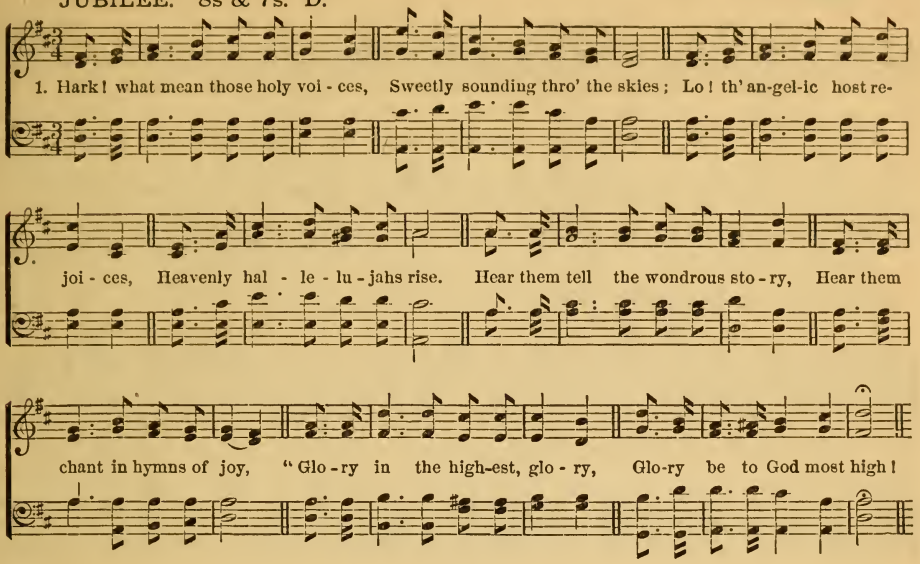
3 But with the woes of sin and strife
The world has suffered long;
Beneath the angel-strain have rolled
Two thousand years of wrong;
And man, at war with man, hears not
The love-song which they bring:
O hush the noise, ye men of strife,
And hear the angels sing.

4 And ye, beneath life's crushing load
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way,
With painful steps and slow,—
Look now; for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing:
O rest beside the weary road,
And hear the angels sing.

5 For lo, the days are hastening on
By prophet bards foretold,
When with the ever-circling years
Comes round the age of gold:
When Peace shall over all the earth
Its ancient splendors fling,
And the whole world give back the song
Which now the angels sing.

*Edmund H. Sears.* 1850.

JUBILEE. 8s & 7s. D.


1. Hark! what mean those holy voi - ces, Sweetly sounding thro' the skies; Lo! th' an-gel-ic host re-
joi - ces, Heavenly hal - le - lu - jahs rise. Hear them tell the wondrous sto - ry, Hear them
chant in hymns of joy, "Glo - ry in the high-est, glo - ry, Glo-ry be to God most high!

## 162

2 "Peace on earth, good-will from heaven,
Reaching far as man is found;
Souls redeemed, and sins forgiven!
Loud our golden harps shall sound.
Christ is born, the great Anointed;
Heaven and earth his praises sing!
Glad receive whom God appointed
For your Prophet, Priest, and King!"

3 Let us learn the wondrous story
Of our great Redeemer's birth,
Spread the brightness of his glory,
Till it cover all the earth.
Haste, ye mortals, to adore him;
Learn his name, and taste his joy:
Till in heaven ye sing before him,
'Glory be to God most high!'

*John Cawood.* 1819.

## 163

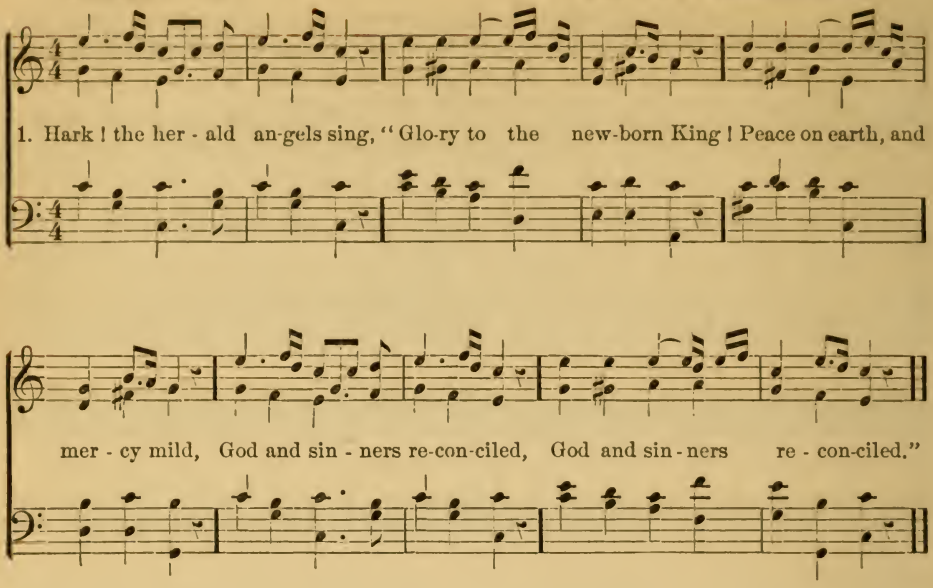
1 On this night, all nights excelling,
God's high praises sounded forth,
While the angels' songs were telling
Of the Lord's mysterious birth:
Through the darkness, strangely splendid,
Flashed the light on shepherd's eyes;
As their lowly flocks they tended,
Came new tidings from the skies.

2 On this day then through creation
Let the glorious hymn ring out;
Let men hail the great salvation,
"God with us," with song and shout.
See, the powers of hell are broken,
Fierce and tyrannous and wild;
And on earth glad words are spoken,
Heralding the new-born Child.

3 Christ, who rules the earth and heaven,
By his Truth's controlling power,
Who a grace to men hath given
That transforms them hour by hour;
Grant to us of his great pity
Pardon for our guilt and sin;
Grant us in the heavenly city
Peace and rest and life to win.

*Edward H. Plumptre.* 1866.

MOZART. 7s. *Johann C. W. A. Mozart.* (1756—1791.)


1. Hark! the her - ald an-gels sing, "Glo-ry to the new-born King! Peace on earth, and
mer - cy mild, God and sin - ners re-con-ciled, God and sin - ners re - con-ciled."

## 164

2 Joyful, all ye nations, rise;
Join the triumph of the skies;
With the angelic hosts proclaim,
"Christ is born in Bethlehem."

3 Mild he lays his glory by;
Born that man no more may die;
Born to raise the sons of earth;
Born to give them second birth.

4 Veiled in flesh, the Godhead see:
Hail, the Incarnate Deity,
Pleased, as man, with men to dwell,
Jesus, our Immanuel.

5 Let us then with angels sing,
"Glory to the new-born King!—
Peace on earth and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled!"

*Charles Wesley.* 1739.

## 165

1 "CHRIST, the Lord, is risen to-day,"
Sons of men and angels say.
Raise your joys and triumphs high;
Sing, ye heavens, and earth, reply.

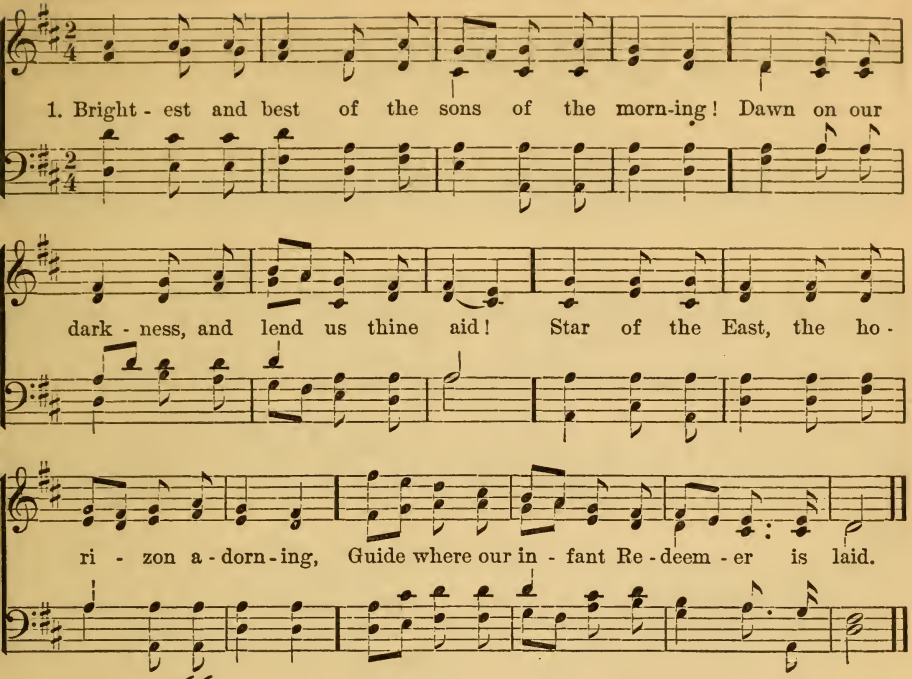
2 Love's redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight, the battle won.
Lo! our Sun's eclipse is o'er;
Lo! he sets in blood no more.

3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal;
Christ has burst the gates of hell!
Death in vain forbids his rise;
Christ has opened paradise.

4 Lives again our glorious King;
Where, O Death, is now thy sting?
Once he died our souls to save;
Where thy victory, boasting Grave?

*Charles Wesley.* 1739.

ORIENT. 11s. *Johann C. W. A. Mozart.* (1756—1791.)


1. Bright - est and best of the sons of the morn-ing! Dawn on our
dark - ness, and lend us thine aid! Star of the East, the ho -
ri - zon a - dorn - ing, Guide where our in - fant Re - deem - er is laid.

166

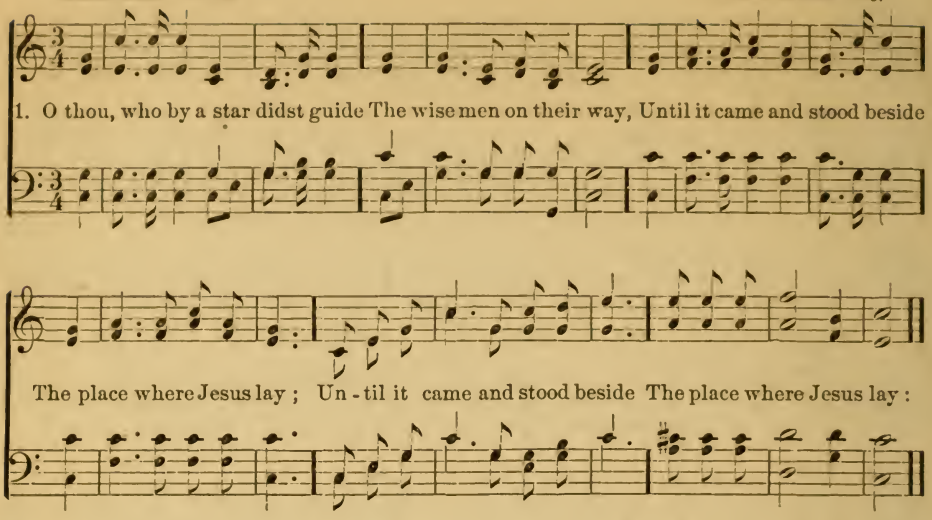
2 Cold on his cradle the dew-drops are shining;
Low lies his head with the beasts of the stall:
Angels adore him in slumber reclining,
Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all.

3 Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,
Odors of Edom, and offerings divine,
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine!

4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gifts would his favor secure;
Richer, by far, is the heart's adoration,
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

5 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning!
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid!
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid. *Reginald Heber.* 1811.

ZERAH. C. M. *Lowell Mason.* 1837.


1. O thou, who by a star didst guide The wise men on their way, Until it came and stood beside
The place where Jesus lay ; Un - til it came and stood beside The place where Jesus lay :

## 167

2 Although by stars thou dost not lead
Thy servants now below,
Thy Holy Spirit, when they need,
Will show them how to go.

3 As yet we know thee but in part;
But still we trust thy word,
That blesséd are the pure in heart,
For they shall see the Lord.

4 O Saviour, give us then thy grace,
To make us pure in heart,
That we may see thee face to face
Hereafter, as thou art.

*John Mason Neale.* 1850.

## 168

1 To us a Child of Hope is born,
To us a Son is given;
Him shall the tribes of earth obey,
Him all the hosts of heaven.

2 His name shall be the Prince of Peace,
For evermore adored;
The Wonderful, the Counsellor,
The great and mighty Lord!

3 His power, increasing, still shall spread;
His reign no end shall know;
Justice shall guard his throne above,
And peace abound below.

4 To us a Child of hope is born,
To us a Son is given;
The Wonderful, the Counsellor,
The mighty Lord of heaven.

*John Morrison.* 1770.

## 169

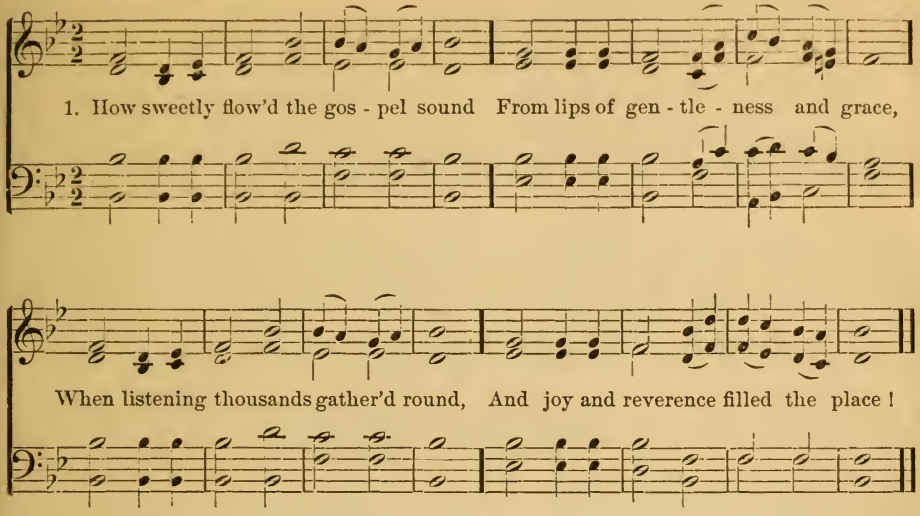
1 MESSIAH, at thy glad approach
The howling winds are still;
Thy praises fill the lonely waste,
And breathe from every hill.

2 Renewed, the earth a robe of light,
A robe of beauty wears;
And in new heavens a brighter Sun
Leads on the promised years.

3 Let Israel to the Prince of Peace
The loud hosanna sing;
With hallelujahs and with hymns,
O Zion, hail thy King!

*Michael Bruce.* 1781.

ERNAN. L. M. *Lowell Mason.* 1850.


1. How sweetly flow'd the gos - pel sound From lips of gen - tle - ness and grace,
When listening thousands gather'd round, And joy and reverence filled the place !

## 170

1 How sweetly flowed the gospel sound
From lips of gentleness and grace,
When listening thousands gather'd round,
And joy and reverence filled the place!

2 From heaven he came, of heaven he spoke,
To heaven he led his followers way;
Dark clouds of gloomy night he broke,
Unveiling an immortal day.

3 "Come, wanderers, to my Father's home;
Come, all ye weary ones, and rest:"
Yes, sacred Teacher, we will come,
Obey thee, love thee, and be blest.

4 Decay, then, tenements of dust;
Pillars of earthly pride, decay:
A nobler mansion waits the just,
And Jesus has prepared the way.

*John Bowring.* 1823.

## 171

1 Jesus a child his course begun:
How radiant dawned his heavenly day!
And those who such a race would run
As early should be on their way.

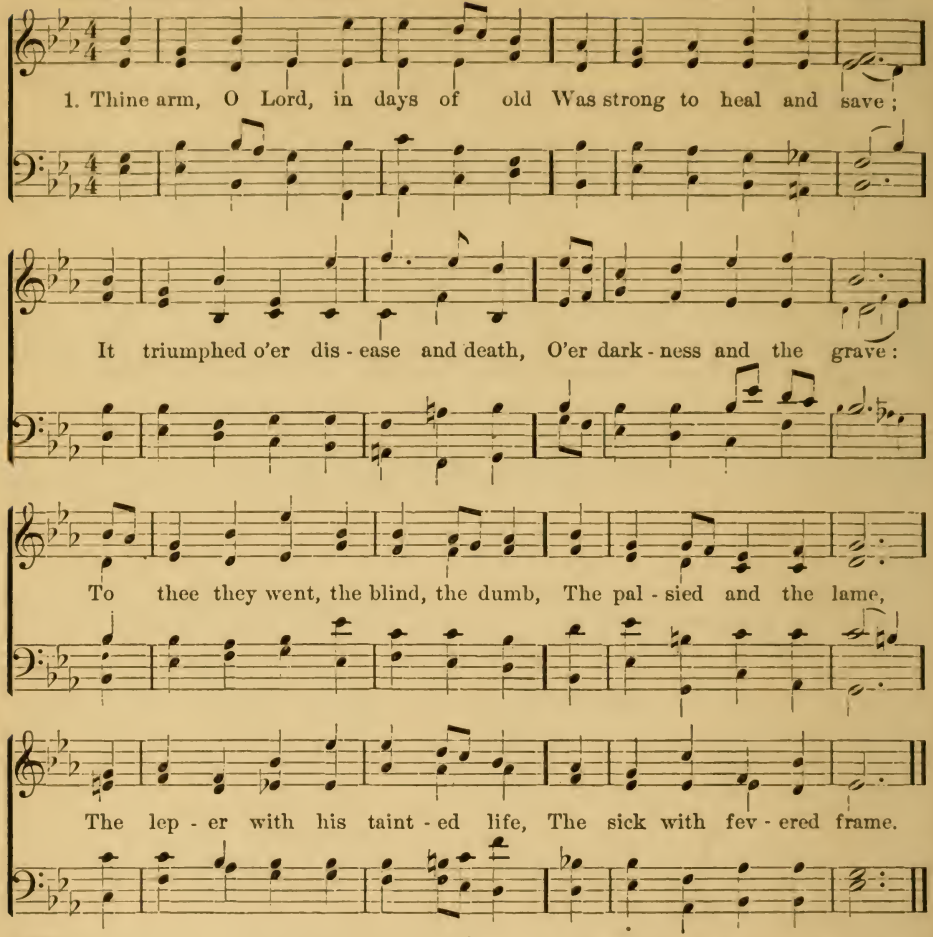
2 His Father's business was his care;
Yet in man's favor still he grew:
O might we learn by thought and prayer,
Like him a work of love to do!

3 For all mankind he came, nor yet
An infant's visit would deny;
Nor friend nor mother did forget
In his last hour of agony.

4 O children, ask him to impart
That spirit clear, that temper mild,
Which made the mother in her heart
Keep all the sayings of her Child.

5 Bless him who said, of such as you
His Father's kingdom is; and still,
His yoke to bear, his work to do,
Study his life to learn his will.

*Ossoli.*

DELIVERANCE. C. M. D. *Ludwig Spohr.* (1784–1859.)

1. Thine arm, O Lord, in days of old Was strong to heal and save;
It triumphed o'er dis - ease and death, O'er dark - ness and the grave:
To thee they went, the blind, the dumb, The pal - sied and the lame,
The lep - er with his taint - ed life, The sick with fev - ered frame.

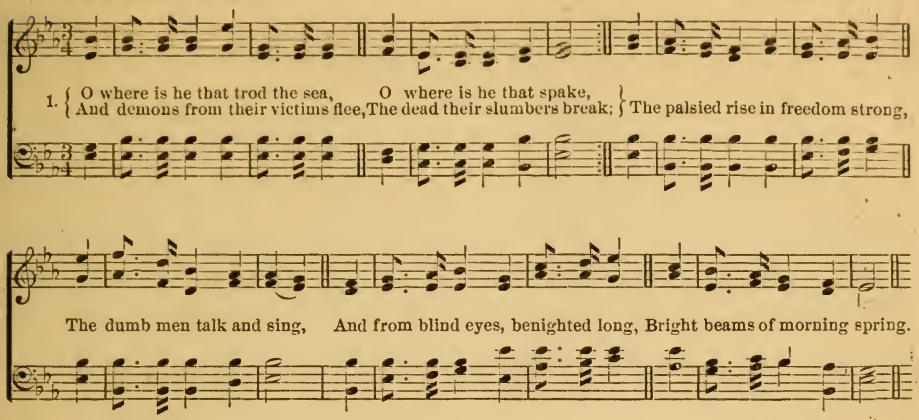
## 172

2 And lo, thy touch brought life and health,
Gave speech, and strength, and sight;
And youth renewed and frenzy calmed
Owned thee, the Lord of Light;
And now, O Lord, be near to bless,
Almighty as of yore,
In crowded street, by restless couch,
As by Gennesareth's shore.

3 Be thou our great Deliverer still,
Thou Lord of life and death;
Restore and quicken, soothe and bless
With thine almighty breath.
To hands that work and eyes that see
Give wisdom's heavenly lore,
That whole and sick, and weak and strong,
May praise thee evermore.

*Edward H. Plumptre.* 1867.

VARINA. C. M. D. *George F. Root.* 1849.


1. { O where is he that trod the sea, O where is he that spake,
{ And demons from their victims flee, The dead their slumbers break; { The palsied rise in freedom strong,
The dumb men talk and sing, And from blind eyes, benighted long, Bright beams of morning spring.

## 173

2 O where is he that trod the sea,
O, where is he that spake,
And dark waves, rolling heavily,
A glassy smoothness take;
And lepers, whose own flesh has been
A solitary grave,
See with amaze that they are clean,
And cry, '*Tis he can save.*

3 O where is he that trod the sea,
'Tis only he can save;
To thousands hungering wearily,
A wondrous meal he gave:
Full soon, by grace celestial fed,
Their mystic fare they take;
'Twas springtide when he blest the bread,
And harvest when he brake.

4 O where is he that trod the sea,
My soul, the Lord is here:
Let all thy fears be hushed in thee;
To leap, to look, to hear,
Be thine: thy needs he'll satisfy:
Art thou diseased, or dumb?
Or dost thou in thy hunger cry?
"I come," saith Christ, "I come."

*Thomas Toke Lynch.* 1855, *ab.*

## 174

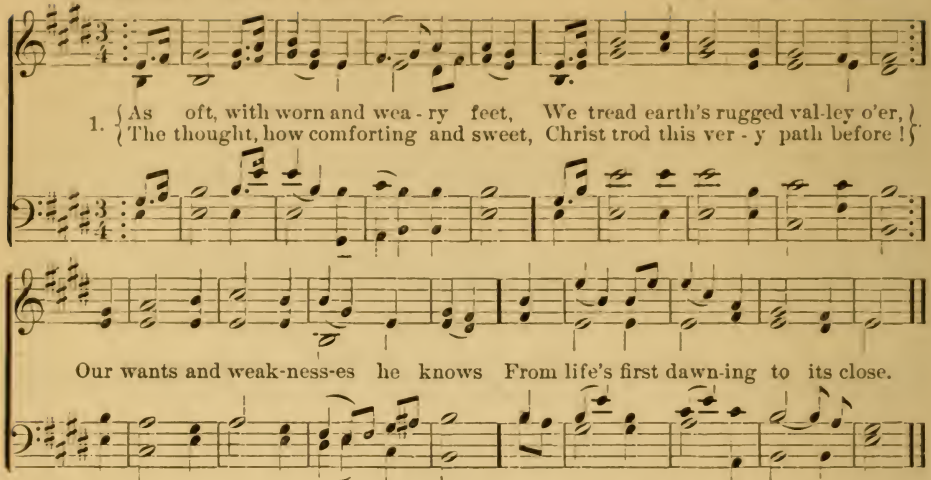
1 A PILGRIM through this lonely world,
The blessèd Saviour passed;
A mourner all his life was he,
A dying Lamb at last.
That tender heart that felt for all,
For all its life-blood gave;
It found on earth no resting place,
Save only in the grave.

2 Such was our Lord; and shall we fear
The cross with all its scorn?
Or love a faithless, evil world,
That wreathed his brow with thorn?
No, facing all its frowns or smiles,
Like him, obedient still,
We homeward press, through storm or calm,
To Zion's blessed hill.

3 Dead to the world, with him who died
To win our hearts, our love,
We, risen with our risen Head,
In spirit dwell above.
By faith, his boundless glories there
Our wondering eyes behold:
Those glories which eternal years
Shall never all unfold.

*Edward Denny.* 1839.

YOAKLEY. L. M. 6 lines. *William Yoakley.* 1820.


1. As oft, with worn and wea - ry feet, We tread earth's rugged val-ley o'er,
The thought, how comforting and sweet, Christ trod this ver - y path before!
Our wants and weak-ness-es he knows From life's first dawn-ing to its close.

175

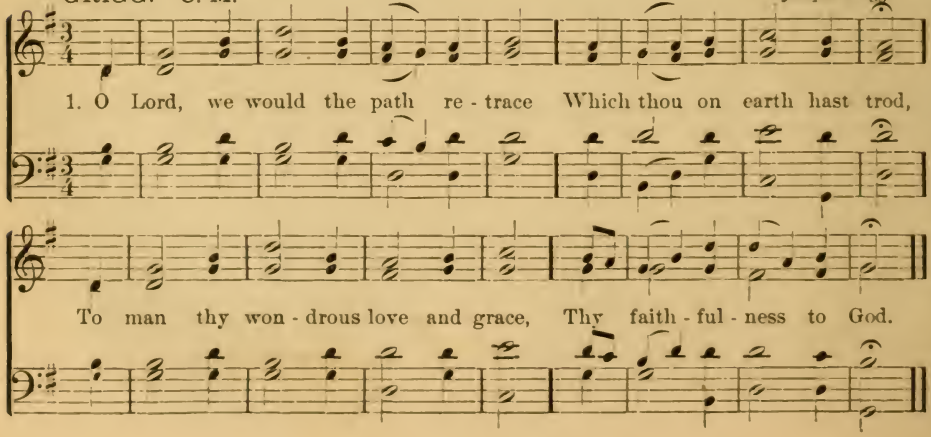
2 Do sickness, feebleness or pain
Or sorrow in our path appear,
The recollection will remain,
More deeply did he suffer here:
His life, how truly sad and brief,
Filled up with suffering and with grief!

3 If Satan tempt our hearts to stray,
And whisper evil things within,
So did he in the desert way
Assail our Lord with thoughts of sin,
When worn and in a feeble hour
The tempter came with all his power.

4 Just such as I, this earth he trod,
With every human ill but sin;
And though indeed the Son of God,
As I am now, so he has been.
My God, my Saviour, look on me
With pity, love and sympathy.

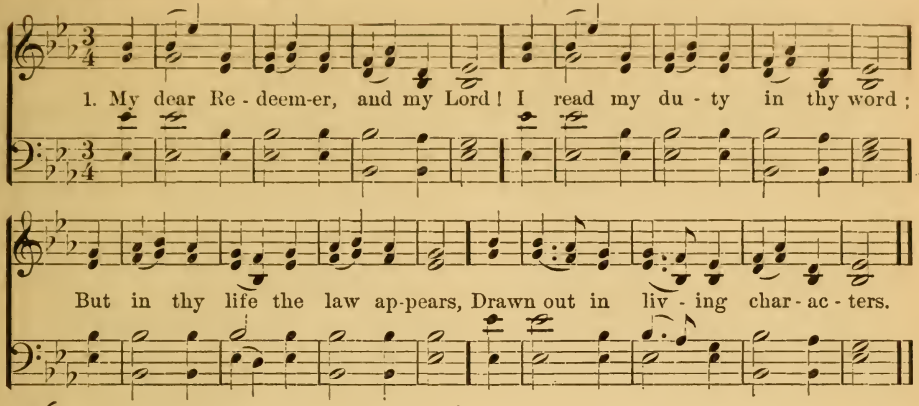
*James Edmeston.* 1847.

GRIGG. C. M. *Joseph Grigg.*



GRATITUDE. L. M.

*Ami Bost. Arr. by T. Hastings.* 1837.




**176**

2 Such was thy truth, and such thy zeal,
Such deference to thy Father's will,
Such love and meekness, so divine,
I would transcribe, and make them mine.

3 Cold mountains and the midnight air
Witnessed the fervor of thy prayer;
The desert thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict and thy victory too.

4 Be thou my pattern; make me bear
More of thy gracious image here;
Then God, the Judge, shall own my name
Among the followers of the Lamb.

*Isaac Watts.* 1709.

**177**

1 How beauteous were the marks divine,
That in thy meekness used to shine,
That lit thy lonely pathway, trod
In wondrous love, O Son of God!

2 O who, like thee, so calm, so bright,
Thou Son of man, thou Light of Light!
O who, like thee, did ever go
So patient through a world of woe?

3 O who, like thee, so humbly bore
The scorn, the scoffs of men, before?
So meek, forgiving, godlike, high,
So glorious in humility?

4 Ev'n death, which sets the prisoner free,
Was pang, and scoff, and scorn to thee;
Yet love through all thy torture glowed,
And mercy with thy life-blood flowed.

5 O in thy light, be mine to go,
Illuming all my way of woe!
And give me ever on the road
To trace thy footsteps, Son of God!

*Arthur Cleveland Coxe.* 1840.

**178** (GRIGG.)

2 Thy love, by man so sorely tried,
Proved stronger than the grave;
The very spear that pierced thy side
Drew forth the blood to save.

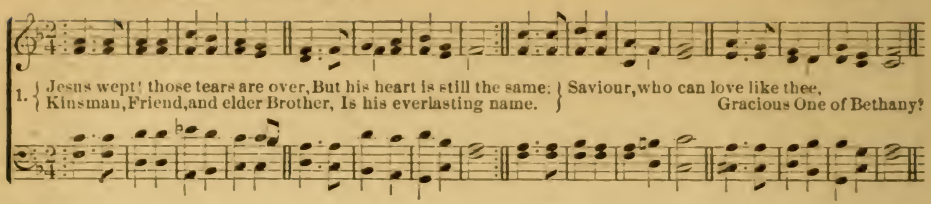
3 Faithful amidst unfaithfulness,
Midst darkness only light,
Thou didst thy Father's name confess,
And in his will delight.

4 O Lord, with sorrow and with shame,
We meekly would confess
How little we who bear thy name,
Thy mind, thy ways, express.

5 Give us thy meek, thy lowly mind,
We would obedient be;
And all our rest and pleasure find
In fellowship with thee.

*James G. Deck.* 1838.

ST. JOSEPH. 8s, 7s & 7s. *H. H. Statham.*


1. Jesus wept! those tears are over, But his heart is still the same: Saviour, who can love like thee,
Kinsman, Friend, and elder Brother, Is his everlasting name. Gracious One of Bethany?

## 179

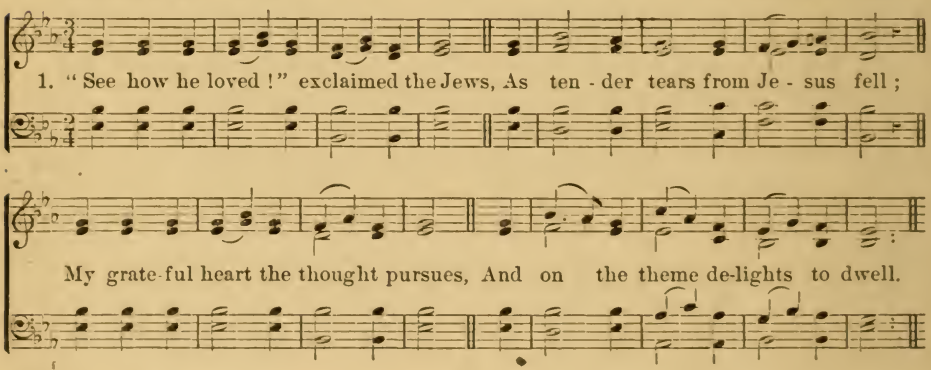
2 When the pangs of trial seize us,
When the waves of sorrow roll,
I will lay my head on Jesus,
Pillow of the troubled soul;
Surely, none can feel like thee,
Weeping One of Bethany!

3 Jesus wept! and still in glory,
He can mark each mourner's tear;
Living to retrace the story
Of the hearts he solaced here.
Lord, when I am called to die,
Let me think of Bethany.

4 Jesus wept! that tear of sorrow
Is a legacy of love;
Yesterday, to-day, to-morrow,
He the same doth ever prove.
Thou art all in all to me,
Living One of Bethany!

*Edward Denny.* 1839.

ROSEDALE. L. M. *George F. Root.* 1843.


1. "See how he loved!" exclaimed the Jews, As ten - der tears from Je - sus fell;
My grate-ful heart the thought pursues, And on the theme de-lights to dwell.

## 180

2 See how he loved, who traveled on,
Teaching the doctrine from the skies:
Who bade disease and pain begone,
And called the sleeping dead to rise.

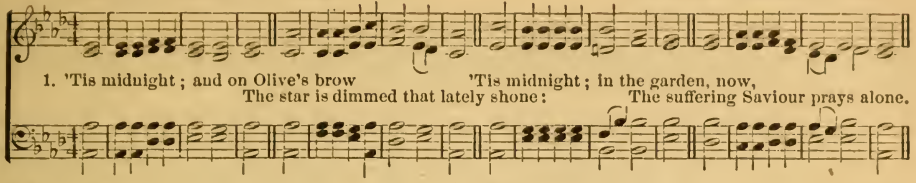
3 See how he loved, who, firm yet mild,
Patient endured the scoffing tongue:
Though oft provoked, he ne'er reviled,
Or did his greatest foe a wrong.

4 See how he loved, who never shrank
From toil or danger, pain or death!
Who all the cup of sorrow drank,
And meekly yielded up his breath.

5 Such love can we, unmoved, survey?
O, may our breasts with ardor glow,
To tread his steps, his laws obey,
And thus our warm affections show!

*Mrs. Sarah Bache.* (1744–1808.)

OLIVE'S BROW. L. M. *William B. Bradbury.* 1853.


1. 'Tis midnight; and on Olive's brow 'Tis midnight; in the garden, now,
The star is dimmed that lately shone: The suffering Saviour prays alone.

## 181

1 'Tis midnight; and on Olive's brow
The star is dimmed that lately shone:
'Tis midnight; in the garden, now,
The suffering Saviour prays alone.

2 'Tis midnight; and from all removed,
The Saviour wrestles lone with fears;
Ev'n that disciple whom he loved
Heeds not his Master's grief and tears.

3 'Tis midnight; and for others' guilt
The Man of Sorrows weeps in blood;
Yet he that hath in anguish knelt
Is not forsaken by his God.

4 'Tis midnight; and from ether-plains
Is borne the song that angels know;
Unheard by mortals are the strains
That sweetly soothe the Saviour's woe.

*William B. Tappan.* 1819.

## 182

1 "'Tis finished!"—so the Saviour cried,
And meekly bowed his head and died:
"'Tis finished!"—yes, the race is run,
The battle fought, the victory won.

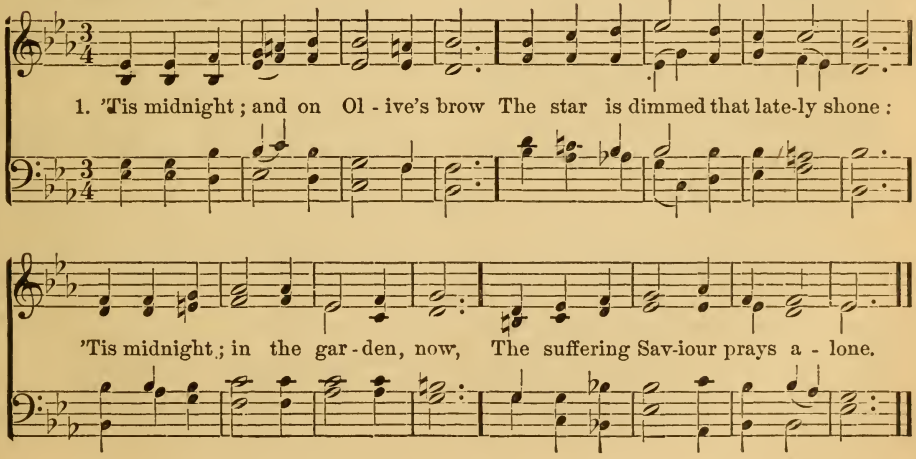
2 'Tis finished!—all that heaven foretold
By prophets in the days of old;
And truths are opened to our view
That kings and prophets never knew.

3 'Tis finished!—Son of God, thy power
Hath triumphed in this awful hour;
And yet our eyes with sorrow see
That life to us was death to thee.

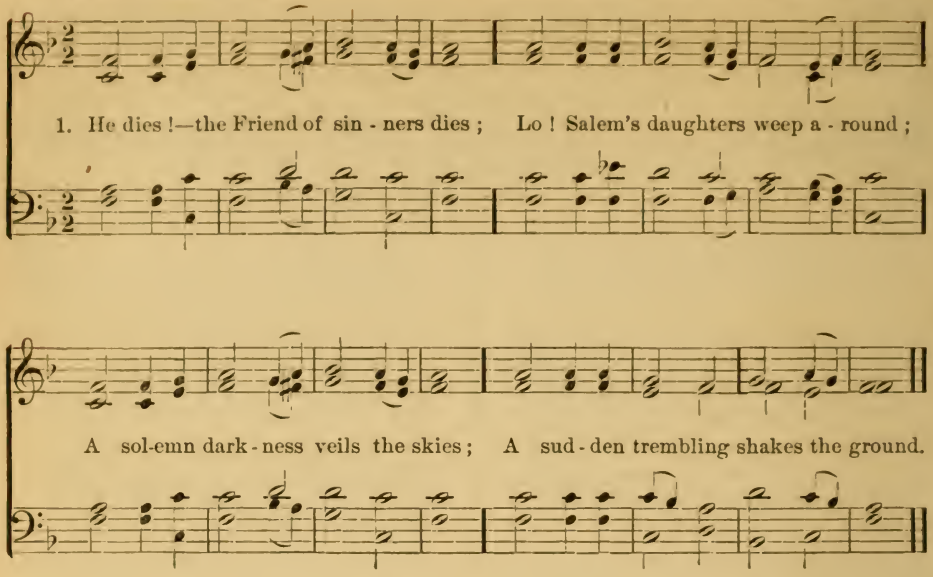
4 'Tis finished!—let the joyful sound
Be heard through all the nations round;
'Tis finished!—let the triumph rise,
And swell the chorus of the skies.

*Samuel Stennett.* 1778.

ANGELUS. L. M. *J. Scheffler.* 1657.


1. 'Tis midnight; and on Ol - ive's brow The star is dimmed that late-ly shone:
'Tis midnight; in the gar - den, now, The suffering Sav-iour prays a - lone.

HAMBURG. L. M. *Gregorian Chant. Arr. by Lowell Mason.* 1825.


1. He dies!—the Friend of sin - ners dies; Lo! Salem's daughters weep a - round;
A sol-emn dark - ness veils the skies; A sud - den trembling shakes the ground.

## 183

1 He dies!—the Friend of sinners dies;
Lo! Salem's daughters weep around;
A solemn darkness veils the skies;
A sudden trembling shakes the ground.

2 Ye saints, approach, the anguish view
Of him who groans beneath your load;
He gives his precious life for you,
For you he sheds his precious blood.

3 Here's love and grief beyond degree,
The Lord of Glory dies for men;
But lo! what sudden joys we see,
Jesus, the dead, revives again.

4 Say, "Live forever, glorious King,
Born to redeem, and strong to save!"
Then ask, "O death, where is thy sting?
And where thy victory, O grave?"

*Isaac Watts.* 1709.

## 184

1 Ride on, ride on, in majesty!
In lowly pomp ride on to die;
O Christ! thy triumphs now begin
O'er captive death and conquered sin.

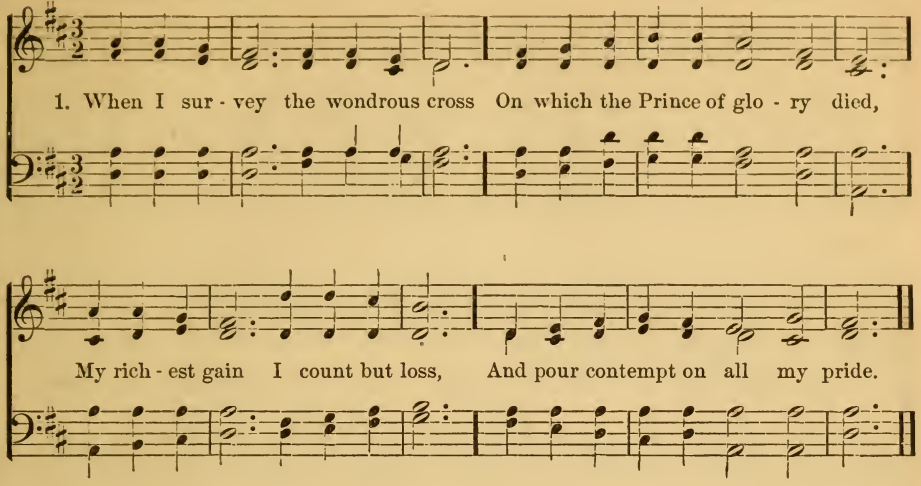
2 Ride on, ride on, in majesty!
The winged squadrons of the sky
Look down, with sad and wondering eyes,
To see the approaching sacrifice.

3 Ride on, ride on, in majesty!
Thy last and fiercest strife is nigh;
The Father, on his sapphire throne,
Expects his own anointed Son.

4 Ride on, ride on, in majesty!
In lowly pomp, ride on to die;
Bow thy meek head to mortal pain;
Then take, O God, thy power, and reign!

*Henry Hart Milman.* 1827.

WILLIAMS. L. M. *Arr. from "Templi Carmina."*


1. When I sur - vey the wondrous cross On which the Prince of glo - ry died,
My rich - est gain I count but loss, And pour contempt on all my pride.

## 185

1 When I survey the wondrous cross,
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast
Save in the death of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.

3 See, from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 His dying crimson, like a robe,
Spreads o'er his body on the tree;
Then I am dead to all the globe,
And all the globe is dead to me.

5 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

*Isaac Watts.* 1709.

## 186

1 Ye that pass by, behold the Man!
The Man of Grief, condemned for you,
The Lamb of God for sinners slain,
Weeping to Calvary pursue.

2 Behold his temples crowned with thorn,
His bleeding hands extended wide,
His streaming feet transfixed and torn,
The fountain gushing from his side.

3 O thou dear suffering Son of God,
How doth thy heart to sinners move:
Sprinkle on us thy precious blood,
And melt us with thy dying love!

*Charles Wesley.* 1742.

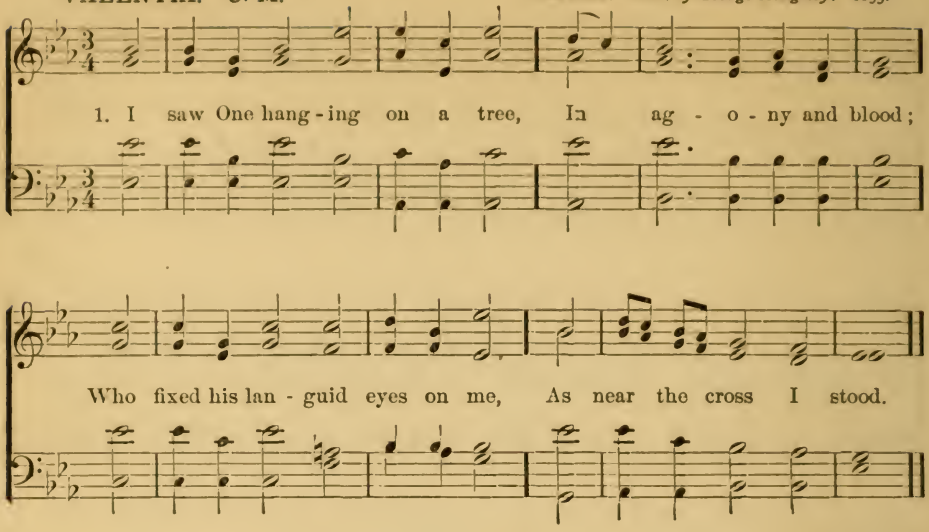
## 187

1 O, the sweet wonders of that cross
Where my Redeemer loved and died!
Her noblest life my spirit draws
From his dear wounds and bleeding side.

2 I would forever speak his name
In sounds to mortal ears unknown;
With angels join to praise the Lamb,
And worship at his Father's throne.

*Isaac Watts.* 1707.

VALENTIA. C. M. *Eberwein. Arr. by George Kingsley.* 1853.




## 188

1 I saw One hanging on a tree,
In agony and blood;
Who fixed his languid eyes on me,
As near the cross I stood.

2 Sure, never, till my latest breath,
Can I forget that look:
It seemed to charge me with his death,
Though not a word he spoke.

3 Alas! I knew not what I did,
But now my tears are vain;
Where shall my trembling soul be hid,
For I the Lord have slain!

4 A second look he gave, that said,
"I freely all forgive:
This blood is for thy ransom paid;
I die that thou may'st live."

5 Thus while his death my sin displays
In all its blackest hue,
Such is the mystery of grace,
It seals my pardon too!

*John Newton.* 1779.

## 189

1 Thou, O my Jesus, thou didst me
Upon the cross embrace;
For me didst bear the nails and spear,
And manifold disgrace;

2 And griefs and torments numberless,
And sweat of agony,
Yea, death itself; and all for one
Who was thine enemy!

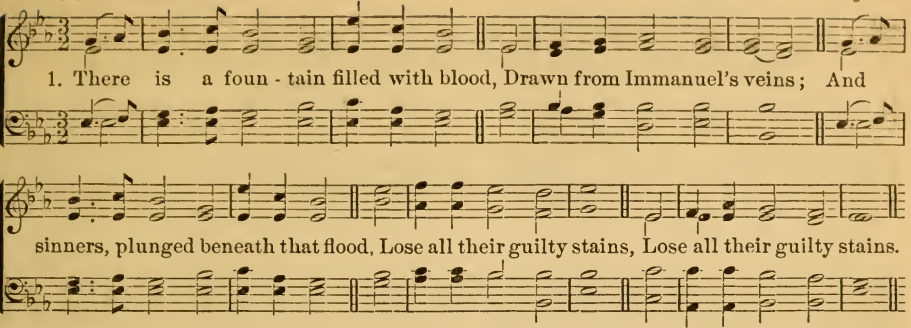
3 Then why, O blessèd Jesus Christ,
Should I not love thee well?
Not for the hope of winning heaven,
Nor of escaping hell;

4 Not with the hope of gaining aught,
Not seeking a reward;
But as thyself hast lovèd me,
O ever-loving Lord!

5 Ev'n so I love thee, and will love,
And in thy praise will sing;
Solely because thou art my God,
And my eternal King.

*Francis Xavier.* 1552. *Tr. Edward Caswall.* 1849.

COWPER. C. M. *Lowell Mason.* 1830.


1. There is a foun - tain filled with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins; And
sinners, plunged beneath that flood, Lose all their guilty stains, Lose all their guilty stains.

## 190

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

3 Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed church of God
Be saved, to sin no more.

4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be, till I die.

5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

*William Cowper.* 1779.

## 191

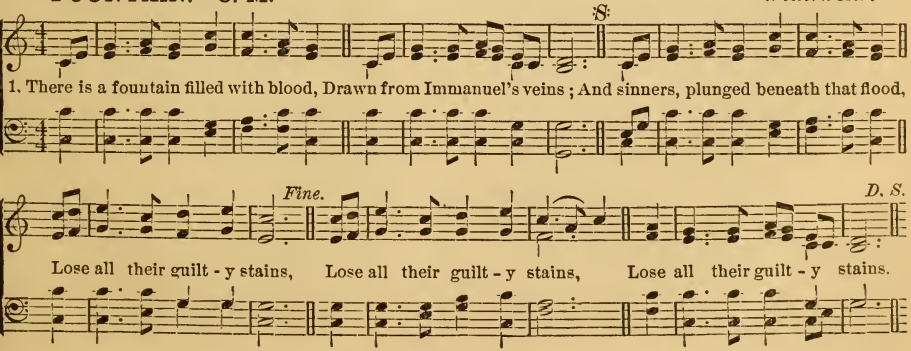
1 Thou dear Redeemer, dying Lamb,
I love to hear of thee;
No music's like thy charming name,
Nor half so sweet can be.

2 My Jesus shall be still my theme,
While in this world I stay;
I'll sing my Jesus' lovely name
When all things else decay.

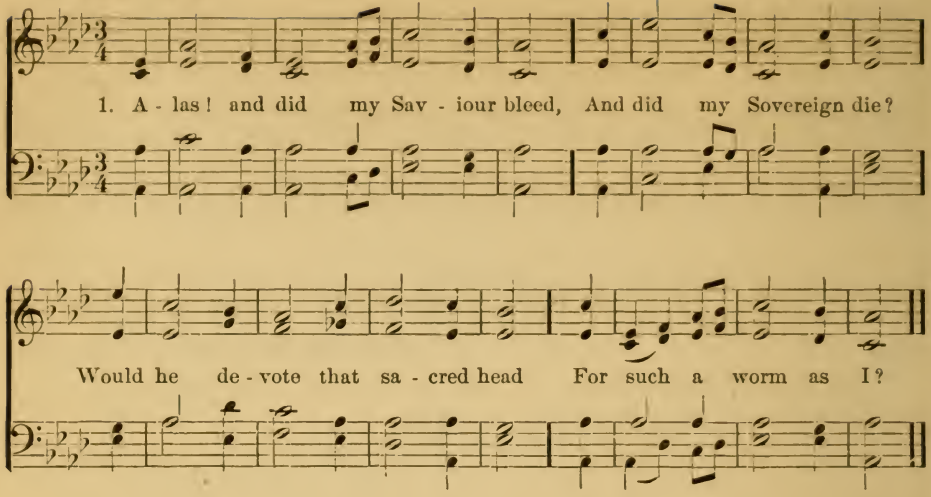
3 When I appear in yonder cloud,
With all thy favored throng,
Then will I sing more sweet, more loud,
And Christ shall be my song.

*John Cennick.* 1745.

FOUNTAIN. C. M. *Western Air.*


S.
1. There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins; And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
Fine.
D. S.
Lose all their guilt - y stains, Lose all their guilt - y stains, Lose all their guilt - y stains.

AVON. C. M. *Hugh Wilson.* 1768.




## 192

2 Was it for crimes that I had done
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ, the mighty Maker, died
For man, the creature's sin.

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face
While his dear cross appears;
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt my eyes to tears.

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away,
'Tis all that I can do.

*Isaac Watts.* 1709.

## 193

1 O Jesus, sweet the tears I shed,
While at thy cross I kneel,
Gaze at thy wounded, fainting head,
And all thy sorrows feel.

2 My heart dissolves to see thee bleed,
This heart so hard before;
I hear thee for the guilty plead,
And grief o'erflows the more.

3 'Twas for the sinful thou didst die,
And I a sinner stand:
What love speaks from thy dying eye,
And from each piercéd hand!

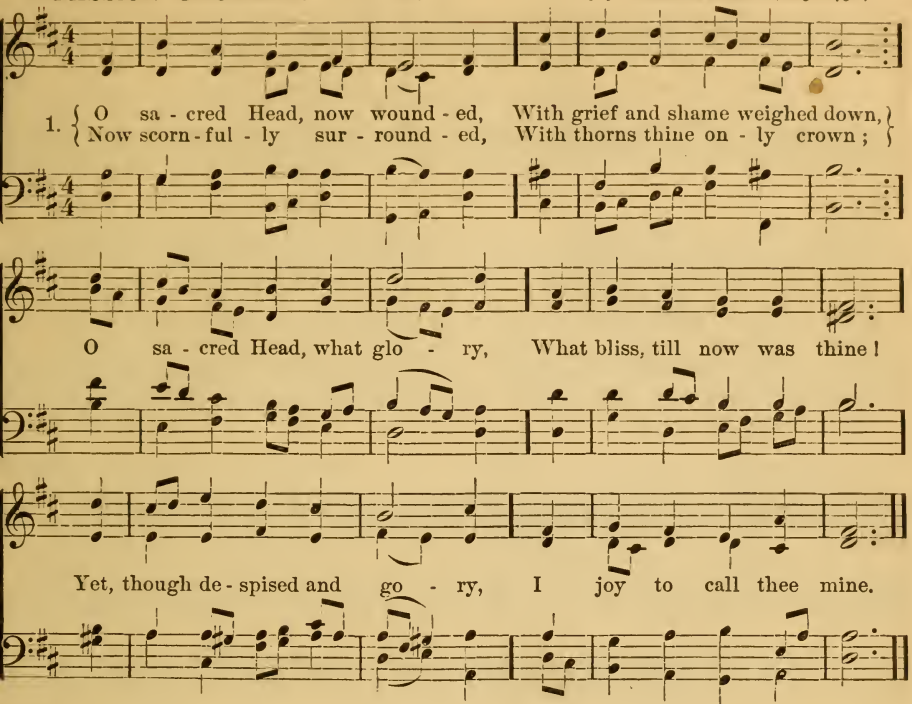
4 I know this cleansing blood of thine
Was shed, dear Lord, for me:
For me, for all, O grace divine!
Who look by faith on thee.

5 O Christ of God, O spotless Lamb,
By love my soul is drawn;
Henceforth, for ever, thine I am;
Here life and peace are born.

6 In patient hope, the cross I'll bear,
Thine arm shall be my stay;
And thou, enthroned, my soul shalt spare,
On thy great judgment-day.

*Ray Palmer.* 1867.

PASSION CHORALE. 7s & 6s. D. *Arr. by J. Sebastian Bach.* (1685—1750.)


1. O sa - cred Head, now wound - ed, With grief and shame weighed down,
Now scorn - ful - ly sur - round - ed, With thorns thine on - ly crown;
O sa - cred Head, what glo - ry, What bliss, till now was thine!
Yet, though de - spised and go - ry, I joy to call thee mine.

## 194

2 What thou, my Lord, hast suffered
Was all for sinners' gain:
Mine, mine was the transgression,
But thine the deadly pain:
Lo, here I fall, my Saviour!
'Tis I deserve thy place;
Look on me with thy favor,
Vouchsafe to me thy grace.

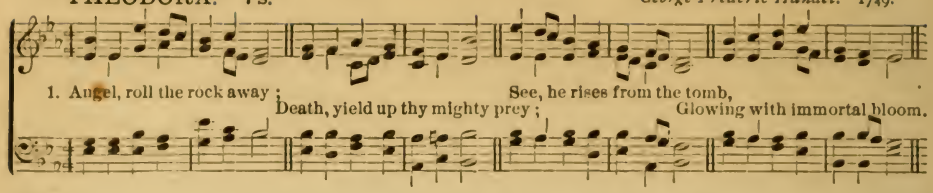
3 What language shall I borrow,
To thank thee, dearest Friend:
For this, thy dying sorrow,
Thy pity without end?
Lord, make me thine forever,
Nor let me faithless prove:
O, let me never, never,
Abuse such dying love.

4 Forbid that I should leave thee;
O Jesus, leave not me!
By faith I would receive thee;
Thy blood can make me free!
When strength and comfort languish,
And I must hence depart,
Release me then from anguish,
By thine own wounded heart.

5 Be near when I am dying,
O show thy cross to me!
And for my succor flying,
Come, Lord, to set me free!
These eyes, new faith receiving,
From Jesus shall not move;
For he who dies believing,
Dies safely—through thy love.

*Paul Gerhardt.* 1659.
*Tr., J. W. Alexander.* 1830.

THEODORA. 7s. *George Frederic Handel.* 1749.




## 195

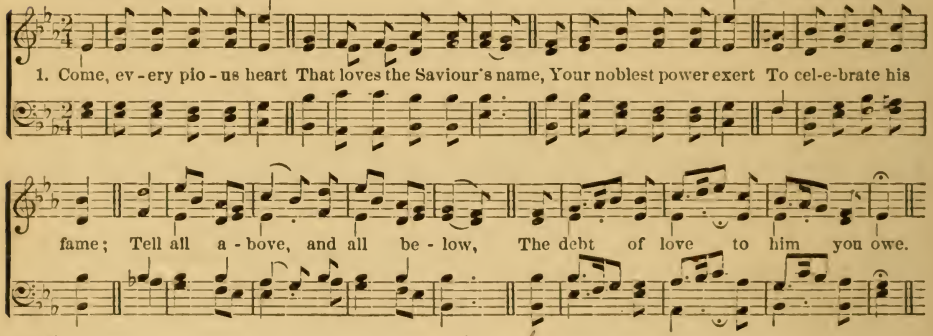
2 'Tis the Saviour; angels raise
Fame's eternal trump of praise;
Let the world's remotest bound
Hear the joy-inspiring sound.

3 Shout, ye saints! in rapturous song,
Let the strains be sweet and strong;
Shout the Son of God, this morn
From his sepulchre new-born.

4 Heaven displays her portals wide:
Glorious Hero! through them ride!
King of glory! mount the throne,
Thy great Father's and thine own.

5 Powers of heaven! seraphic fires!
Sing, and sweep your golden lyres;
Sons of men! in humbler strain,
Sing your mighty Saviour's reign.

*Thomas Scott.* 1769.

NEWBURY. H. M. *Johann Michael Haydn.* (1737—1808.)

1. Come, ev - ery pio - us heart That loves the Saviour's name, Your noblest power exert To cel-e-brate his
fame; Tell all a - bove, and all be - low, The debt of love to him you owe.

## 196

2 He left his starry crown,
And laid his robes aside;
On wings of love came down,
And wept, and bled, and died:
What he endured, O who can tell,
To save our souls from death and hell.

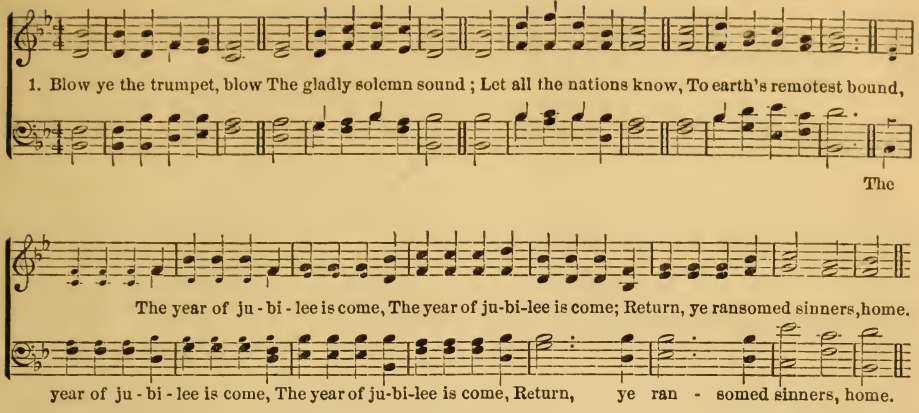
3 From the dark grave he rose,
The mansion of the dead;
And thence his mighty foes
In glorious triumph led:
Up through the sky the conqueror rode,
And reigns on high, the Saviour, God.

4 From thence he'll quickly come,
His chariot will not stay,
And bear our spirits home
To realms of endless day:
There shall we see his lovely face,
And ever be in his embrace.

5 Jesus, we ne'er can pay
The debt we owe thy love;
Yet tell us how we may
Our gratitude approve:
Our hearts, our all, to thee we give;
The gift, though small, do thou receive.

*Samuel Stennett.* 1787.

LENOX. H. M. *Jonathan Edson.* 1781.


1. Blow ye the trumpet, blow The gladly solemn sound ; Let all the nations know, To earth's remotest bound,
The year of ju - bi - lee is come, The year of ju-bi-lee is come; Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.
year of ju - bi - lee is come, The year of ju-bi-lee is come, Return, ye ran - somed sinners, home.

## 197

1 Blow ye the trumpet, blow
The gladly solemn sound:
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound,
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

2 Jesus, our great High-Priest,
Hath full atonement made:
Ye weary spirits, rest,
Ye mournful souls, be glad;
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

3 Extol the Lamb of God,
The all-atoning Lamb;
Redemption in his blood,
Throughout the world, proclaim;
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

4 The gospel trumpet hear,
The news of heavenly grace;
And, saved from earth, appear
Before your Saviour's face;
The year of jubilee is come;
Return ye ransomed sinners, home.

*Charles Wesley.* 1750.

## 198

1 Hark! hark! the notes of joy
Roll o'er the heavenly plains,
And seraphs find employ
For their sublimest strains:
Some new delight in heaven is known:
Loud sound the harps around the throne.

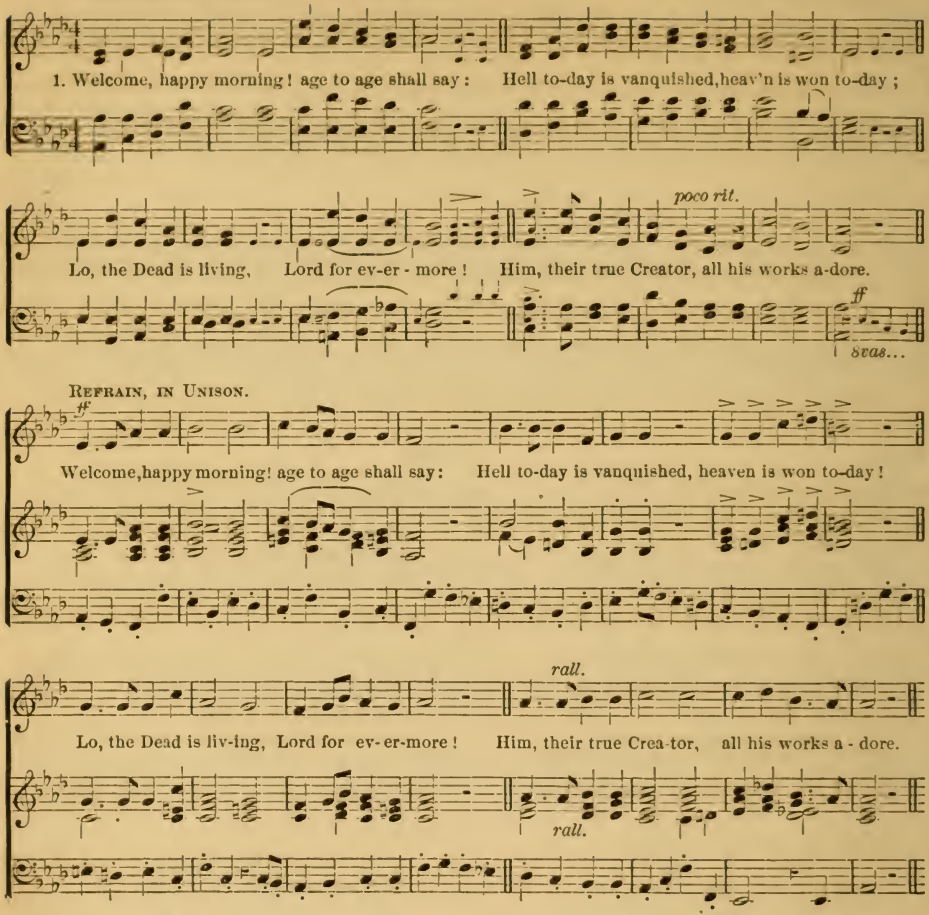
2 Hark! hark! the sound draws nigh,
The joyful host descends;
Jesus forsakes the sky,
To earth his footsteps bend:
He comes to bless our fallen race;
He comes with messages of grace.

3 Bear, bear the tidings round!
Let every mortal know
What love in God is found,
What pity he can show:
Ye winds that blow, ye waves that roll,
Bear the glad news from pole to pole.

4 Strike, strike the harps again,
To great Immanuel's name!
Arise, ye sons of men,
And all his grace proclaim:
Angels and men, wake every string,
'Tis God the Saviour's praise we sing.

*Andrew Reed.* 1842.

## WELCOME, HAPPY MORNING.

*J. Baptiste Calkin.*

1. Welcome, happy morning! age to age shall say: Hell to-day is vanquished, heav'n is won to-day;
poco rit.
Lo, the Dead is living, Lord for ev-er-more! Him, their true Creator, all his works a-dore.
ff
Svas...
Refrain, in Unison.
ff
Welcome, happy morning! age to age shall say: Hell to-day is vanquished, heaven is won to-day!
rall.
Lo, the Dead is liv-ing, Lord for ev-er-more! Him, their true Crea-tor, all his works a-dore.
rall.

## 199

2 Earth with joy confesses, clothing her for spring,
All good gifts returned with her returning King.
Bloom in every meadow, leaves on every bough,
Speak his sorrows ended, hail his triumph now. Refrain.

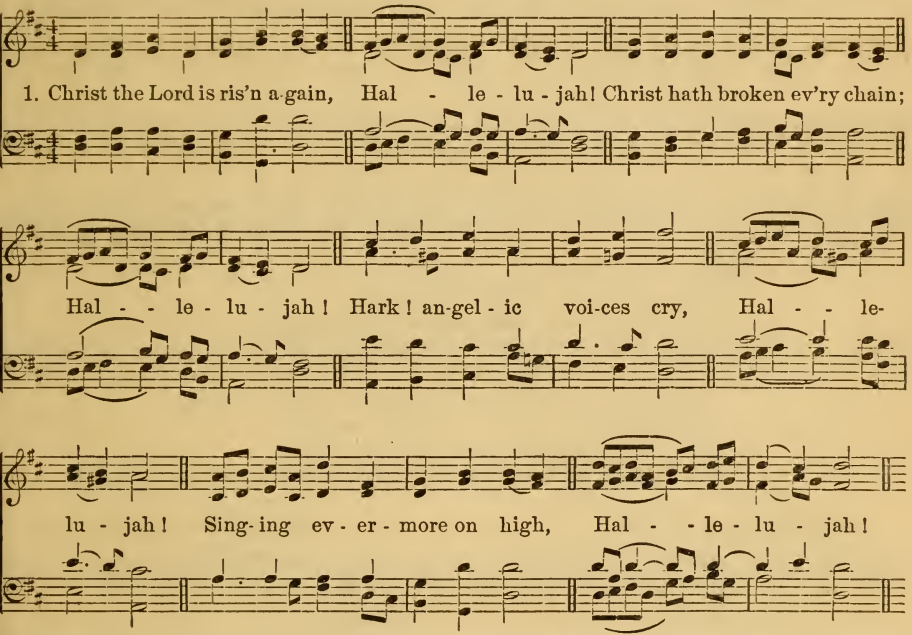
3 Maker and Redeemer, Life and Health of all,
Thou from heav'n beholding human nature's fall,
Of the Father's Godhead, True and Only Son,
Manhood to deliver, manhood didst put on. Refrain.

4 Thou, of Life the Author, death didst undergo,
Tread the path of darkness, saving strength to show;
Come then, True and Faithful, now fulfill thy word,
'Tis thine own Third Morning, rise, my buried Lord! REFRAIN.

5 Loose the souls long-prisoned, bound with Satan's chain;
All that now is fallen raise to life again;
Shew thy face in brightness, bid the nations see,
Bring again our daylight; day returns with thee! REFRAIN.

*V. Fortunatus.* 590. *Tr. by John Ellerton.* 1868.

EASTER HYMN. *Henry Carey.* 1708.


1. Christ the Lord is ris'n a-gain, Hal - le - lu - jah! Christ hath broken ev'ry chain;
Hal - - le - lu - jah! Hark! an-gel - ic voi-ces cry, Hal - - le-
lu - jah! Sing-ing ev - er - more on high, Hal - - le - lu - jah!

200

2 He who bore all pain and loss
Comfortless upon the cross,
Lives in glory now on high,
Pleads for us, and hears our cry.

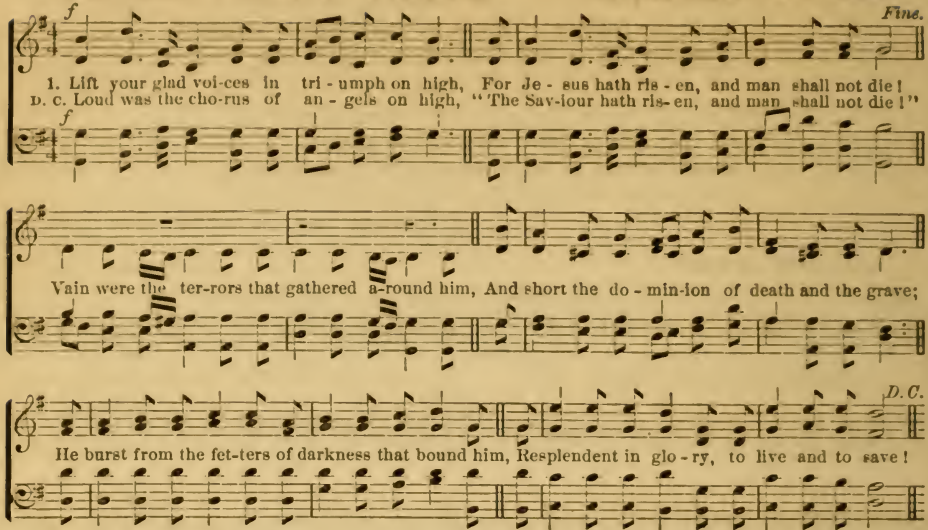
3 He who slumbered in the grave,
Is exalted now to save;
Now through Christendom it rings,
That the Lamb is King of kings.

4 Now he bids us tell abroad,
How the lost may be restored,
How the penitent forgiven,
How we, too, may enter heaven.

5 Thou our Paschal Lamb indeed,
Christ, to-day thy people feed;
Take our sins and guilt away;
Let us sing by night and day.

*Michael Weisse.* 1531.
*Tr. by Catharine Winkworth.* 1858, *ab.*

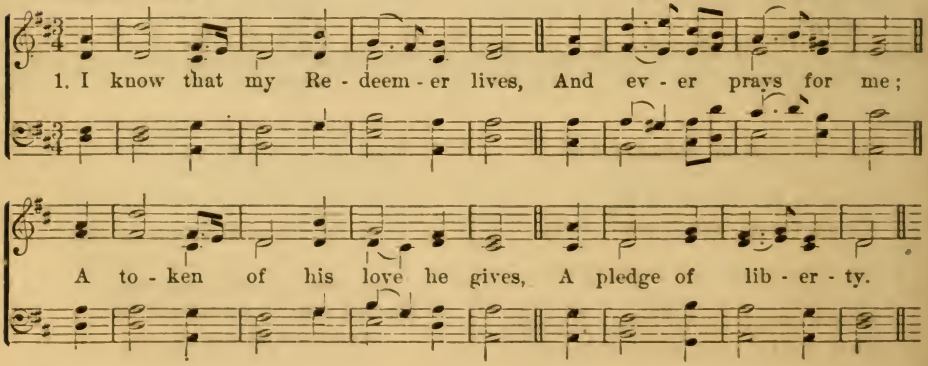
RESURRECTION JOY. 11s & 12s. *Arr. from Johann C. W. A. Mozart.*


Fine.
1. Lift your glad voi-ces in tri - umph on high, For Je - sus hath ris - en, and man shall not die!
D. C. Loud was the cho-rus of an - gels on high, "The Sav-iour hath ris-en, and man shall not die!"
Vain were the ter-rors that gathered a-round him, And short the do - min-ion of death and the grave;
D.C.
He burst from the fet-ters of darkness that bound him, Resplendent in glo - ry, to live and to save!

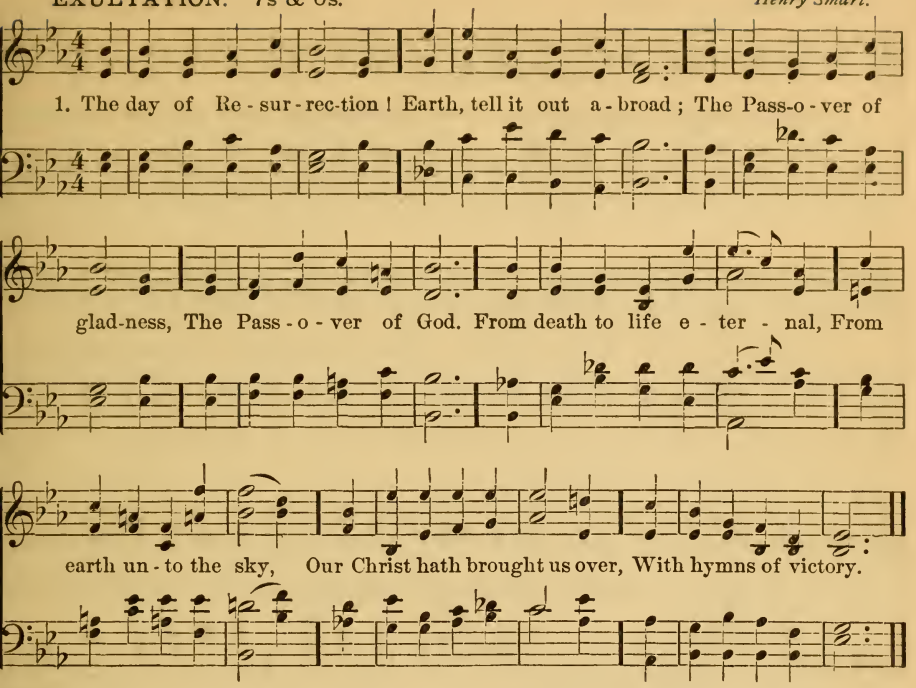
## 201

2 Glory to God, in full anthems of joy!
The being he gave us, death cannot destroy;
Sad were the life we must part with to-morrow,
If tears were our birthright, and death were our end;
But Jesus hath cheered the dark valley of sorrow,
And bade us, immortal, to heaven ascend.
Lift your glad voices in triumph on high,
For Jesus hath risen, and man shall not die. *Henry Ware, Jr.*

BRADFORD. C. M. *George Frederick Handel.* 1741.



**EXULTATION.** 7s & 6s. *Henry Smart.*


1. The day of Re - sur - rec-tion ! Earth, tell it out a - broad ; The Pass-o - ver of
glad-ness, The Pass - o - ver of God. From death to life e - ter - nal, From
earth un - to the sky, Our Christ hath brought us over, With hymns of victory.

**202**

2 Our hearts be pure from evil,
That we may see aright
The Lord in rays eternal
Of resurrection-light;
And, listening to his accents,
May hear so calm and plain
His own "All hail," and hearing
May raise the victor strain.

3 Now let the heavens be joyful,
And earth her song begin,
The round world keep high triumph,
And all that is therein:
Let all things seen and unseen
Their notes of gladness blend,
For Christ the Lord is risen,
Our Joy that hath no end.

*John of Damascus, about* 780.
*Tr. John M. Neale.* 1862.

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**203** (BRADFORD.)

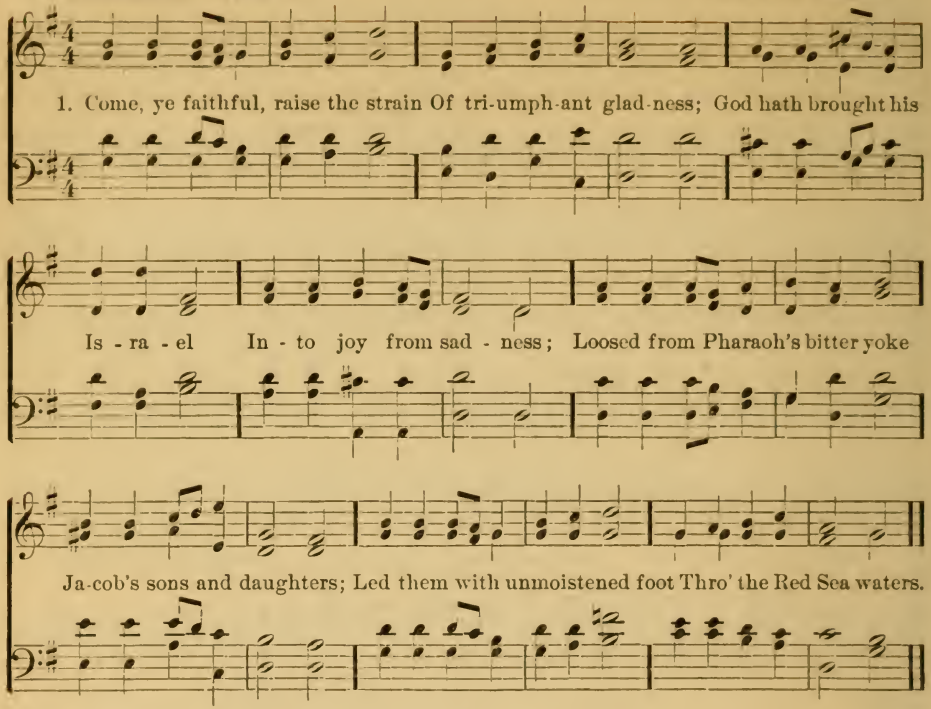
2 I find him lifting up my head,
He brings salvation near;
His presence makes me free indeed,
And he will soon appear.

3 Jesus, I hang upon thy word;
I steadfastly believe
Thou wilt return, and claim me, Lord,
And to thyself receive.

4 When God is mine, and I am his,
Of paradise possessed,
I taste unutterable bliss,
And everlasting rest.

*Charles Wesley.* 1742.

TRIUMPH. 7s & 6s. *Arthur S. Sullivan.*


1. Come, ye faithful, raise the strain Of tri-umph-ant glad-ness; God hath brought his
Is - ra - el In - to joy from sad - ness; Loosed from Pharaoh's bitter yoke
Ja-cob's sons and daughters; Led them with unmoistened foot Thro' the Red Sea waters.

## 204

1 Come, ye faithful, raise the strain
Of triumphant gladness;
God hath brought his Israel
Into joy from sadness;
Loosed from Pharaoh's bitter yoke
Jacob's sons and daughters;
Led them with unmoistened foot
Through the Red Sea waters.

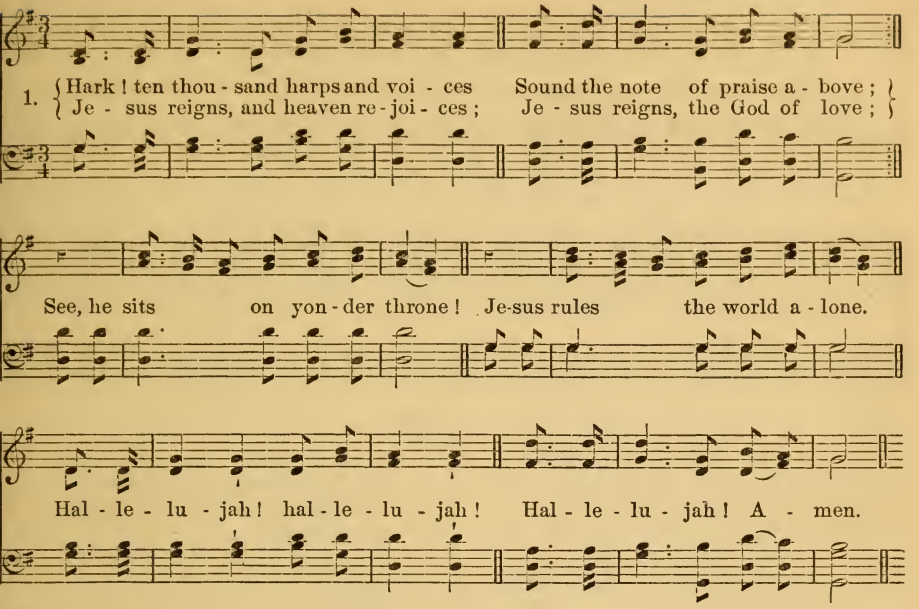
2 'Tis the spring of souls to-day:
Christ hath burst his prison,
And from three days sleep in death,
As the sun, hath risen:
All the winter of our sins,
Long and dark, is flying
From his Light, to whom we give
Laud and praise undying.

3 Now the Queen of seasons, bright
With the Day of splendor,
With the royal Feast of Feasts,
Comes its joy to render;
Comes to glad Jerusalem,
Which with true affection
Welcomes in unwearied strains
Jesus' resurrection.

4 Neither might the gates of death,
Nor the tomb's dark portal,
Nor the watchers, nor the seal,
Hold thee as a mortal:
But to-day amidst the Twelve
Thou didst stand, bestowing
Thine own peace, which evermore
Passeth human knowing.

*John of Damascus, ab. 780.*
*Tr., John M. Neale. 1862.*

HARWELL. 8s & 7s. *Lowell Mason.* 1840.


1. Hark! ten thou - sand harps and voi - ces Sound the note of praise a - bove;
Je - sus reigns, and heaven re - joi - ces; Je - sus reigns, the God of love;
See, he sits on yon - der throne! Je-sus rules the world a - lone.
Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men.

## 205

2 Jesus, hail! whose glory brightens
All above, and gives it worth;
Lord of life! thy smile enlightens,
Cheers, and charms thy saints on earth,
When we think of love like thine,
Lord! we own it love divine.

3 King of glory! reign for ever!
Thine an everlasting crown;
Nothing, from thy love, shall sever
Those whom thou hast made thine own;
Happy objects of thy grace,
Destined to behold thy face.

4 Saviour, hasten thine appearing;
Bring, O bring the glorious day,
When, the awful summons hearing,
Heaven and earth shall pass away;
Then, with golden harps, we'll sing,
"Glory, glory to our King."

*Thomas Kelly.* 1804.

## 206

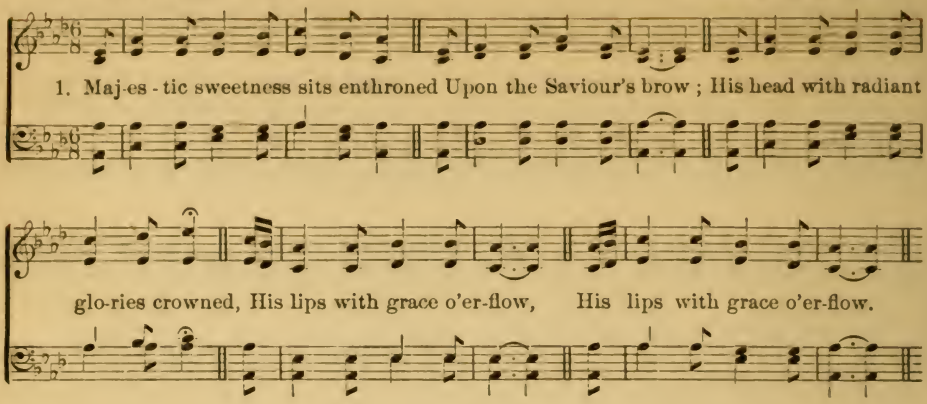
1 Jesus comes, his conflict over,
Comes to claim his great reward;
Angels round the Victor hover,
Crowding to behold their Lord;
Haste, ye saints! your tribute bring,
Crown him, everlasting King.

2 Yonder throne for him erected,
Now becomes the Victor's seat;
Lo, the Man on earth rejected!
Angels worship at his feet;
Haste, ye saints! your tribute bring,
Crown him, everlasting King.

3 Day and night they cry before him,
"Holy, holy, holy Lord!"
All the powers of heaven adore him,
All obey his sovereign word;
Haste, ye saints! your tribute bring,
Crown him, everlasting King.

*Thomas Kelly.* 1804.

ORTONVILLE. C. M. *Thomas Hastings.* 1837.


1. Maj-es-tic sweetness sits enthroned Upon the Saviour's brow; His head with radiant
glo-ries crowned, His lips with grace o'er-flow, His lips with grace o'er-flow.

## 207

2 No mortal can with him compare,
Among the sons of men;
Fairer is he than all the fair
That fill the heavenly train.

3 He saw me plunged in deep distress,
He flew to my relief;
For me he bore the shameful cross,
And carried all my grief.

4 To him I owe my life and breath,
And all the joys I have;
He makes me triumph over death,
He saves me from the grave.

5 Since from his bounty I receive
Such proofs of love divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord! they should all be thine.

*Samuel Stennett.* 1787.

## 208

1 O FOR a thousand tongues to sing
My dear Redeemer's praise!
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace!

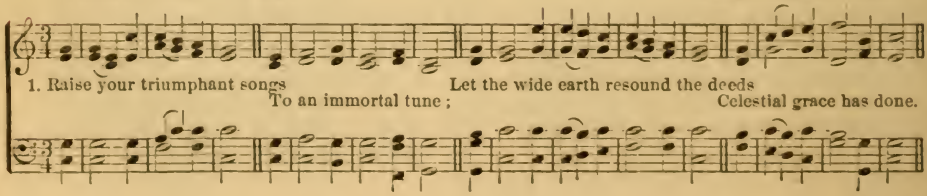
2 My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread, through all the earth abroad,
The honors of thy name.

3 Jesus—the name that calms my fears,
That bids my sorrows cease;
'Tis music to my ravished ears;
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

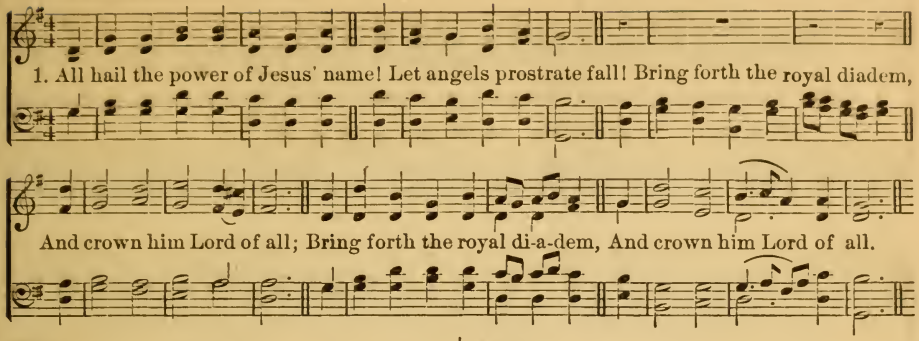
4 He breaks the power of reigning sin,
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood availed for me.

*Charles Wesley.* 1740.

FERGUSON. S. M. *George Kingsley.* 1843.



CORONATION. C. M. *Oliver Holden.* 1793.


1. All hail the power of Jesus' name! Let angels prostrate fall! Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all; Bring forth the royal di-a-dem, And crown him Lord of all.

## 209

2 Crown him, ye martyrs of our God,
Who from his altar call;
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown him Lord of all.

3 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Ye ransomed from the fall;
Hail him, who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.

4 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.

5 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.

6 O that with yonder sacred throng,
We at his feet may fall;
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all,

*Edward Perronet.* 1780.

## 210

1 The head that once was crowned with thorns,
Is crowned with glory now;
A royal diadem adorns
The mighty Victor's brow.

2 The highest place that heaven affords,
Is his by sovereign right;
The King of kings, and Lord of lords,
He reigns in glory bright;

3 The joy of all who dwell above,
The joy of all below,
To whom he manifests his love,
And grants his name to know.

4 To them the cross with all its shame,
With all its grace, is given;
Their name—an everlasting name,
Their joy—the joy of heaven.

5 They suffer with their Lord below,
They reign with him above;
Their profit and their joy to know
The mystery of his love.

*Thomas Kelly.* 1820.

## 211

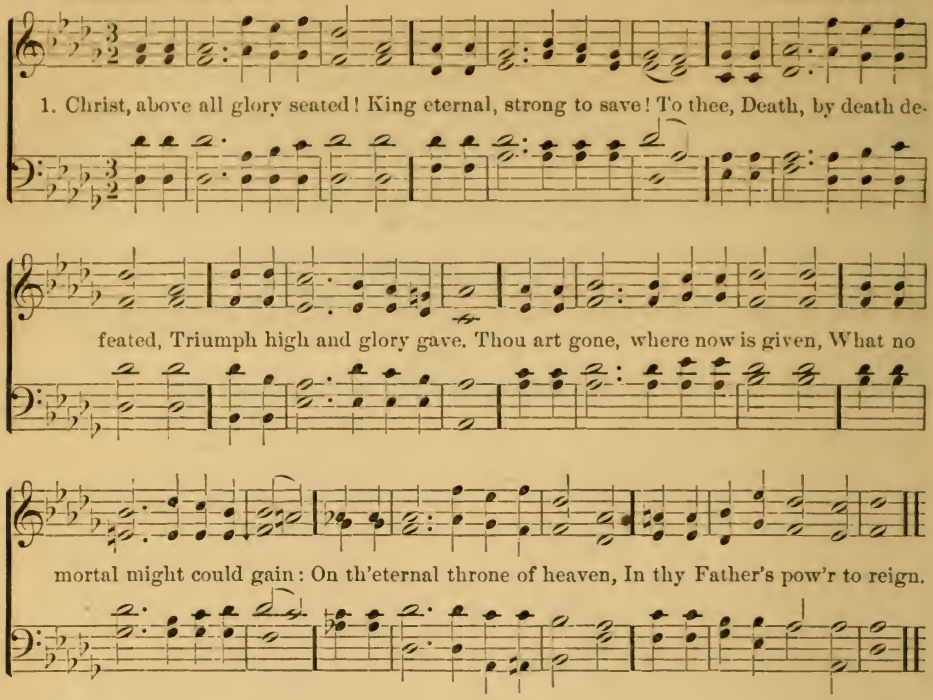
1 Raise your triumphant songs
To an immortal tune;
Let the wide earth resound the deeds
Celestial grace has done.

2 Sing how Eternal Love
Its chief beloved chose,
And bade him raise our wretched race
From their abyss of woes.

3 Now, sinners, dry your tears,
Let hopeless sorrow cease;
Bow to the sceptre of his love,
And take the offered peace.

4 Lord, we obey thy call;
We lay a humble claim
To the salvation thou hast brought,
And love and praise thy name.

*Isaac Watts.* 1709.

FABEN. 8s & 7s. D. *John H. Wilcox.*

1. Christ, above all glory seated! King eternal, strong to save! To thee, Death, by death de-
feated, Triumph high and glory gave. Thou art gone, where now is given, What no
mortal might could gain: On th'eternal throne of heaven, In thy Father's pow'r to reign.

## 212

1 CHRIST, above all glory seated!
King eternal, strong to save!
To thee, Death, by death defeated,
Triumph high and glory gave.
Thou art gone, where now is given,
What no mortal might could gain:
On the eternal throne of heaven,
In thy Father's power to reign.

2 We, O Lord! with hearts adoring,
Follow thee above the sky:
Hear our prayers thy grace imploring,
Lift our souls to thee on high.
So when thou again in glory
On the clouds of heaven shalt shine,
We thy flock shall stand before thee,
Owned forevermore as thine.

*Anon.*

## 213

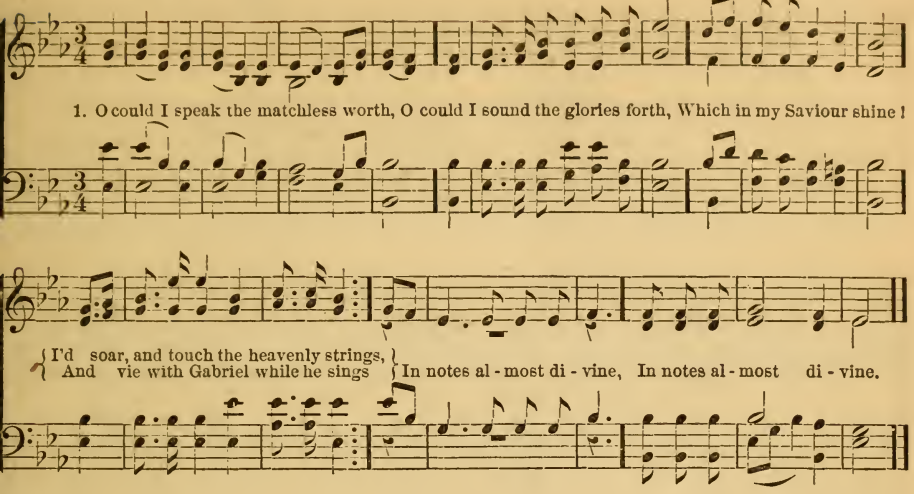
1 JESUS, hail, enthroned in glory,
There for ever to abide;
All the heavenly hosts adore thee,
Seated at thy Father's side.
There for sinners thou art pleading;
There thou dost our place prepare;
Ever for us interceding
Till in glory we appear.

2 Worship, honor, power and blessing,
Thou art worthy to receive;
Loudest praises, without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give.
Help, ye bright angelic spirits,
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays;
Help to sing our Saviour's merits,
Help to chant Immanuel's praise.

*John Bakewell.* 1819.

ARIEL. C. P. M.

*Mozart. Arr. by Lowell Mason.* 1836.


1. O could I speak the matchless worth, O could I sound the glories forth, Which in my Saviour shine!
I'd soar, and touch the heavenly strings,
And vie with Gabriel while he sings
In notes al - most di - vine, In notes al - most di - vine.

## 214

2 I'd sing the precious blood he spilt,
My ransom from the dreadful guilt
Of sin, and wrath divine:
I'd sing his glorious righteousness,
In which all perfect, heavenly dress,
My soul shall ever shine.

3 I'd sing the characters he bears,
And all the forms of love he wears,
Exalted on his throne:
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
I would to everlasting days
Make all his glories known.

4 Well, the delightful day will come
When my dear Lord will bring me home,
And I shall see his face;
Then with my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
A blest eternity I'll spend,
Triumphant in his grace.

*Samuel Medley.* 1789.

## 215

1 Fear not, O little flock, the foe
Who madly seeks your overthrow;
Dread not his rage and power:
What tho' your courage sometimes faints!
This seeming triumph o'er God's saints
Lasts but a little hour.

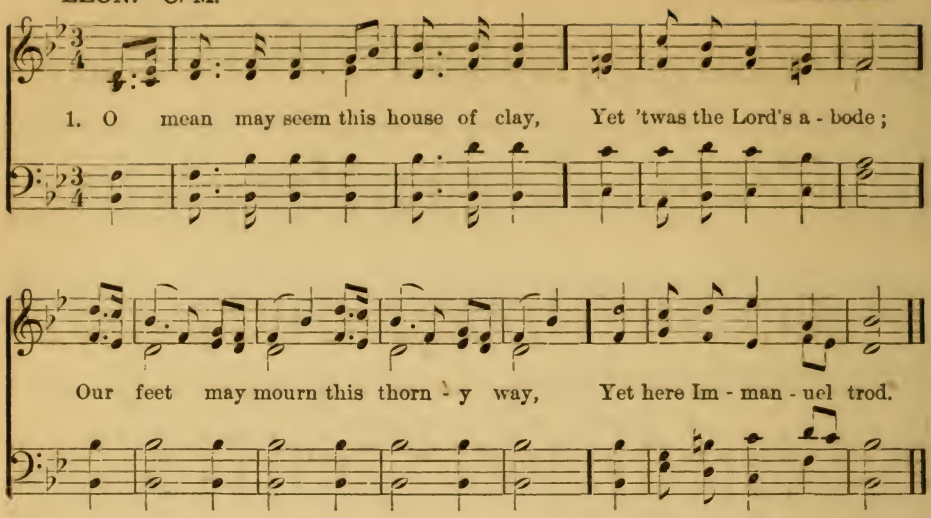
2 Fear not! be strong! your cause belongs
To him who can avenge your wrongs;
Leave all to him, your Lord:
Though hidden yet from mortal eyes,
Salvation shall for you arise:
He girdeth on his sword!

3 As true as God's own word is true,
Not earth nor hell, with all their crew,
Against us shall prevail.
A jest and byword are they grown:
God is with us; we are his own;
Our victory cannot fail.

4 Amen, Lord Jesus, grant our prayer!
Great Captain, now thine arm make bare;
Fight for us once again!
So shall thy saints and martyrs raise
A mighty chorus to thy praise,
World without end. Amen.

*Gustavus Adolphus.* 1631, *in prose,*
*Jacob Fabricius.* 1631, *in verse,*
*Tr. by Miss Catharine Winkworth.* 1855.

LEON. C. M. *Lowell Mason.*




## 216

2 This fleshly robe the Lord did wear;
This watch the Lord did keep;
These burdens sore the Lord did bear;
These tears the Lord did weep.

3 O vale of tears no longer sad,
Wherein the Lord did dwell!
O happy robe of flesh that clad
Our own Immanuel!

4 But not this fleshly robe alone
Shall link us, Lord, to thee;
Not only in the tear and groan
Shall the dear kindred be.

5 We shall be reckoned for thine own,
Because thy heaven we share,
Because we sing around thy throne,
And thy bright raiment wear.

6 O mighty grace, our life to live,
To make our earth divine!
O mighty grace, thy heaven to give
And lift our life to thine!

*Thomas H. Gill.* 1860.

## 217

1 WHAT grace, O Lord, and beauty shone
Around thy steps below;
What patient love was seen in all
Thy life and death of woe.

2 For, ever on thy burdened heart
A weight of sorrow hung;
Yet no ungentle, murmuring word
Escaped thy silent tongue.

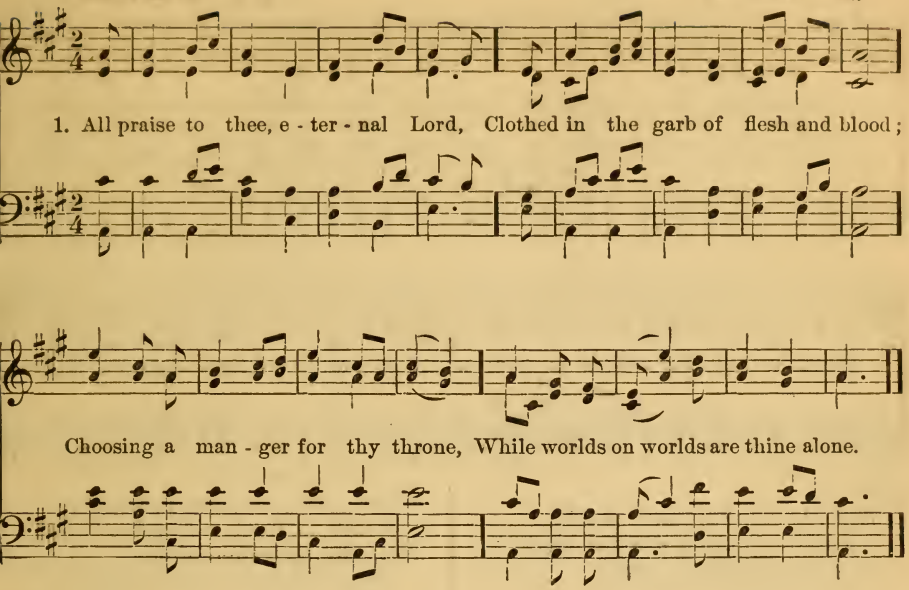
3 Thy foes might hate, despise, revile,
Thy friends unfaithful prove;
Unwearied in forgiveness still,
Thy heart could only love.

4 O give us hearts to love like thee!
Like thee, O Lord, to grieve
Far more for others' sin than all
The wrongs that we receive.

5 One with thyself, may every eye,
In us, thy brethren, see
The gentleness and grace that spring
From union, Lord, with thee.

*Sir Edward Denny.* 1839.

WIMBORNE. L. M. *J. Whitaker.* 1849.


1. All praise to thee, e - ter - nal Lord, Clothed in the garb of flesh and blood;
Choosing a man - ger for thy throne, While worlds on worlds are thine alone.

## 218

2 Once did the skies before thee bow;
A virgin's arms contain thee now:
Angels who did in thee rejoice
Now listen for thine infant voice.

3 A little child thou art our guest,
That weary ones in thee may rest;
Forlorn and lowly is thy birth,
That we may rise to heaven from earth.

4 Thou comest in the darksome night
To make us children of the light,
To make us, in the realms divine,
Like thine own angels, round thee shine.

5 All this for us thy love hath done;
By this to thee our love is won;
For this we tune our cheerful lays,
And shout our thanks in ceaseless praise.

*Martin Luther.* 1524.

## 219

1 Eternal Source of light divine!
Fountain of unexhausted love!
O let thy glories on me shine,
From earth beneath, from heaven above!

2 Thou art the weary wanderer's rest;
Give me thine easy yoke to bear;
With steadfast patience arm my breast,
With spotless love and lowly fear.

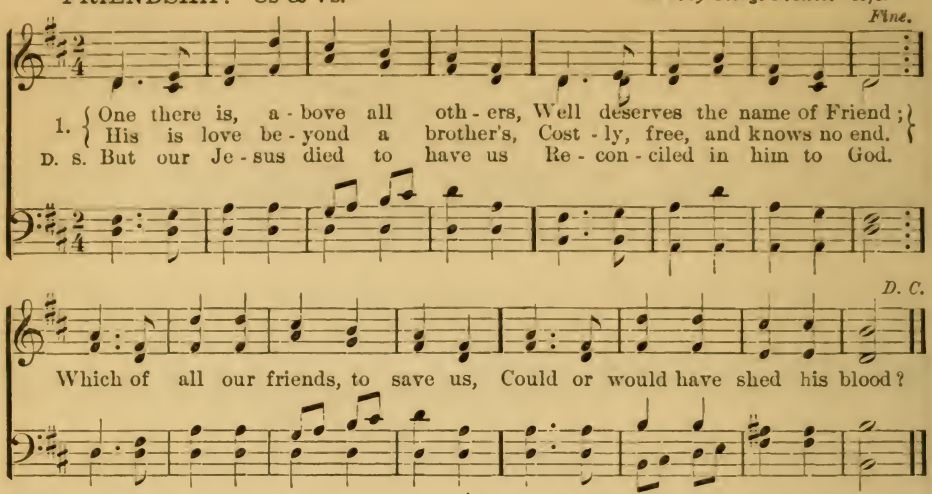
3 Be thou, O Rock of Ages! nigh,
So shall each murmuring thought be gone,
And grief and fear and care shall fly,
As clouds before the midday sun.

4 Speak to my warring passions, Peace!
Speak to my troubled heart, Be still!
Thy power my strength and fortress is,
For all things serve thy holy will.

*Charles Wesley.* 1759.

FRIENDSHIP. 8s & 7s.

*Arr. by George F. Root.* 1872.


Fine.
1. { One there is, a - bove all oth - ers, Well deserves the name of Friend ;
His is love be - yond a brother's, Cost - ly, free, and knows no end.
D. S. But our Je - sus died to have us Re - con - ciled in him to God.
D. C.
Which of all our friends, to save us, Could or would have shed his blood?

220

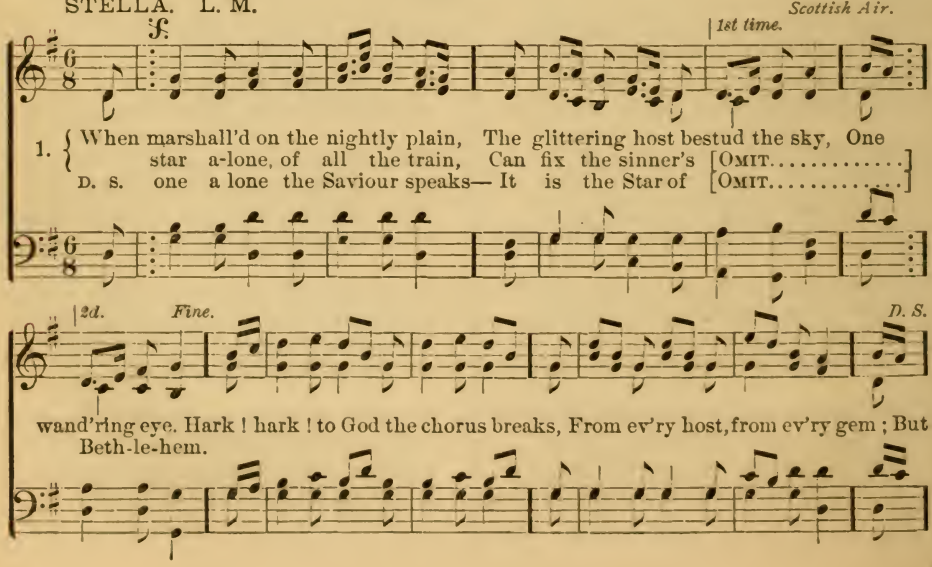
2 When he lived on earth abaséd,
Friend of sinners was his name;
Now above all glory raiséd,
He rejoices in the same.

O for grace our hearts to soften;
Teach us, Lord, at length to love;
We, alas, forget too often
What a Friend we have above.

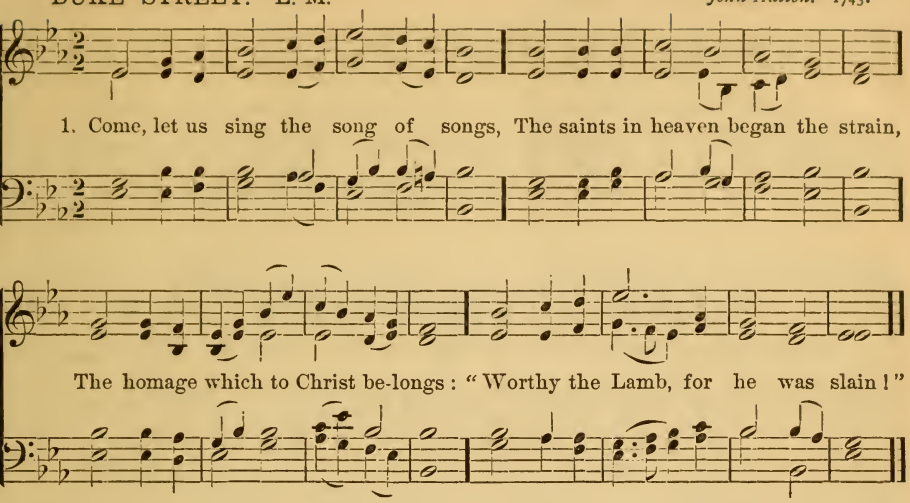
*John Newton.* 1779.

STELLA. L. M.

*Scottish Air.*


f.
1st time.
1. { When marshall'd on the nightly plain, The glittering host bestud the sky, One
star a-lone, of all the train, Can fix the sinner's [OMIT.....]
D. S. one a lone the Saviour speaks— It is the Star of [OMIT.....]
2d.
Fine.
D. S.
wand'ring eye. Hark ! hark ! to God the chorus breaks, From ev'ry host, from ev'ry gem ; But
Beth-le-hem.

DUKE STREET. L. M. *John Hatton.* 1743.


1. Come, let us sing the song of songs, The saints in heaven began the strain,
The homage which to Christ be-longs: "Worthy the Lamb, for he was slain!"

## 221

2 Slain to redeem us by his blood,
To cleanse from every sinful stain,
And make us kings and priests to God;
"Worthy the Lamb, for he was slain!"

3 To him who suffered on the tree,
Our souls at his soul's price to gain,
Blessing, and praise, and glory be:
"Worthy the Lamb, for he was slain!"

4 To him, enthroned by filial right,
All power in heaven and earth proclaim,
Honor, and majesty, and might:
"Worthy the Lamb, for he was slain!"

5 Long as we live, and when we die,
And while in heaven with him we reign,
This song our song of songs shall be:
"Worthy the Lamb, for he was slain!"

*James Montgomery.* 1853.

## 222

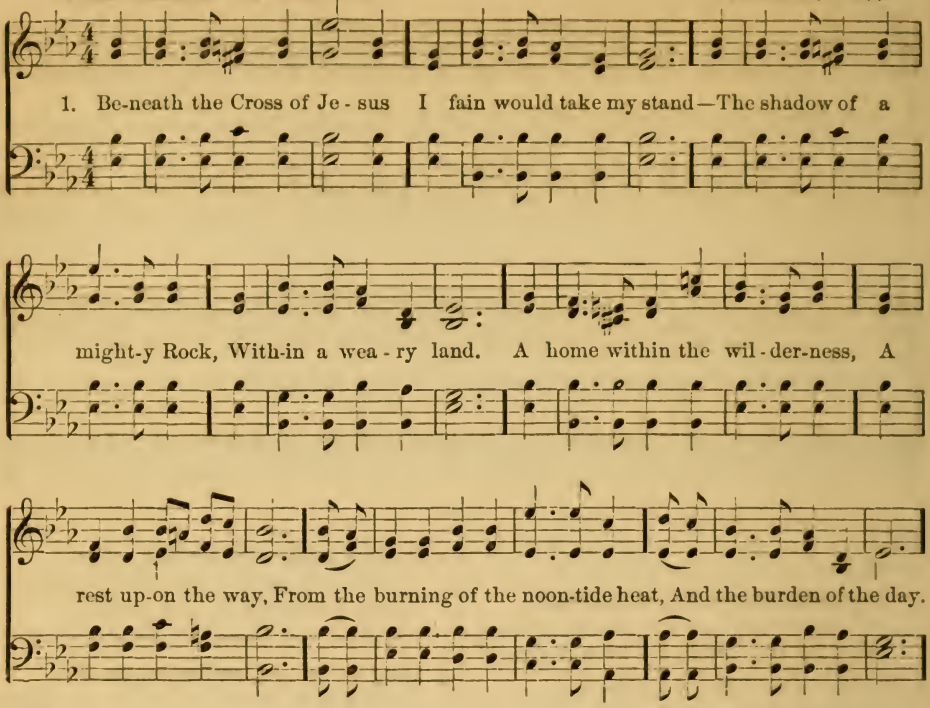
1 When marshall'd on the nightly plain,
The glittering host bestud the sky,
One star alone, of all the train,
Can fix the sinner's wand'ring eye.
Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks,
From ev'ry host, from ev'ry gem;
But one alone the Saviour speaks—
It is the Star of Bethlehem.

2 Once on the raging seas I rode,
The storm was loud, the night was dark,
The ocean yawned, and rudely blowed
The wind that tossed my foundering bark.
Deep horror then my vitals froze,
Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem;
When suddenly a Star arose—
It was the Star of Bethlehem.

3 It was my guide, my light, my all;
It bade my dark forebodings cease;
And thro' the storm, and danger's thrall,
It led me to the port of peace.
Now safely moored—my perils o'er,
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
Forever, and forevermore,
The Star—the Star of Bethlehem!

*Henry Kirke White.* 1806.

THE CROSS OF JESUS. *Ira D. Sankey.* 1874.


1. Be-neath the Cross of Je - sus I fain would take my stand—The shadow of a
might-y Rock, With-in a wea - ry land. A home within the wil - der-ness, A
rest up-on the way, From the burning of the noon-tide heat, And the burden of the day.

## 223

2 O safe and happy shelter,
O refuge tried and sweet,
O trysting-place where heaven's love,
And heaven's justice meet!
As to the holy Patriarch
That wondrous dream was given,
So seems my Saviour's cross to me,
A ladder up to heaven.

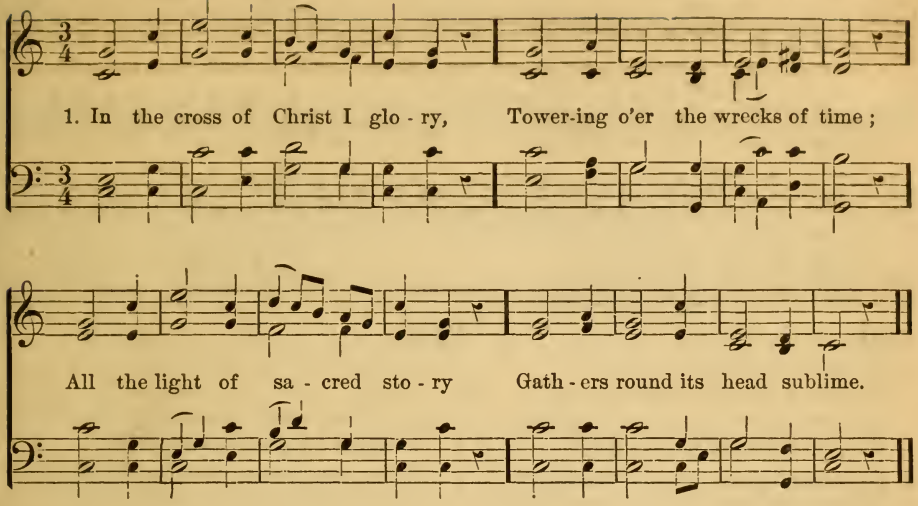
3 There lies beneath its shadow,
But on the further side,
The darkness of an awful grave
That gapes both deep and wide;
And there between us stands the Cross,
Two arms outstretched to save,
Like a watchman set to guard the way
From that eternal grave.

4 Upon that Cross of Jesus,
Mine eye at times can see
The very dying form of One,
Who suffered there for me.
And from my smitten heart with tears,
Two wonders I confess,—
The wonders of his glorious love,
And my own worthlessness.

5 I take, O Cross, thy shadow,
For my abiding place;
I ask no other sunshine
Than the sunshine of his face:
Content to let the world go by,
To know no gain nor loss,—
My sinful self, my only shame,—
My glory all the Cross.

*Elizabeth C. Clephane.*

RATHBUN. 8s & 7s. *Ithamar Conkey.* 1851.


1. In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Tower-ing o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sa - cred sto - ry Gath - ers round its head sublime.

## 224

1 In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me:
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming,
Adds new lustre to the day.

4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there, that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

5 In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

*John Bowring.* 1825.

## 225

1 Light of those whose dreary dwelling
Borders on the shades of death!
Rise on us, thy love revealing,
Dissipate the clouds beneath.

2 Thou, of heaven and earth Creator!
In our deepest darkness rise;
Scatter all the night of nature;
Pour the day upon our eyes.

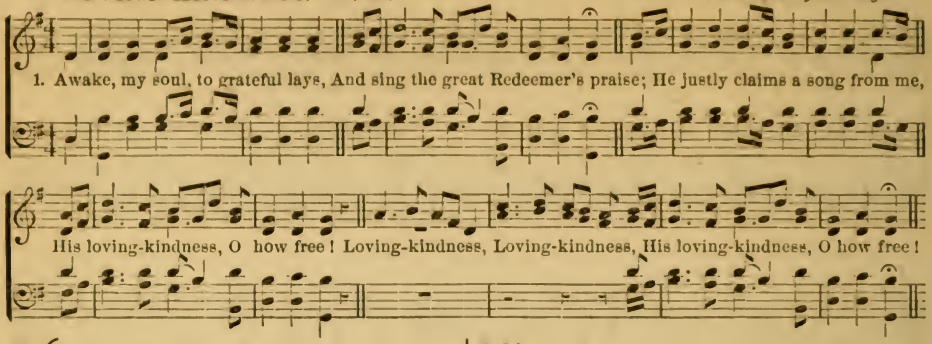
3 Still we wait for thine appearing;
Life and joy thy beams impart,
Chasing all our fears, and cheering
Every poor, benighted heart.

4 Save us, in thy great compassion,
O thou mild, pacific Prince!
Give the knowledge of salvation,
Give the pardon of our sins;

5 By thine all-sufficient merit,
Every burdened soul release;
Every weary, wandering spirit,
Guide into thy perfect peace.

*Charles Wesley.* 1745.

LOVING-KINDNESS. L. M. *Christian Lyre.* 1830.


1. Awake, my soul, to grateful lays, And sing the great Redeemer's praise; He justly claims a song from me,
His loving-kindness, O how free! Loving-kindness, Loving-kindness, His loving-kindness, O how free!

## 226

2 He saw me ruined in the fall,
Yet loved me notwithstanding all,
And saved me from my lost estate,
His loving-kindness is so great.

3 Through mighty hosts of cruel foes,
Where earth and hell my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along,
His loving-kindness is so strong.

4 So when I pass death's gloomy vale,
And life and mortal powers shall fail,
O may my last expiring breath
His loving-kindness sing in death.

5 Then shall I mount, and soar away
To the bright world of endless day;
There shall I sing, with sweet surprise,
His loving-kindness in the skies.

*Samuel Medley.* 1787.

## 227

1 JESUS, my heart within me burns,
To tell thee all its conscious love;
And from earth's low delights it turns,
To taste a joy like that above.

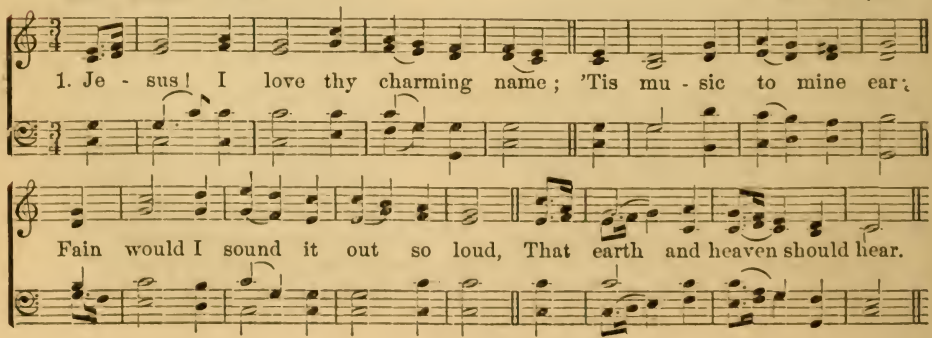
2 When thou to me dost condescend,
In love divine, thou Blesséd One,
The moments that with thee I spend,
Seem e'en as heaven itself begun.

3 Though oft these lips my love have told,
They still the story would repeat;
To me the rapture ne'er grows old
That thrills me bending at thy feet.

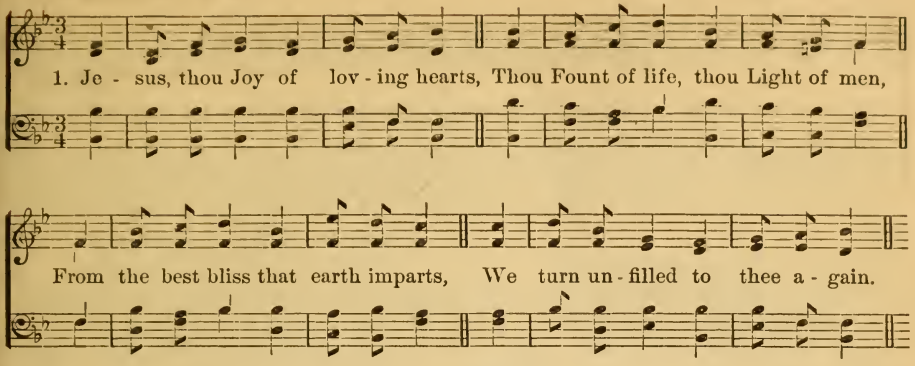
4 Reign thou sole Sovereign of my heart,
My all I yield to thy control;
O let me never from thee part,
Thou Best Belovéd of my soul.

*Ray Palmer.* 1869.

HOWARD. C. M. *S. Howard.* 1760.



HEBRON. L. M. *Lowell Mason.* 1830.


1. Je - sus, thou Joy of lov - ing hearts, Thou Fount of life, thou Light of men,
From the best bliss that earth imparts, We turn un - filled to thee a - gain.

## 228

2 Thy truth unchanged hath ever stood;
Thou savest those that on thee call;
To them that seek thee, thou art good,
To them that find thee, All in all.

3 We taste thee, O thou living Bread,
And long to feast upon thee still;
We drink of thee, the Fountain Head,
And thirst, our souls from thee to fill.

4 Our restless spirits yearn for thee,
Where'er our changeful lot is cast;
Glad, when thy gracious smile we see,
Blest, when our faith can hold thee fast.

5 O Jesus, ever with us stay;
Make all our moments calm and bright;
Chase the dark night of sin away;
Shed o'er the world thy holy light.

*Bernard of Clairvaux.* 1140.
*Tr. by Ray Palmer.* 1833.

## 229

1 Lord Jesus, when we stand afar
And gaze upon thy holy cross,
In love of thee and scorn of self,
O may we count the world as loss.

2 When we behold thy bleeding wounds,
And the rough way that thou hast trod,
Make us to hate the load of sin
That lay so heavy on our God.

3 O holy Lord, uplifted high
With outstretched arms, in mortal woe,
Embracing in thy wondrous love
The sinful world that lies below;

4 Give us an ever-living faith
To gaze beyond the things we see;
And, in the mystery of thy death,
Draw us and all men unto thee.

*William Walsham How.* 1854.

## 230

1 Jesus! I love thy charming name;
'Tis music to mine ear:
Fain would I sound it out so loud,
That earth and heaven should hear.

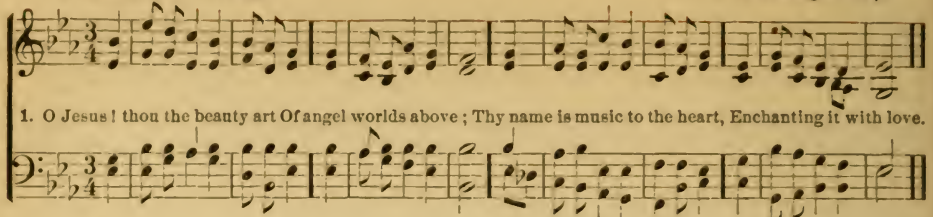
2 All that my loftiest powers can wish,
In thee doth richly meet;
Not to mine eyes is light so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.

3 Thy grace still dwells upon my heart,
And sheds its fragrance there;
The noblest balm of all my wounds,
The cordial of my care.

4 I'll speak the honors of thy name
With my last laboring breath;
Then, speechless, clasp thee in mine arms,
The Conqueror of death.

*Philip Doddridge.* 1755.

DELIGHT. C. M. *A. R. Reinagle.* 1840.




231

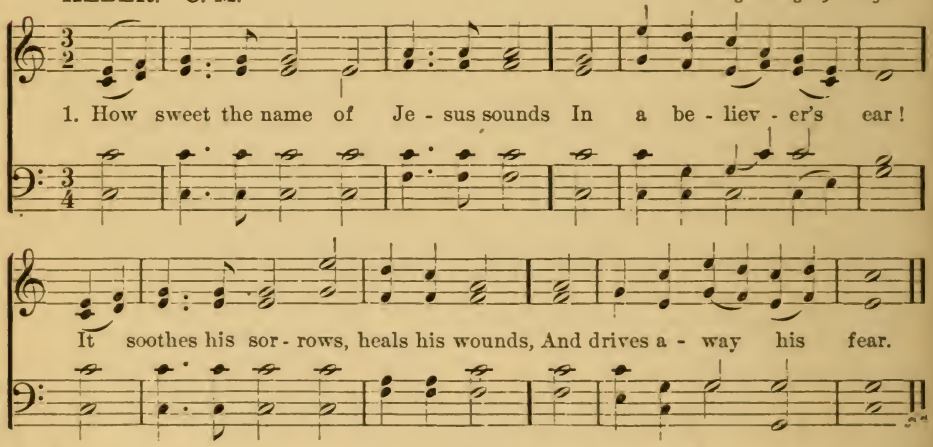
2 O Jesus, Saviour! hear the sighs
Which unto thee I send;
To thee my inmost spirit cries,
My being's hope and end.

3 Stay with us, Lord! and with thy light
Illume the soul's abyss;
Scatter the darkness of our night,
And fill the world with bliss.

4 O Jesus, King of earth and heaven,
Our life and joy! to thee
Be honor, thanks and blessing given
Through all eternity!

*Bernard of Clairvaux.* 1140.
*Tr. Edward Caswall.* 1849.

HEBER. C. M. *George Kingsley.* 1838.




232

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest.

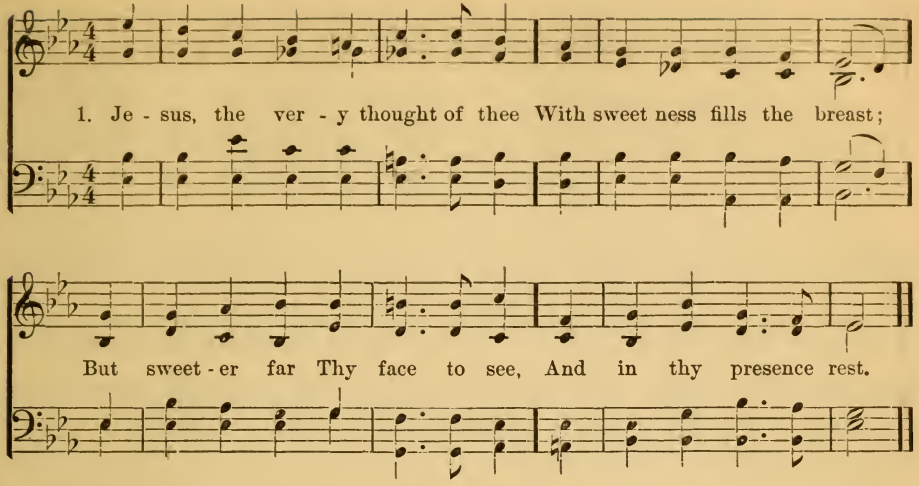
3 Jesus! my Shepherd, Guardian, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest and King!
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End!
Accept the praise I bring.

4 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought·
But when I see thee as thou art,
I'll praise thee as I ought.

5 Till then I would thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

*John Newton.* 1779.

BERNARD. C. M. *J. Barnby.* 1861.




## 233

1 Jesus, the very thought of thee
With sweetness fills the breast;
But sweeter far thy face to see,
And in thy presence rest.

2 Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find,
A sweeter sound than thy blest name,
O Saviour of mankind!

3 O Hope of every contrite heart!
O Joy of all the meek!
To those who fall, how kind thou art!
How good to those who seek!

4 But what to those who find? Ah! this
Nor tongue nor pen can show:
The love of Jesus,—what it is,
None but his loved ones know.

5 Jesus, our only joy be thou!
As thou our prize wilt be;
Jesus, be thou our glory now,
And through eternity!

*Bernard of Clairvaux.* 1140.
*Tr. Edward Caswall.* 1849.

## 234

1 O Jesus! King most wonderful,
Thou Conqueror renowned;
Thou sweetness most ineffable,
In whom all joys are found!

2 When once thou visitest the heart,
Then truth begins to shine;
Then earthly vanities depart;
Then kindles love divine.

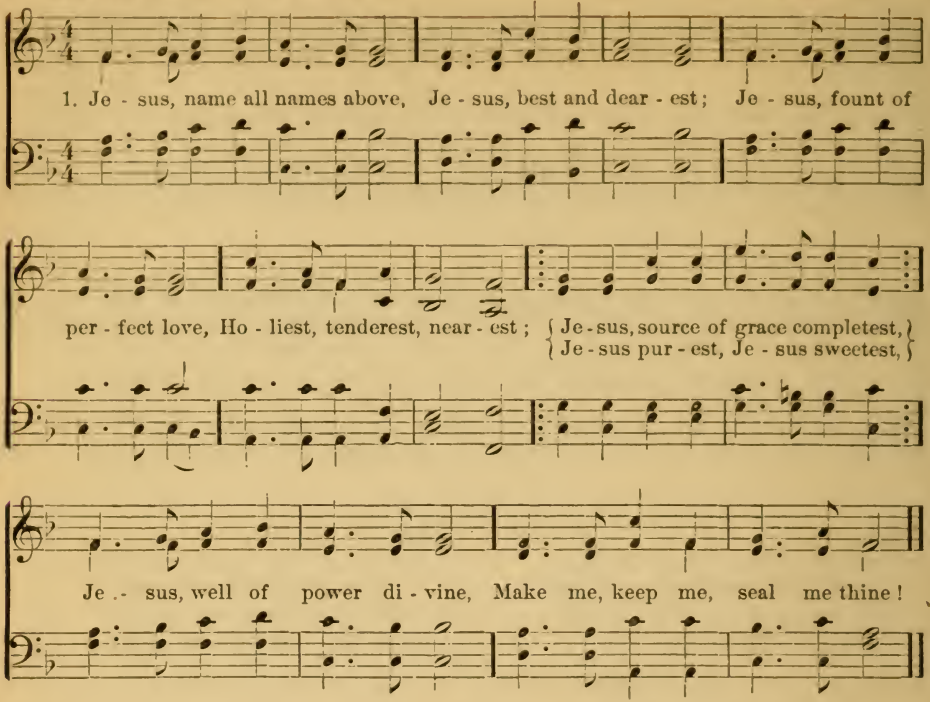
3 O Jesus, Light of all below!
Thou Fount of life and fire!
Surpassing all the joys we know,
All that we can desire;

4 May every heart confess thy name,
And ever thee adore;
And, seeking thee, itself inflame
To seek thee more and more.

5 Thee may our tongues forever bless;
Thee may we love alone;
And ever in our lives express
The image of thine own.

*Bernard of Clairvaux.* 1140.
*Tr. Edward Caswall.* 1849.

CASTELLO. 7s, 6s & 8s. *U. C. Burnap.* 1870.


1. Je - sus, name all names above, Je - sus, best and dear - est; Je - sus, fount of
per - fect love, Ho - liest, tenderest, near - est; { Je - sus, source of grace completest, / Je - sus pur - est, Je - sus sweetest, }
Je - sus, well of power di - vine, Make me, keep me, seal me thine!

## 235

2 Jesus, open me the gate
Which the sinner entered,
Who, in his last dying state,
Wholly on thee ventured;
Thou, whose wounds are ever pleading,
And thy passion interceding,
From my misery let me rise,
To a home in Paradise.

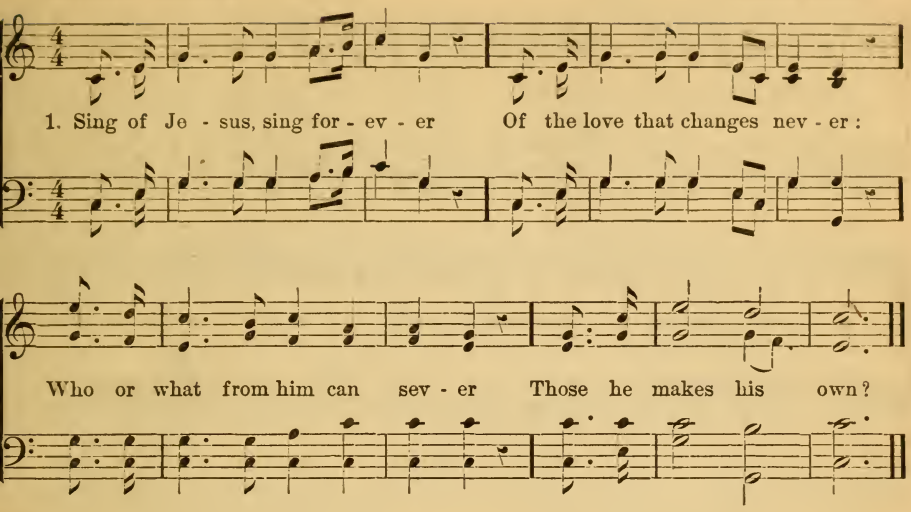
3 Woe, that I have turned aside
After fleshly pleasure!
Woe, that I have never tried
For the heavenly treasure!
Treasure, safe in homes supernal,
Incorruptible, eternal:
Treasure no less price hath won
Than the passion of the Son.

4 Jesus, crowned with thorns for me,
Scourged for my transgression,
Witnessing, through agony,
That thy good confession;
Jesus, clad in purple raiment,
For my evil making payment;
Let not all thy woe and pain,
Let not Calvary, be in vain.

5 When I cross death's bitter sea,
And its waves roll higher,
Help the more forsaking me
As the storm draws nigher;
Jesus, leave me not to languish,
Helpless, hopeless, full of anguish:
Tell me, "Verily, I say,
"Thou shalt be with me to-day."

*Theoctistus of the Studium.* 890.
*Tr. John Mason Neale.* 1862.

SONG. 8s & 5s. *German Melody.*




## 236

1 Sing of Jesus, sing for ever
Of the love that changes never;
Who or what from him can sever
Those he makes his own?

2 With his blood the Lord has bought them;
When they knew him not, he sought them,
And from all their wanderings brought them;
His the praise alone.

3 Through the desert Jesus leads them,
With the bread of heaven he feeds them,
And through all the way he speeds them
To their home above.

4 There they see the Lord who bought them,
Him who came from heaven, and sought them,
Him who by his Spirit taught them,
Him they serve and love.

5 Let his people sing with gladness,
Other mirth than this is madness,
Mirth it is that ends in sadness,
Be it far away.

6 'Tis the saints have solid treasure,
They can sing with holy pleasure,
And their joy will know no measure,
In the final day.

*Thomas Kelly.* 1815.

## 237

1 Saints in glory, we together
Know the song that ceases never;
Song of songs thou art, O Saviour,
All that endless day.

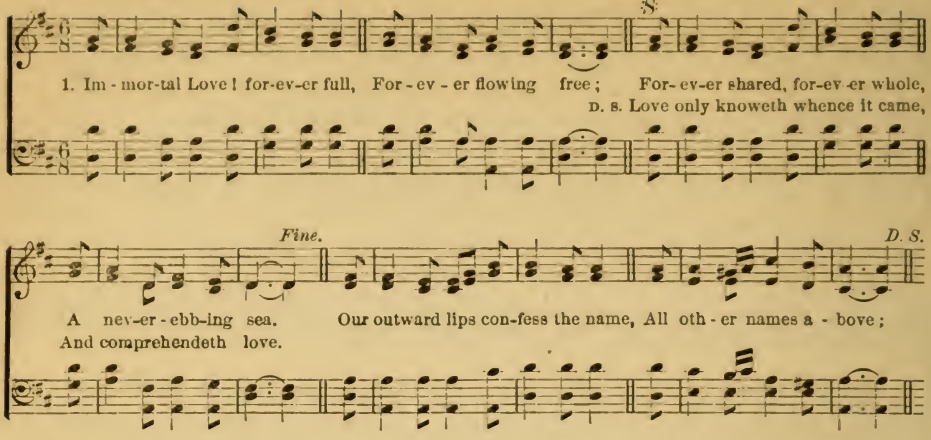
2 Come, ye angels, round us gather,
While to Jesus we draw nearer;
In his throne he'll seat forever
Those for whom he died.

3 Underneath his throne a river,
Clear as crystal, flows forever,
Like his fullness, failing never;
Hail, enthronéd Lamb!

4 O the unsearchable Redeemer!
Shoreless Ocean, sounded never!
Yesterday, to-day, forever,
Jesus Christ, the same.

*Nehemiah Adams.* 1864.

INVITATION. C. M. D. *Arr. from Ludwig Spohr.* (1784—1859.)


1. Im - mor-tal Love! for-ev-er full, For - ev - er flowing free; For- ev-er shared, for-ev er whole,
D. S. Love only knoweth whence it came,
Fine.
D. S.
A nev-er - ebb-ing sea. Our outward lips con-fess the name, All oth - er names a - bove;
And comprehendeth love.

## 238

2 We may not climb the heavenly steeps
To bring the Lord Christ down;
In vain we search the lowest deeps,
For him no depths can drown.
Nor holy bread, nor blood of grape
The lineaments restore
Of him we know in outward shape
And in the flesh no more.

3 In joy of inward peace, or sense
Of sorrow over sin,
He is his own best evidence:
His witness is within.
And warm, sweet, tender, even yet
A present help is he;
And faith has still its Olivet;
And love, its Galilee.

4 O Lord and Master of us all!
Whate'er our name or sign,
We own thy sway, we hear thy call,
We test our lives by thine.
Deep strike thy roots, O heavenly Vine,
Within our earthly sod!
Most human, and yet most divine,
The flower of man and God!

*John G. Whittier.*

## 239

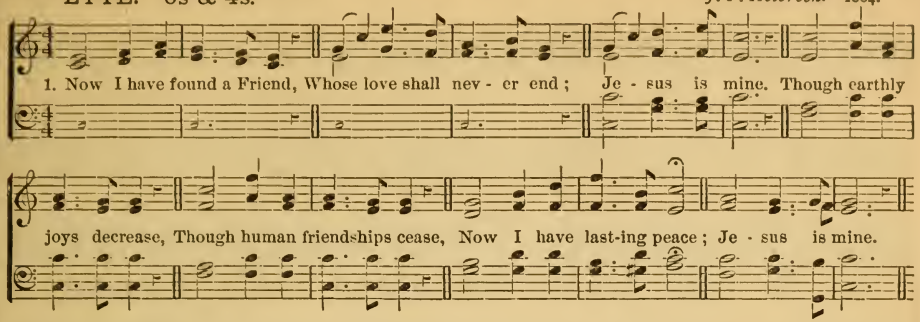
1 O Love! O Life! our faith and sight
Thy presence maketh one;
As through transfigured clouds of white
We trace the noonday sun:
So, to our mortal eyes subdued,
Flesh-veiled, but not concealed,
We know in thee the fatherhood
And heart of God revealed.

2 We faintly hear, we dimly see,
In differing phrase we pray;
But, dim or clear, we own in thee
The Light, the Truth, the Way.
Apart from thee, all gain is loss,
All labor vainly done;
The solemn shadow of thy cross
Is better than the sun.

3 Our Friend, our Brother, and our Lord,
What may thy service be?
Nor name, nor form, nor ritual word;
But simply—following thee.
The heart must ring thy Christmas bells,
Thy inward altars raise;
Its faith and hope, thy canticles;
And its obedience, praise.

*John G. Whittier.*

LYTE. 6s & 4s. *J. P. Holbrook.* 1864.


1. Now I have found a Friend, Whose love shall nev - er end; Je - sus is mine. Though earthly
joys decrease, Though human friendships cease, Now I have last-ing peace; Je - sus is mine.

## 240

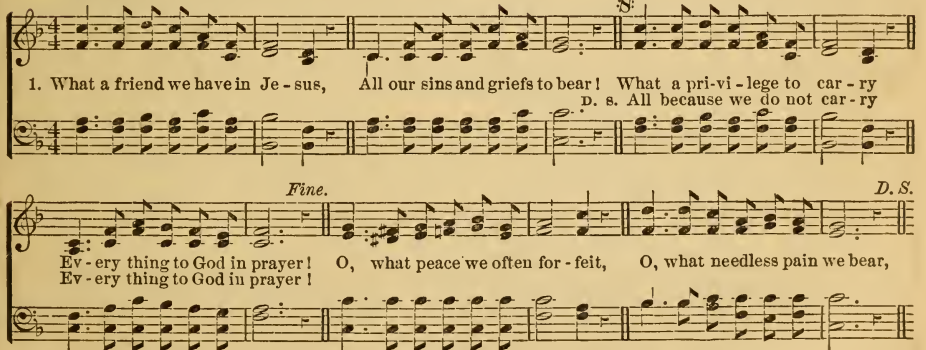
2 Though I grow poor and old,
He will my faith uphold;
Jesus is mine.
He shall my wants supply;
His precious blood is nigh,
Naught can my hope destroy;
Jesus is mine.

3 When earth shall pass away,
In the great judgment day,
Jesus is mine.
O, what a glorious thing
There to behold my King,
On tuneful harps to sing,
Jesus is mine.

4 Father! thy name I bless;
Thine was the sovereign grace;
Praise shall be thine;
Spirit of holiness!
Sealing the Father's grace,
Thou mad'st my soul embrace
Jesus as mine.

*Henry Joy McCracken Hope.* 1852.

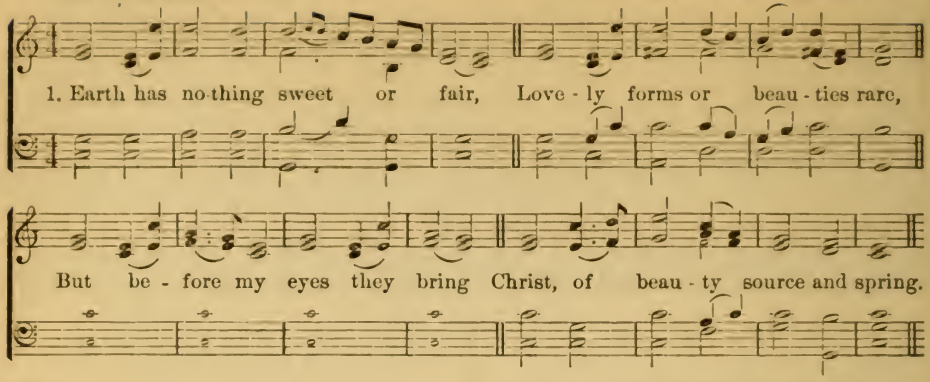
WHAT A FRIEND. 8s & 7s. D. *C. C. Converse.*


1. What a friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear! What a pri-vi - lege to car - ry
D. S. All because we do not car - ry
Fine.
D. S.
Ev - ery thing to God in prayer! O, what peace we often for - feit, O, what needless pain we bear,
Ev - ery thing to God in prayer!

## 241

2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged,—
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness—
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

*Horatius Bonar.*

VON WEBER. 7s. *Carl M. von Weber.* (1786—1826.)

1. Earth has no-thing sweet or fair, Love - ly forms or beau - ties rare,
But be - fore my eyes they bring Christ, of beau - ty source and spring.

## 242

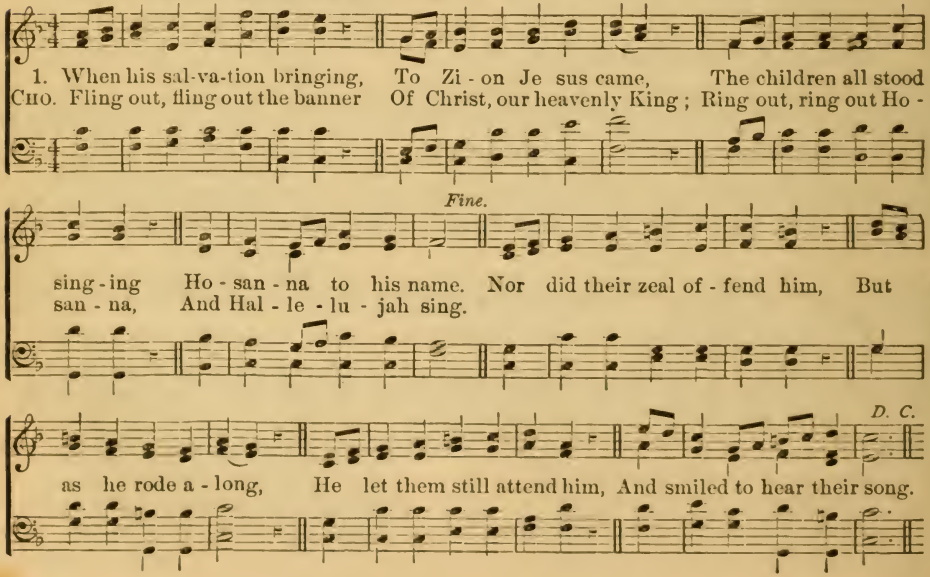
2 When the morning paints the skies,
When the golden sunbeams rise,
Then my Saviour's form I find
Brightly imaged on my mind.

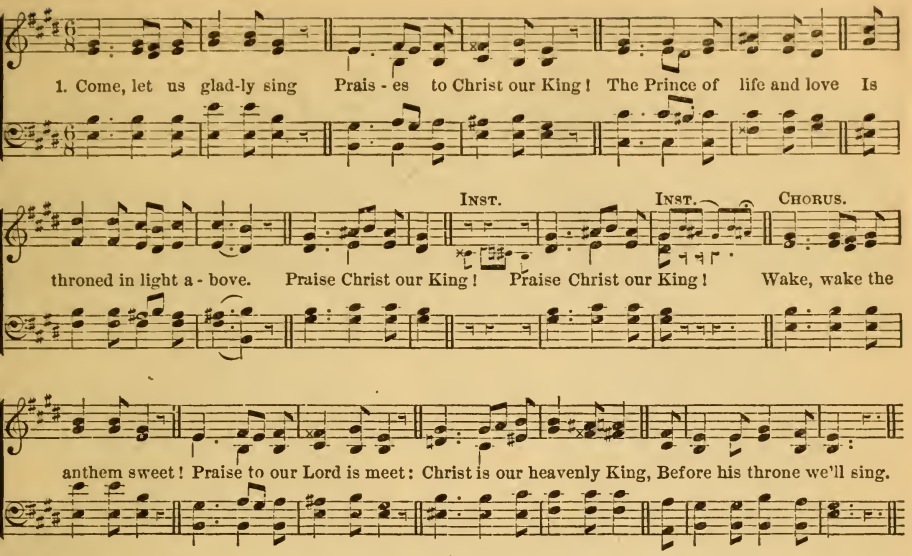
3 When the star-beams pierce the night,
Oft I think on Jesus' light,
Think how bright that light will be,
Shining through eternity.

4 Lord of all that's fair to see,
Come, reveal thyself to me;
Let me, 'mid thy radiant light,
See thine unveiled glories bright.

*Johann Angelus Silesius.* 1657.
*Tr. by Frances E. Cox.* 1841.

CHILDREN'S HOSANNA. 7s & 6s. D.


1. When his sal-va-tion bringing, To Zi - on Je sus came, The children all stood
Cho. Fling out, fling out the banner Of Christ, our heavenly King; Ring out, ring out Ho -
Fine.
sing - ing Ho - san - na to his name. Nor did their zeal of - fend him, But
san - na, And Hal - le - lu - jah sing.
D. C.
as he rode a - long, He let them still attend him, And smiled to hear their song.

CHRISTUS REX. 6s. *From Gioacchimo Rossini.*

1. Come, let us glad-ly sing Prais - es to Christ our King! The Prince of life and love Is
INST. INST. CHORUS.
throned in light a - bove. Praise Christ our King! Praise Christ our King! Wake, wake the
anthem sweet! Praise to our Lord is meet: Christ is our heavenly King, Before his throne we'll sing.

243

2 Thorn-crowned, in splendor now,
Angels before him bow;
Hear their cherubic call!
"Immanuel, Lord of all!"
Praise Christ our King! CHORUS.

3 Into that kingdom fair
He'll bring each ransomed heir;
Sing, sinner saved by grace,
For you shall see his face.
Praise Christ our King! CHORUS.

244

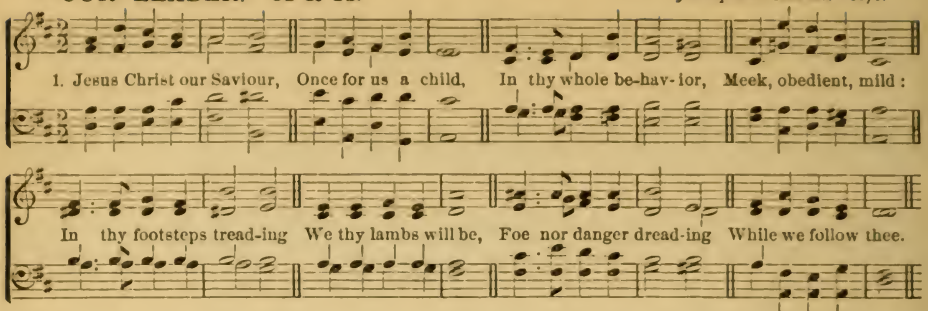
1 WHEN his salvation bringing,
To Zion Jesus came,
The children all stood singing
Hosanna to his name.
Nor did their zeal offend him,
But as he rode along
He let them still attend him,
And smiled to hear their song.
CHORUS. Fling out, fling out the banner,
Of Christ, our heavenly King;
Ring out, ring out Hosanna,
And Hallelujah sing.

2 And since the Lord retaineth
His love to children still,
Though now as King he reigneth
On Zion's heavenly hill;
We'll flock around his banner,
We'll bow before his throne,
And cry aloud, Hosanna
To David's royal Son. CHORUS.

3 For should we fail proclaiming
Our great Redeemer's praise,
The stones, our silence shaming,
Would their hosannas raise.
But shall we only render
The tribute of our words?
No; while our hearts are tender,
They too shall be the Lord's. CHO

*Joshua King.* 1819.

OUR LEADER. 6s & 5s. *J. Baptiste Calkin.* 1871.

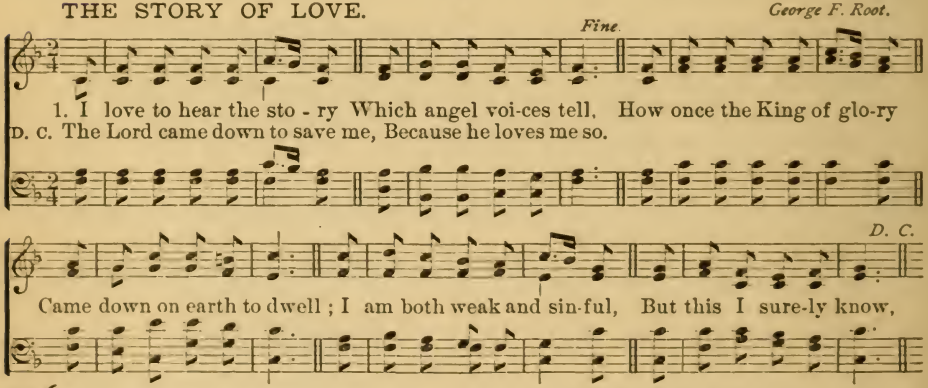

1. Jesus Christ our Saviour, Once for us a child, In thy whole be-hav-ior, Meek, obedient, mild:
In thy footsteps tread-ing We thy lambs will be, Foe nor danger dread-ing While we follow thee.

245

2 For all gifts and graces
While we live below,
Till in heavenly places
We thy face shall know;
We, thy children, raising
Unto thee our hearts,
In thy constant praising
Bear our duteous parts.

3 Let thine angels guide us;
Let thine arms enfold;
In thy bosom hide us,
Sheltered from the cold;
As thy love hath won us
From the world away,
Still thy hands put on us;
Bless us day by day.

*W. Whiting.*

THE STORY OF LOVE. *George F. Root.*

Fine.
1. I love to hear the sto - ry Which angel voi-ces tell, How once the King of glo-ry
D. C. The Lord came down to save me, Because he loves me so.
D. C.
Came down on earth to dwell; I am both weak and sin-ful, But this I sure-ly know,

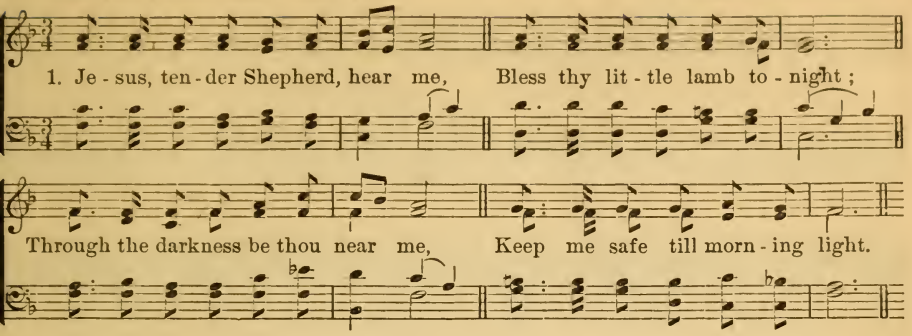
246

2 I'm glad my blesséd Saviour
Was once a child like me,
To show how pure and holy
His little ones should be.
And if I try to follow
His footsteps here below,
He never will forget me,
Because he loves me so.

3 To sing his love and mercy,
My sweetest songs I'll raise;
And though I cannot see him
I know he hears my praise;
And he has kindly promised
That I shall surely go
To sing among his angels,
Because he loves me so.

*George F. Root.*

ST. SYLVESTER. 8s & 7s. *John B. Dykes.* 1861.


1. Je - sus, ten - der Shepherd, hear me, Bless thy lit - tle lamb to - night;
Through the darkness be thou near me, Keep me safe till morn - ing light.

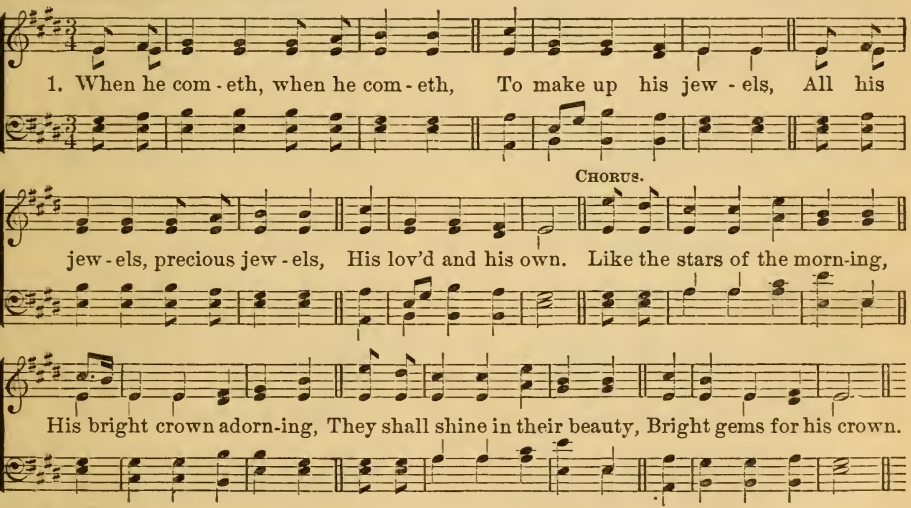
247

2 All this day thy hand has led me,
And I thank thee for thy care;
Thou hast clothed me, warmed and fed me,
Listen to my evening prayer.

3 Let my sins be all forgiven,
Bless the friends I love so well;
Take me when I die to heaven,
Happy there with thee to dwell.

*Mary Lundie Duncan.* 1839.

PRECIOUS JEWELS. *George F. Root.*


1. When he com - eth, when he com - eth, To make up his jew - els, All his
CHORUS.
jew - els, precious jew - els, His lov'd and his own. Like the stars of the morn-ing,
His bright crown adorn-ing, They shall shine in their beauty, Bright gems for his crown.

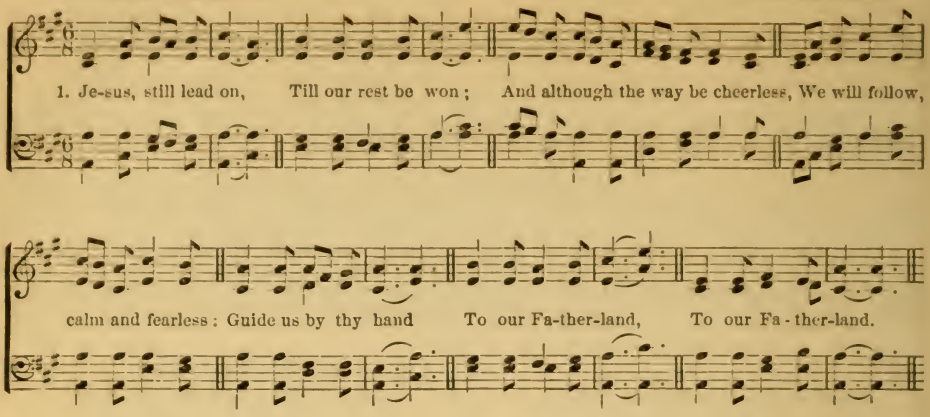
248

2 He will gather, he will gather
The gems for his kingdom;
All the pure ones, all the bright ones,
His lov'd and his own. CHORUS.

3 Little children, little children,
Who love their Redeemer,
Are the jewels, precious jewels,
His lov'd and his own. CHORUS.

*William O. Cushing.*

GUIDE. 5s & 8s. *Western Melody.*


1. Je-sus, still lead on, Till our rest be won; And although the way be cheerless, We will follow,
calm and fearless: Guide us by thy hand To our Fa-ther-land, To our Fa-ther-land.

## 249

1 JESUS, still lead on,
Till our rest be won;
And although the way be cheerless,
We will follow, calm and fearless:
Guide us by thy hand
To our Fatherland.

2 If the way be drear,
If the foe be near,
Let not faithless fears o'ertake us,
Let not faith and hope forsake us;
For, through many a foe,
To our home we go.

3 When we seek relief
From a long-felt grief,
When temptations come alluring,
Make us patient and enduring;
Show us that bright shore
Where we weep no more.

4 Jesus, still lead on,
Till our rest be won;
Heavenly Leader, still direct us,
Still support, console, protect us,
Till we safely stand
In our Fatherland.

*N. L. Zinzendorf.* 1721.
*Tr. by Jane Borthwick.* 1853.

## 250

1 JESUS, who can be
Once compared with thee!
Source of rest and consolation,
Life and light, and full salvation;
Son of God, with thee
None compared can be!

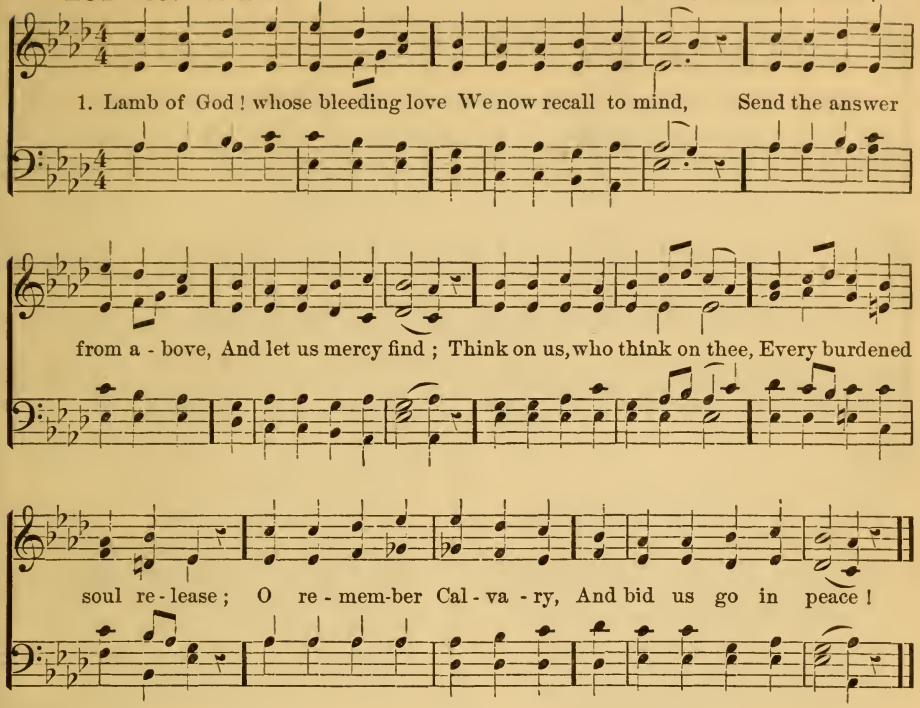
2 Thou hast died for me,
From all misery
And distress me to deliver,
And from death to save forever;
I am by thy blood
Reconciled to God.

3 Grant me steadiness,
Lord, to run my race,
Following thee with love most tender,
So that Satan may not hinder
Me by craft or force;
Further thou my course.

4 When I hence depart,
Strengthen thou my heart;
Where thou art, O Lord, convey me;
In thy righteousness array me,
That at thy right hand
Joyful I may stand.

*J. A. Freylinghausen.* 1713.
*Moravian Collection.* 1754.

LUDWIG. 7s & 6s. *Ludwig von Beethoven.* 1824.


1. Lamb of God! whose bleeding love We now recall to mind, Send the answer
from a - bove, And let us mercy find; Think on us, who think on thee, Every burdened
soul re - lease; O re - mem-ber Cal - va - ry, And bid us go in peace!

**251**

1 Lamb of God! whose bleeding love
We now recall to mind,
Send the answer from above,
And let us mercy find;
Think on us, who think on thee,
Every burdened soul release;
O remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace!

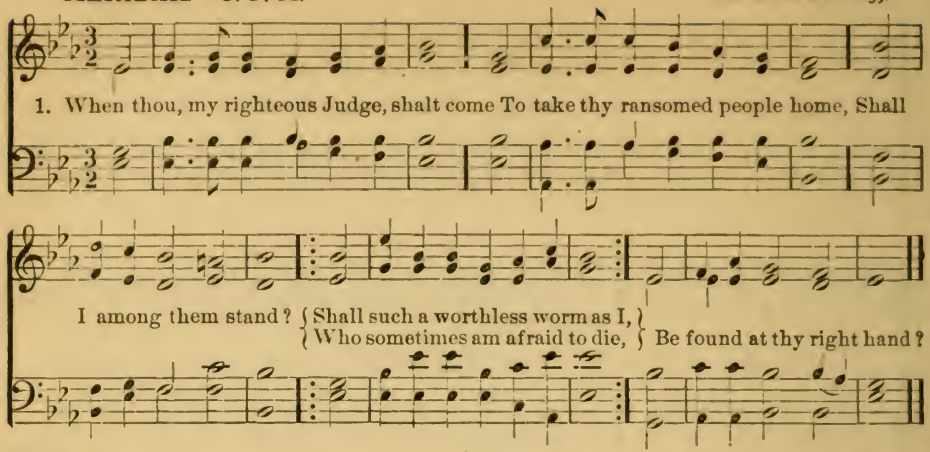
2 By thine agonizing pain
And bloody sweat, we pray;
By thy dying love to man,
Take all our sins away:
Burst our bonds, and set us free,
From our crime and guilt release;
O remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace!

3 Through thy blood, by faith applied,
Let sinners pardon feel;
Speak us freely justified,
And all our sickness heal;
By thy passion on the tree,
Let our griefs and troubles cease;
O remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace!

4 Never will we hence depart,
Till thou our wants relieve!
Write forgiveness on our heart,
And all thine image give;
Still our souls shall cry to thee,
Till complete in holiness;
O remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace!

*Charles Wesley.* 1745.

MÉRIBAH C. P. M. *Lowell Mason.* 1839.


1. When thou, my righteous Judge, shalt come To take thy ransomed people home, Shall
I among them stand? { Shall such a worthless worm as I, / Who sometimes am afraid to die, } Be found at thy right hand?

252

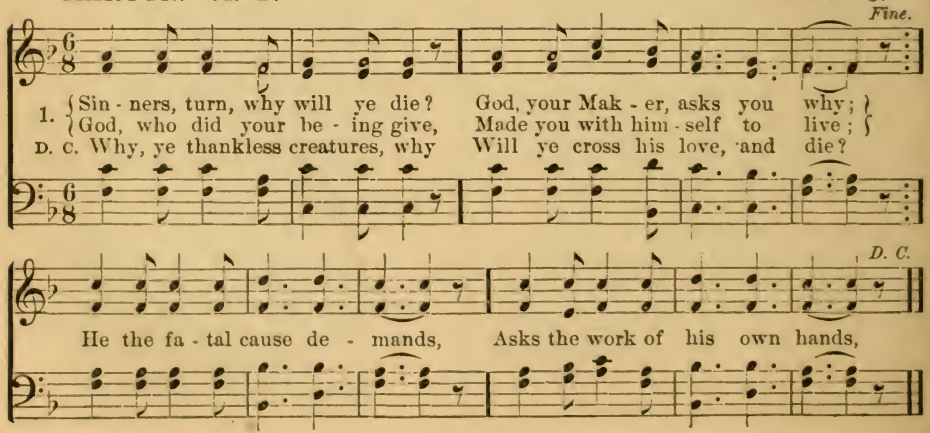
2 I love to meet thy people now,
Before thy feet with them to bow,
Though vilest of them all;
But, can I bear the piercing thought,
What if my name should be left out,
When thou for them shalt call?

3 O Lord, prevent it by thy grace,
Be thou my only hiding-place,
In this the accepted day;
Thy pardoning voice, O, let me hear,
To still my unbelieving fear,
Nor let me fall, I pray.

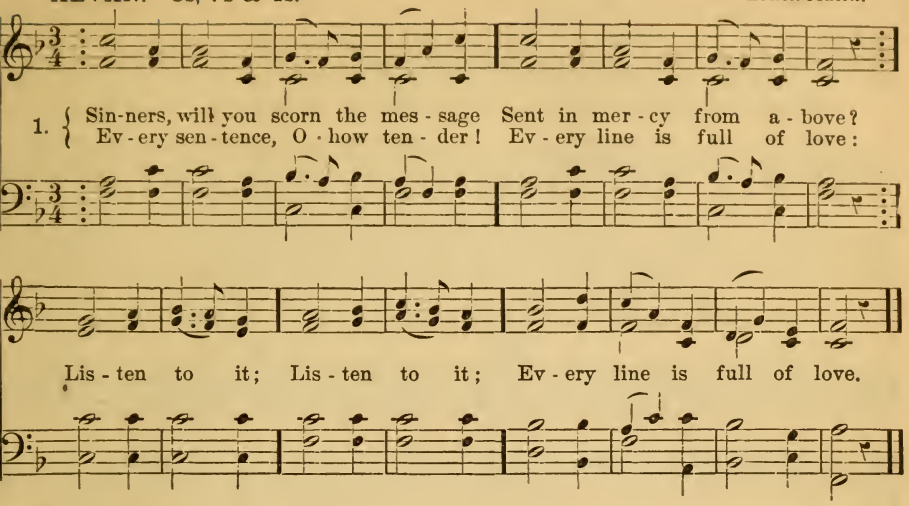
4 Among thy saints let me be found,
Whene'er the archangel's trump shall sound,
To see thy smiling face;
Then loudest of the throng I'll sing,
While heaven's resounding mansions ring
With shouts of sovereign grace.

*Countess of Huntingdon.* 1772.

MARTYN. 7s. D. *S. B. Marsh.* 1834.


Fine.
1. { Sin - ners, turn, why will ye die? God, your Mak - er, asks you why; / God, who did your be - ing give, Made you with him - self to live; }
D. C. Why, ye thankless creatures, why Will ye cross his love, and die?
D. C.
He the fa - tal cause de - mands, Asks the work of his own hands,

ALVAN. 8s, 7s & 4s. *Lowell Mason.*


1. Sin-ners, will you scorn the mes-sage Sent in mer-cy from a-bove?
Ev-ery sen-tence, O how ten-der! Ev-ery line is full of love:
Lis-ten to it; Lis-ten to it; Ev-ery line is full of love.

## 253

2 Hear the heralds of the gospel
News from Zion's King proclaim:
"Pardon to each rebel sinner,
Free forgiveness in his name:"
How important!
"Free forgiveness in his name."

3 Tempted souls, they bring you succor;
Fearful hearts, they quell your fears,
And, with news of consolation,
Chase away the falling tears:
Tender heralds!
Chase away the falling tears.

4 O ye angels, hovering round us,
Waiting spirits, speed your way;
Haste ye to the court of heaven,
Tidings bear without delay,
Rebel sinners
Glad the message will obey.

*Jonathan Allen.* 1801.

## 254

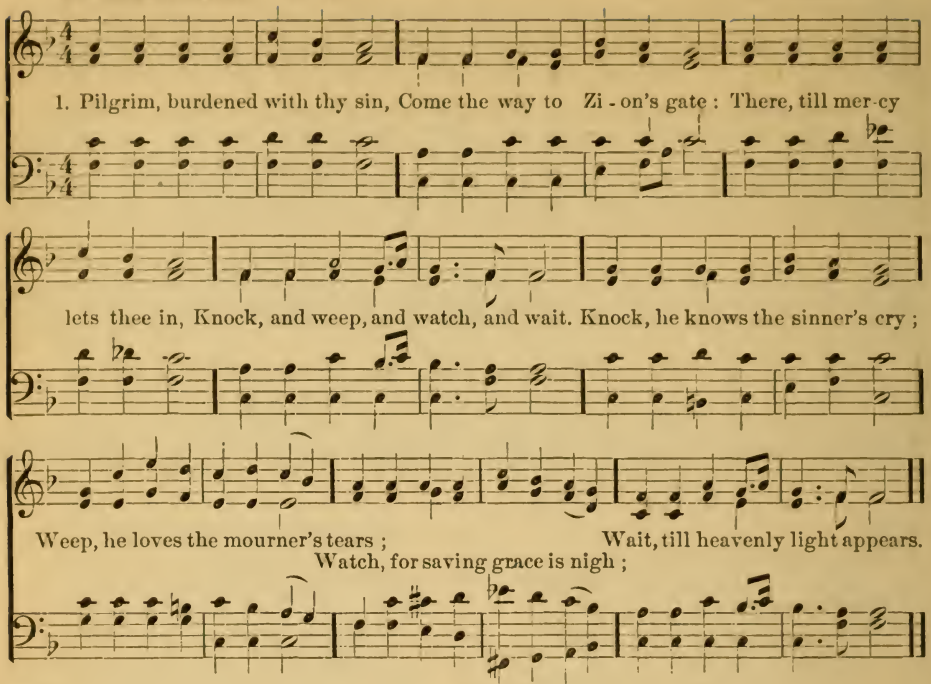
1 SINNERS, turn, why will ye die?
God, your Maker, asks you why;
God, who did your being give,
Made you with himself to live;
He the fatal cause demands,
Asks the work of his own hands,
Why, ye thankless creatures, why
Will ye cross his love, and die?

2 Sinners, turn, why will ye die?
God, your Saviour, asks you why;
He who did your souls retrieve,
Died himself that ye might live;
Will you let him die in vain?
Crucify your Lord again?
Why, ye ransomed sinners, why
Will you slight his grace, and die?

3 Sinners, turn, why will ye die?
God, the Spirit, asks you why;
He, who all your lives hath strove,
Wooed you to embrace his love:
Will you not his grace receive?
Will you still refuse to live?
Why, ye long-sought sinners, why
Will ye grieve your God, and die?

*Charles Wesley.* 1745.

BLUMENTHAL. 7s. D. *J. Blumenthal.*


1. Pilgrim, burdened with thy sin, Come the way to Zi - on's gate: There, till mer-cy
lets thee in, Knock, and weep, and watch, and wait. Knock, he knows the sinner's cry;
Weep, he loves the mourner's tears; Wait, till heavenly light appears.
Watch, for saving grace is nigh;

## 255

2 Hark! it is the Saviour's voice—
"Welcome, pilgrim, to thy rest!"
Now within the gate rejoice,
Safe, and owned, and bought, and blest:
Safe, from all the lures of vice;
Owned, by joys the contrite know;
Bought by love, and life the price;
Blest, the mighty debt to owe.

3 Weary pilgrim! what for thee
In a world like this remains?
From thy guarded breast shall flee
Fear, and shame, and doubts, and pains:
Fear, the hope of heaven shall fly;
Shame, from glory's view retire;
Doubt, in full belief, shall die;
Pain, in endless bliss, expire.

*George Crabbe.* 1807.

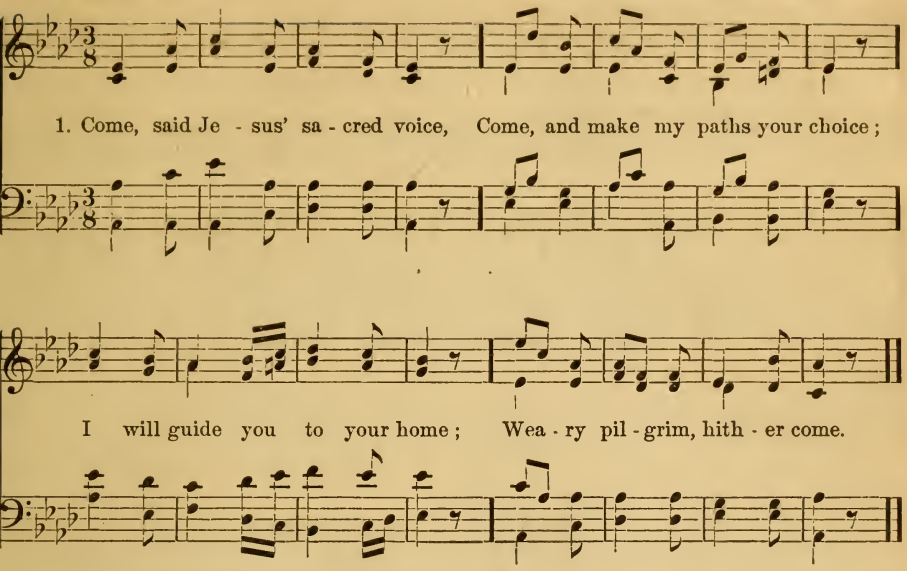
## 256

1 Sinner, rouse thee from thy sleep;
Wake, and o'er thy folly weep;
Raise thy spirit, dark and dead;
Jesus waits his light to shed.
Wake from sleep; arise from death;
See the bright and living path;
Watchful, tread that path; be wise;
Leave thy folly, seek the skies.

2 Leave thy folly, cease from crime;
From this hour redeem thy time;
Life secure without delay;
Evil is thy mortal day.
O then, rouse thee from thy sleep!
Wake, and o'er thy folly weep;
Jesus calls from death and night;
Jesus waits to shed his light.

*H. U. Onderdonk.* 1826.

HORTON. 7s. *Xavier Schnyder von Wartensee.* 1786.




## 257

1 Come, said Jesus' sacred voice,
Come, and make my paths your choice;
I will guide you to your home;
Weary pilgrim, hither come.

2 Thou who, homeless and forlorn,
Long hast borne the proud world's scorn;
Long hast roamed the barren waste,
Weary wanderer, hither haste.

3 Ye who, tossed on beds of pain,
Seek for ease, but seek in vain;
Ye, by fiercer anguish torn,
In remorse for guilt who mourn;

4 Hither come, for here is found
Balm that flows for every wound,
Peace that ever shall endure,
Rest eternal, sacred, sure.

*Anna L. Barbauld.* 1773.

## 258

1 Thine for ever, God of love!
Hear us from thy throne above;
Thine for ever may we be,
Here and in eternity.

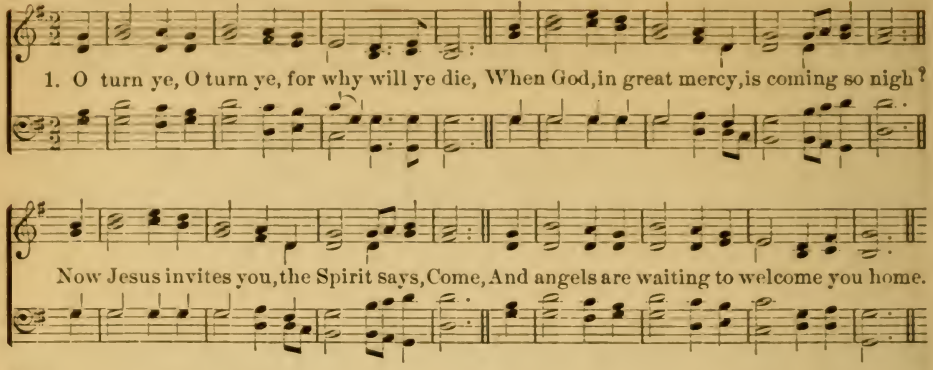
2 Thine for ever, Lord of life!
Shield us through the earthly strife;
Thou, the Life, the Truth, the Way,
Guide us to the realms of day.

3 Thine for ever, O how blest
They who find in thee their rest;
Saviour, Guardian, heavenly Friend!
O defend us to the end.

4 Thine for ever, Saviour, keep
These thy frail and trembling sheep;
Safe alone beneath thy care,
Let us all thy goodness share.

*Mary F. Maude.* 1848.

EXPOSTULATION. 11s. *Josiah Hopkins.* 1830.


1. O turn ye, O turn ye, for why will ye die, When God, in great mercy, is coming so nigh?
Now Jesus invites you, the Spirit says, Come, And angels are waiting to welcome you home.

## 259

2 And now Christ is ready your souls to receive, [believe?
O, how can you question, if you will
If sin is your burden, why will you not come? [come home.
'Tis you he bids welcome; he bids you

*Josiah Hopkins.* 1830.

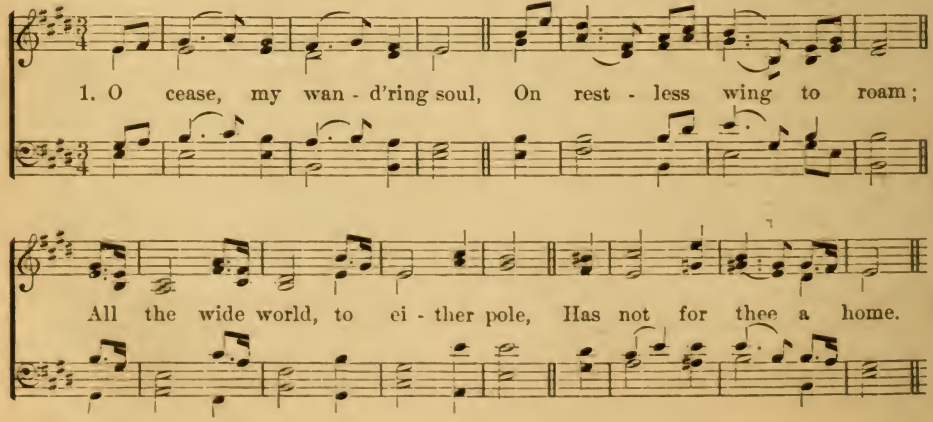
## 260

1 Acquaint thyself quickly, O sinner, with God, [on thy road,
And joy, like the sunshine, shall beam
And peace, like the dewdrop, shall fall on thy head,
And sleep, like an angel, shall visit thy bed.

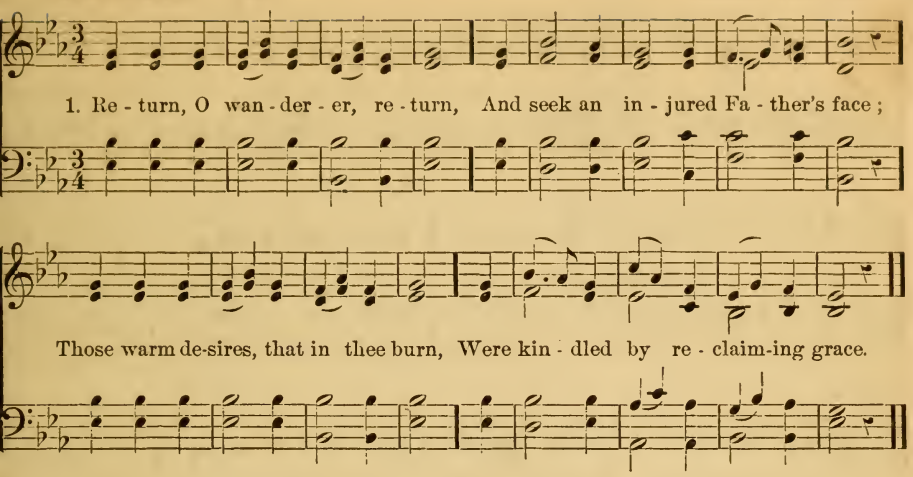
2 Acquaint thyself quickly, O sinner, with God, [are abroad;
And he shall be with thee when fears
Thy Safeguard in danger that threatens thy path; [death.
Thy Joy in the valley and shadow of

*William Knox.* 1825.

ADRIAN. S. M. *John E. Gould.* 1851.



ROSEDALE. L. M. *George F. Root.* 1849.


1. Re - turn, O wan - der - er, re - turn, And seek an in - jured Fa - ther's face;
Those warm de-sires, that in thee burn, Were kin - dled by re - claim-ing grace.

**261**

2 Return, O wanderer, return,
And seek a Father's melting heart;
His pitying eyes thy grief discern,
His hand shall heal thine inward smart.

3 Return, O wanderer, return,
Thy Saviour bids thy spirit live;
Go to his bleeding feet, and learn
How freely Jesus can forgive.

4 Return, O wanderer, return,
And wipe away the falling tear:
'Tis God who says, "No longer mourn,"
'Tis mercy's voice invites thee near.

*William B. Collyer.* 1812.

**262**

1 Take up thy cross, the Saviour said,
If thou wouldst my disciple be;
Deny thyself, the world forsake,
And humbly follow after me.

2 Take up thy cross; let not its weight
Fill thy weak spirit with alarm:
My strength shall bear thy spirit up,
And brace thine heart and nerve thine arm.

3 Take up thy cross, nor heed the shame,
Nor let thy foolish heart rebel;
Thy Lord for thee the cross endured,
To save thy soul from death and hell.

4 Take up thy cross then in his strength,
And calmly every danger brave;
'Twill guide thee to a better home,
And lead to victory o'er the grave.

5 Take up thy cross and follow him,
Nor think till death to lay it down;
For only he who bears the cross
May hope to wear the glorious crown.

*Charles W. Everest.* 1833.

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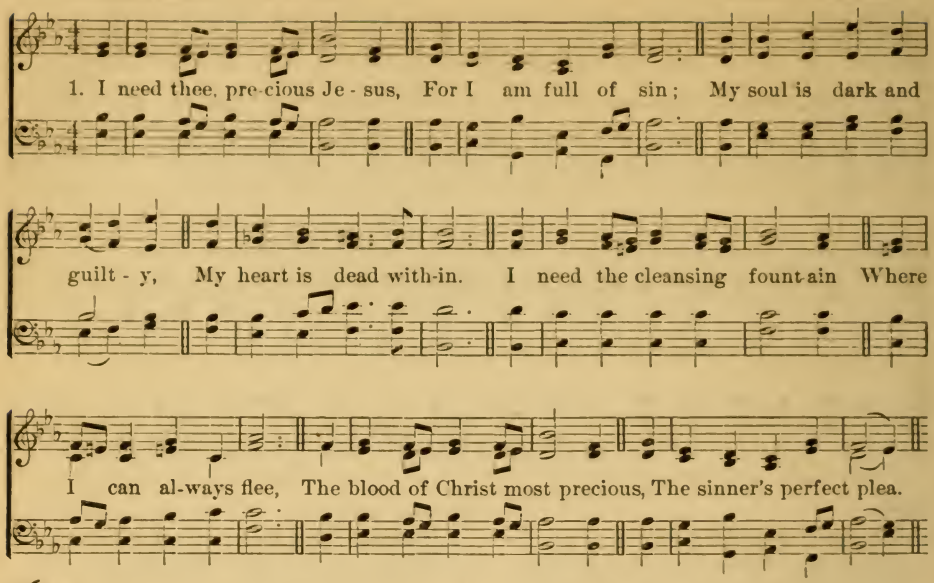
**263** (ADRIAN.)

2 Behold the Ark of God,
Behold the open door;
O haste to gain that dear abode,
And rove, my soul, no more.

3 There, safe thou shalt abide,
There, sweet shall be thy rest,
And every longing satisfied,
With full salvation blest.

*William A. Muhlenberg.* 1826.

WHITFIELD. 7s & 6s. *Arthur S. Sullivan.*


1. I need thee, pre-cious Je - sus, For I am full of sin; My soul is dark and
guilt - y, My heart is dead with-in. I need the cleansing fount-ain Where
I can al-ways flee, The blood of Christ most precious, The sinner's perfect plea.

## 264

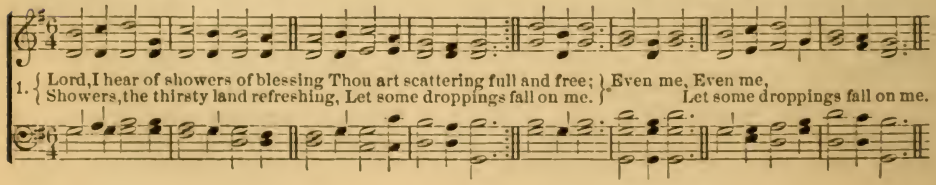
2 I need thee, precious Jesus,
For I am very poor;
A stranger and a pilgrim,
I have no earthly store.
I need the love of Jesus
To cheer me on my way,
To guide my doubting footsteps,
To be my strength and stay.

3 I need thee, precious Jesus,
I need a friend like thee,
A friend to soothe and pity,
A friend to care for me.
I need the heart of Jesus
To feel each anxious care,
To tell my every trouble,
And all my sorrows share.

4 I need thee, precious Jesus,
And hope to see thee soon,
Encircled with the rainbow,
And seated on thy throne:
There, with thy blood-bought children,
My joy shall ever be
To sing thy praises, Jesus,
To gaze, my Lord, on thee.

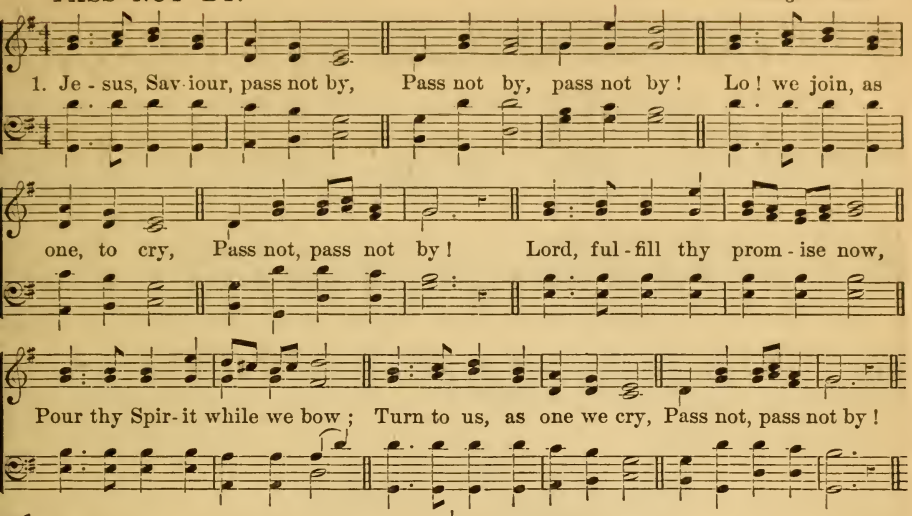
*F. Whitfield.*

EVEN ME. 8s & 7s. *William B. Bradbury.* 1862.


1. { Lord, I hear of showers of blessing Thou art scattering full and free; } Even me, Even me,
{ Showers, the thirsty land refreshing, Let some droppings fall on me. } Let some droppings fall on me.

## PASS NOT BY.

*George F. Root.*


1. Je - sus, Sav - iour, pass not by, Pass not by, pass not by! Lo! we join, as
one, to cry, Pass not, pass not by! Lord, ful - fill thy prom - ise now,
Pour thy Spir - it while we bow; Turn to us, as one we cry, Pass not, pass not by!

**265**

2 We have heard thy footsteps near,
Pass not by, pass not by!
Pause, behold the pleading tear,
Pass not, pass not by!
Jesus, Saviour, come at last,
Lest, in blessing, we be passed;
When thy spirit is so nigh,
Pass not, pass not by!

3 Prostrate in thy path we lie,
Pass not by, pass not by!
Lest our very faith should die,
Pass not, pass not by!
To thy garments we will cling,
All our need before thee bring;
Son of David, hear our cry,
Pass not, pass not by!

4 Lord, we cannot let thee go,
Pass not by, pass not by!
With us now thy presence show,
Pass not, pass not by!
Breathe, O breathe on us, we pray!
Tarry not, Lord, come to-day,
While we wait, and watch and cry,
Pass not, pass not by!

*Mrs. E. C. Kinney.*

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**266** (EVEN ME.)

2 Have I long in sin been sleeping?
Long been slighting, grieving thee!
Has the world my heart been keeping,
O forgive and rescue me!
Even me.

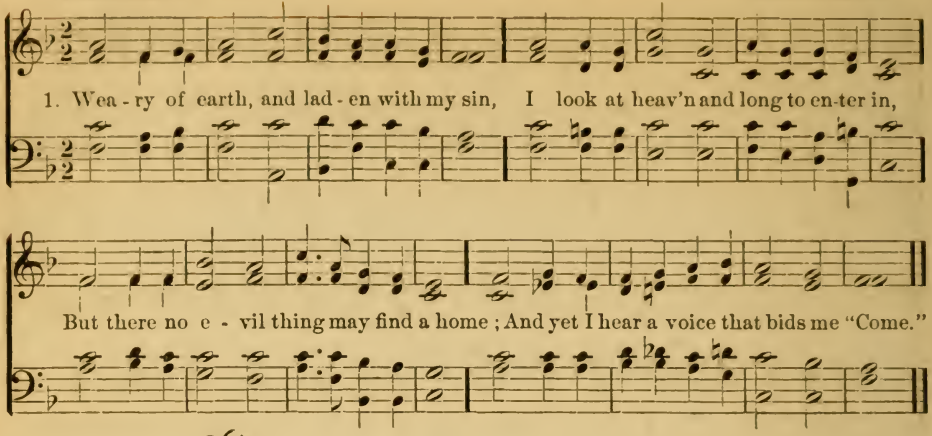
3 Pass me not, O tender Saviour,
Let me love and cling to thee;
I am longing for thy favor;
When thou comest, call for me,
Even me.

4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit,
Thou canst make the blind to see;
Witnesser of Jesus' merit,
Speak the word of power to me,
Even me.

5 Love of God, so pure and changeless,
Blood of God, so rich and free,
Grace of God, so strong and boundless,
Magnify them all in me,
Even me.

*Elizabeth Codner.* 1860.

LANGRAN. 10s. *James Langran.*


1. Wea - ry of earth, and lad - en with my sin, I look at heav'n and long to en-ter in,
But there no e - vil thing may find a home ; And yet I hear a voice that bids me "Come."

## 267

2 So vile I am, how dare I hope to stand
In the pure glory of that holy land?
Before the whiteness of that Throne appear?
Yet there are hands stretched out to draw me near.

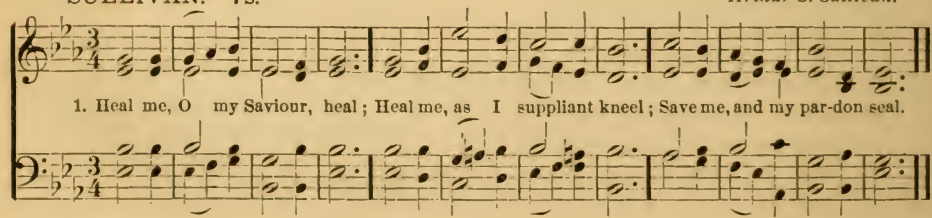
3 It is the voice of Jesus that I hear,
His are the hands stretched out to draw me near,
And his the blood that can for all atone,
And set me faultless there before the Throne.

4 'Twas he who found me on the deathly wild,
And made me heir of heaven, the Father's child,
And day by day, whereby my soul may live,
Gives me his grace of pardon, and will give.

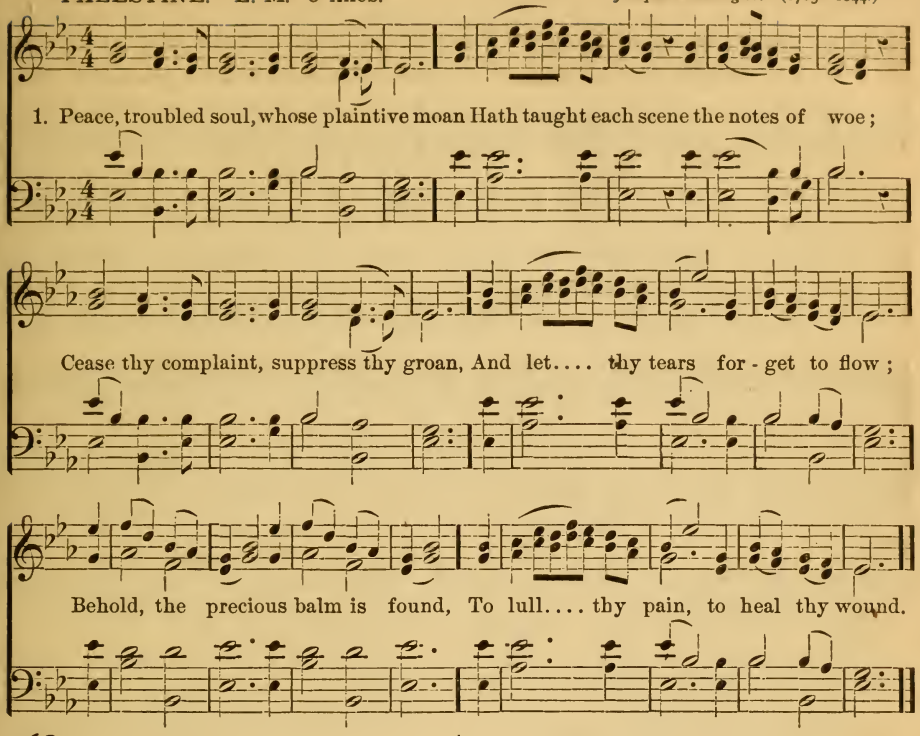
5 Yea, thou wilt answer for me, righteous Lord:
Thine all the merits, mine the great reward;
Thine the sharp thorns, and mine the golden crown,
Mine the life won, and thine the life laid down.

*Samuel John Stone.* 1866.

SULLIVAN. 7s. *Arthur S. Sullivan.*



PALESTINE. L. M. 6 lines. *Joseph Mazzinghi.* (1765—1844.)


1. Peace, troubled soul, whose plaintive moan Hath taught each scene the notes of woe;
Cease thy complaint, suppress thy groan, And let.... thy tears for-get to flow;
Behold, the precious balm is found, To lull.... thy pain, to heal thy wound.

## 268

1 PEACE, troubled soul, whose plaintive moan
Hath taught each scene the notes of woe;
Cease thy complaint, suppress thy groan,
And let thy tears forget to flow;
Behold, the precious balm is found,
To lull thy pain, to heal thy wound.

2 Come, freely come, by sin oppressed;
Unburden here thy weighty load;
Here find thy refuge and thy rest,
Safe in the mercy of thy God;
Thy God's thy Saviour, glorious word!
O hear, believe and bless the Lord.

*Walter Shirley.* 1774.

## 269 (SULLIVAN.)

2 Thou the true Physician art,
Thou canst cure the wounded heart,
Thou canst life and health impart.

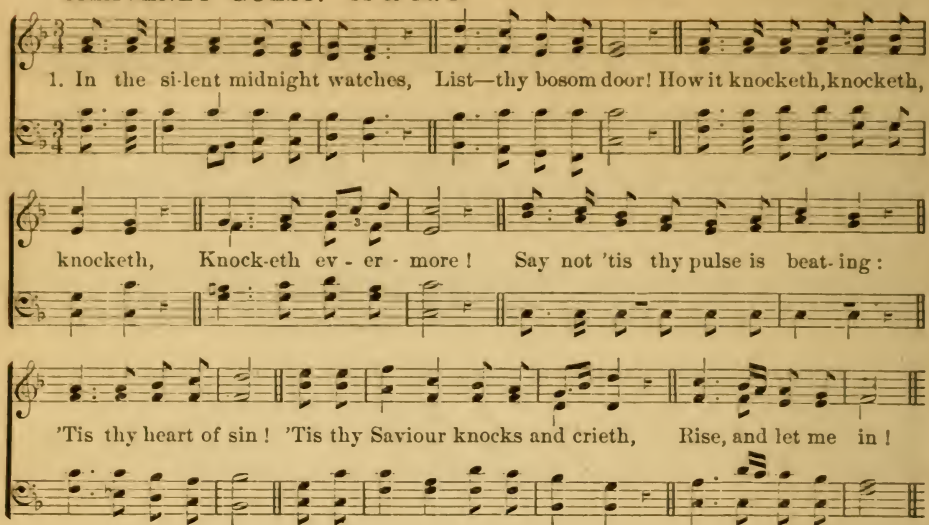
3 Other comforters are gone:
Thou who didst for sin atone,
Thou canst save, and thou alone.

4 Lord, in mercy send thine aid!
Hear the prayer I oft have prayed!
Heal the wounds that sin hath made!

5 Heal me, then, O Saviour, heal!
To thy mercy I appeal;
Heal me, as I suppliant kneel.

*Godfrey Thring.* 1866.

HEAVENLY GUEST. 8s & 5s. D.


1. In the si-lent midnight watches, List—thy bosom door! How it knocketh, knocketh,
knocketh, Knock-eth ev - er - more! Say not 'tis thy pulse is beat-ing:
'Tis thy heart of sin! 'Tis thy Saviour knocks and crieth, Rise, and let me in!

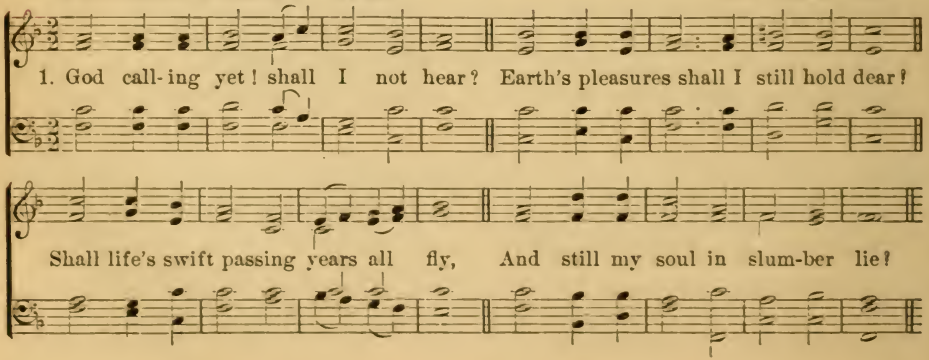
270

2 Death comes down, with reckless footstep,
To the hall and hut:
Think you Death will stand a-knocking
Where the door is shut?
Jesus waiteth, waiteth, waiteth;
But the door is fast!
Grieved, away the Saviour goeth;
Death breaks in at last!

3 Then 'tis thine to stand entreating
Christ to let thee in;
At the gate of heaven beating,
Wailing for thy sin.
Nay, alas, thou foolish virgin,
Hast thou then forgot?
Jesus waited long to know thee,
But he knows thee not!

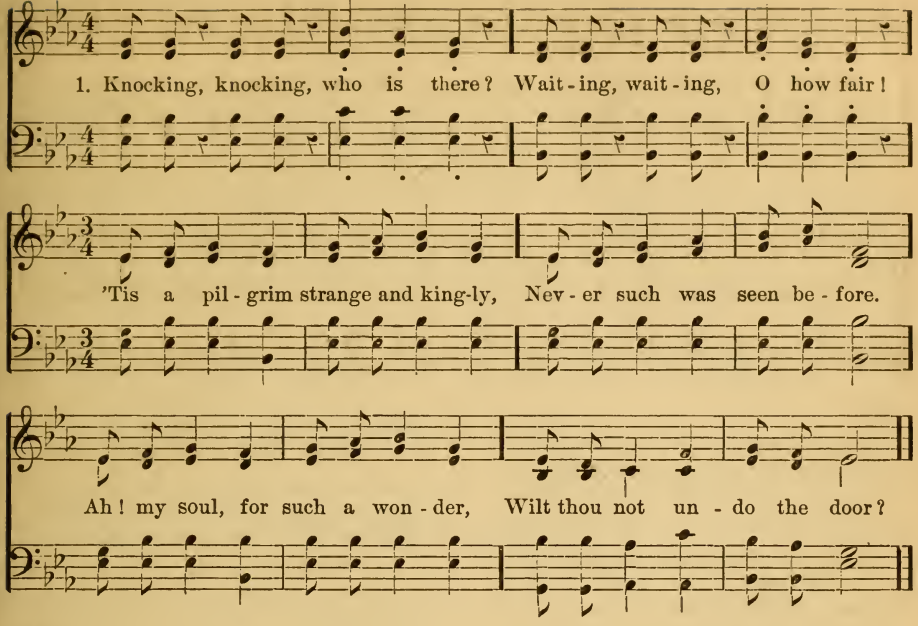
*Arthur Cleveland Coxe.*

FEDERAL STREET. L. M. *H. K. Oliver.* 1833.


1. God call-ing yet! shall I not hear? Earth's pleasures shall I still hold dear?
Shall life's swift passing years all fly, And still my soul in slum-ber lie?

## KNOCKING, KNOCKING, WHO IS THERE?

*George F. Root.*


1. Knocking, knocking, who is there? Wait-ing, wait-ing, O how fair!
'Tis a pil-grim strange and king-ly, Nev-er such was seen be-fore.
Ah! my soul, for such a won-der, Wilt thou not un-do the door?

### 271

2 Knocking, knocking, still he's there,
Waiting, waiting, wondrous fair;
But the door is hard to open,
For the weeds and ivy-vine,
With their dark and clinging tendrils,
Ever round the hinges twine.

3 Knocking, knocking—what! still there?
Waiting, waiting, grand and fair;
Yes, the piercéd hand still knocketh,
And beneath the crownéd hair
Beam the patient eyes, so tender,
Of thy Saviour, waiting there.

*Harriet Beecher Stowe.*

### 272

1 God calling yet! shall I not hear?
Earth's pleasures shall I still hold dear?
Shall life's swift passing years all fly,
And will my soul in slumber lie?

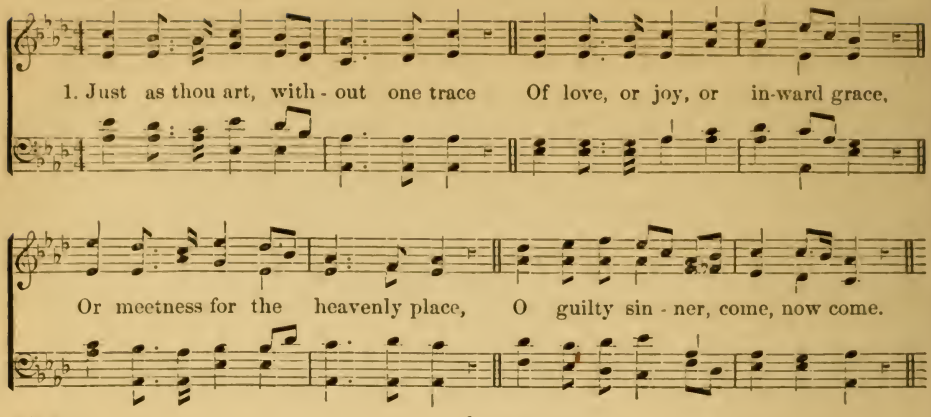
2 God calling yet! shall I not rise?
Can I his loving voice despise,
And basely his kind care repay?
He calls me still; can I delay?

3 God calling yet? and shall he knock,
And I my heart the closer lock?
He still is waiting to receive,
And shall I dare his Spirit grieve?

4 God calling yet! and shall I give
No heed, but still in bondage live?
I wait, but he does not forsake;
He calls me still; my heart, awake!

5 God calling yet! I cannot stay;
My heart I yield without delay:
Vain world, farewell! from thee I part;
The voice of God hath reached my heart.

*Tersteegen.* 1730. *Tr. by Jane Borthwick.* 1854.

DWIGHT. L. M. *Bellini. Arr. by J. P. Holbrook.*

1. Just as thou art, with - out one trace Of love, or joy, or in-ward grace,
Or meetness for the heavenly place, O guilty sin - ner, come, now come.

## 273

1 JUST as thou art, without one trace
Of love, or joy, or inward grace,
Or meetness for the heavenly place,
O guilty sinner, come, now come.

2 Burdened with guilt, wouldst thou be blessed?
Trust not the world; it gives no rest;
I bring relief to hearts oppressed;
O weary sinner, come, now come.

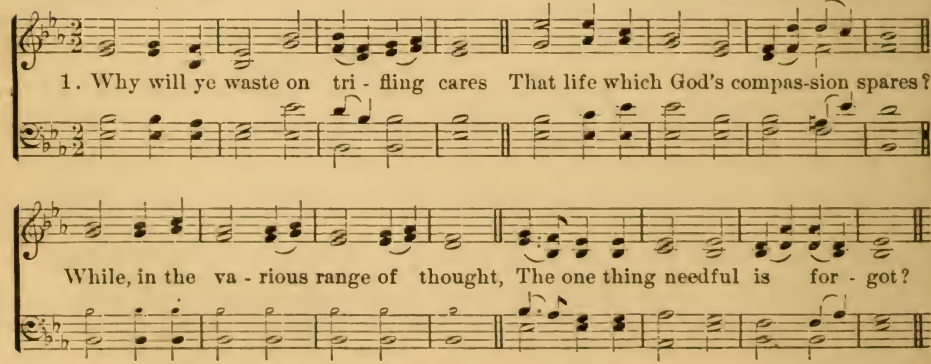
3 Come, leave thy burden at the cross,
Count all thy gains but empty dross:
My grace repays all earthly loss;
O needy sinner, come, now come.

4 Come, hither bring thy boding fears,
Thy aching heart, thy bursting tears;
'Tis mercy's voice salutes thine ears;
O trembling sinner, come, now come.

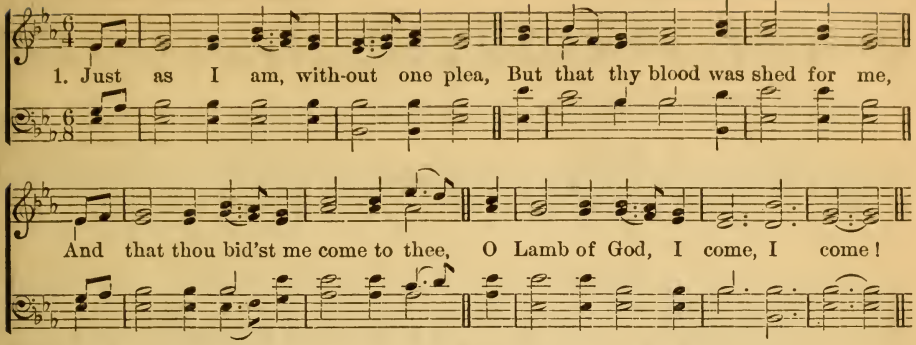
5 "The Spirit and the Bride say, Come!"
Rejoicing saints re-echo, "Come!"
Who faints, who thirsts, who will, may come;
Thy Saviour bids thee come, now come.

*Russell S. Cook.* 1850.

BERA. L. M. *John E. Gould.* 1851.


1. Why will ye waste on tri - fling cares That life which God's compas-sion spares?
While, in the va - rious range of thought, The one thing needful is for - got?

WOODWORTH. L. M. *William B. Bradbury.* 1849




## 274

2 Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To thee whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God I come!

3 Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
With fears within, and foes without,
O Lamb of God, I come!

4 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come!

5 Just as I am, thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come!

6 Just as I am, thy love unknown
Hath broken every barrier down;
Now, to be thine, yea, thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come!

*Charlotte Elliott.* 1836.

## 275

1 Why will ye waste on trifling cares
That life which God's compassion spares?
While, in the various range of thought,
The one thing needful is forgot?

2 Shall God invite you from above?
Shall Jesus urge his dying love?
Shall troubled conscience give you pain?
And all these pleas unite in vain?

3 Not so your eyes will always view
Those objects which you now pursue:
Not so will heaven and hell appear,
When death's decisive hour is near.

4 Almighty God, thy grace impart;
Fix deep conviction on each heart;
Nor let us waste on trifling cares
That life which thy compassion spares.

*Philip Doddridge.* 1755.

## 276

1 Behold, a Stranger at the door!
He gently knocks, has knocked before;
Has waited long, is waiting still;
You treat no other friend so ill.

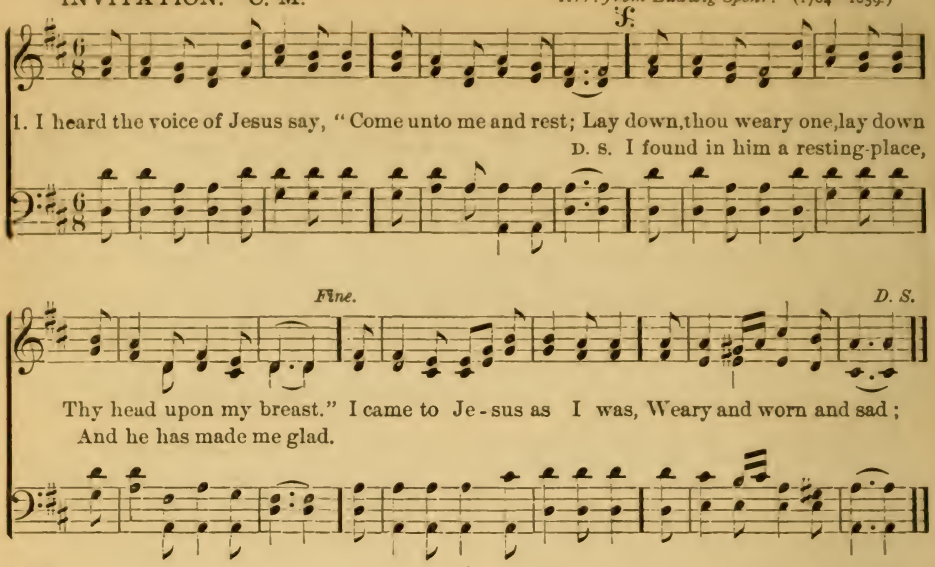
2 O lovely attitude! he stands
With melting heart and loaded hands:
O matchless kindness! and he shows
This matchless kindness to his foes.

3 But will he prove a friend indeed?
He will; the very friend you need:
The friend of sinners—yes, 'tis he,
With garments dyed on Calvary.

4 Rise, touched with gratitude divine;
Turn out his enemy and thine,
That soul-destroying monster, sin,
And let the Heavenly Stranger in.

*Joseph Grigg.* 1765.

INVITATION. C. M. *Arr. from Ludwig Spohr.* (1784—1859.)


f.
1. I heard the voice of Jesus say, "Come unto me and rest; Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
D. S. I found in him a resting-place,
Fine.
D. S.
Thy head upon my breast." I came to Je-sus as I was, Weary and worn and sad;
And he has made me glad.

## 277

2 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Behold, I freely give
The living water; thirsty one,
Stoop down, and drink, and live."
I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream:
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in him.

3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"I am this dark world's light:
Look unto me; thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright."
I looked to Jesus and I found
In him my Star, my Sun;
And in that light of life I'll walk
Till all my journey's done.

*Horatius Bonar.* 1857.

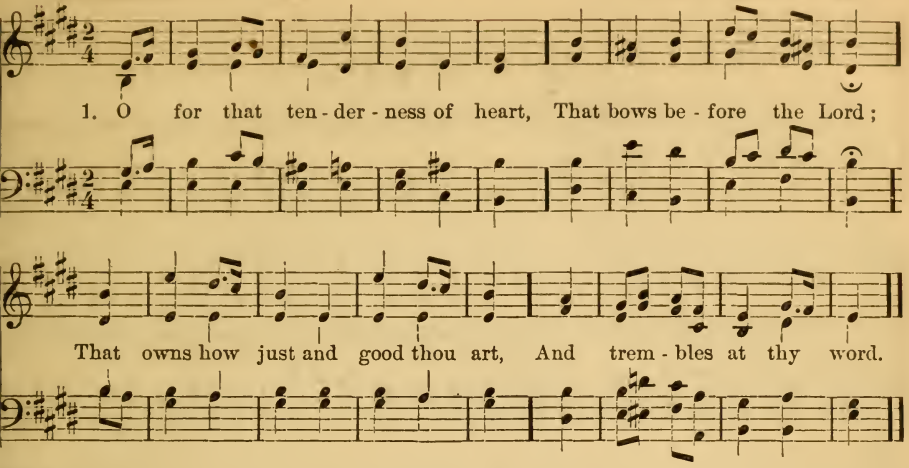
## 278

1 Turn not thy face away, O Lord,
From them that lowly lie,
Lamenting sore their sinful life
With tears and bitter cry.
Thy mercy-gate stands open wide
To them that mourn their sin;
Shut not that gate against us, Lord,
But let us enter in.

2 Thou knowest, Lord, what things be past,
And all the things that be;
Thou knowest well what is to come;
There's nothing hid from thee.
So press we to thy mercy-gate,
Where mercy doth abound,
Imploring pardon for our sin,
To heal our deadly wound.

3 O Lord, we need not to repeat
What we do beg and crave;
For thou dost know, before we ask,
The blessing we would have.
Mercy, O Lord, we mercy seek;
This is the height and sum;
For mercy, Lord, is all our prayer,
O let thy mercy come!

BURLINGTON. C. M. *John F. Burrowes.* 1830.




279

2 O for those humble, contrite tears,
Which from repentance flow;
That sense of guilt, which, trembling, fears
The long-suspended blow.

3 Saviour, to me, in pity give,
For sin, the deep distress;
The pledge thou wilt, at last, receive,
And bid me die in peace.

4 O fill my soul with faith and love,
And strength to do thy will;
Raise my desires and hopes above,
Thyself to me reveal.

*Charles Wesley.* 1762.

280

1 O Jesus, Saviour of the lost,
My Rock and Hiding-place,
By storms of sin and sorrow tossed,
I seek thy sheltering grace.

2 Guilty, forgive me, Lord! I cry;
Pursued by foes, I come;
A sinner, save me, or I die;
An outcast, take me home.

3 Once safe in thine almighty arms,
Let storms come on amain;
There danger never, never harms;
There death itself is gain.

4 And when I stand before thy throne,
And all thy glories see,
Still be my righteousness alone
To hide myself in thee.

*E. H. Bickersteth.*

281

1 O thou, from whom all goodness flows,
I lift my soul to thee;
In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
O Lord, remember me!

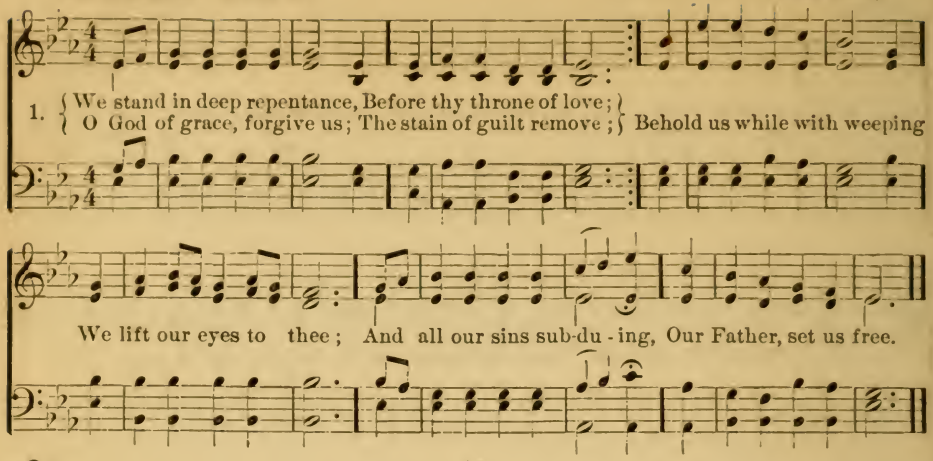
2 When on my aching, burdened heart
My sins lie heavily,
Thy pardon grant, new peace impart;
Thus, Lord, remember me!

3 When trials sore obstruct my way,
And ills I cannot flee,
O let my strength be as my day,
Dear Lord, remember me!

4 When in the solemn hour of death
I wait thy just decree:
Be this the prayer of my last breath:
Now, Lord, remember me!

*Thomas Haweis.* 1792.

CRUCIFIX. 7s & 6s. *Greek Melody.*

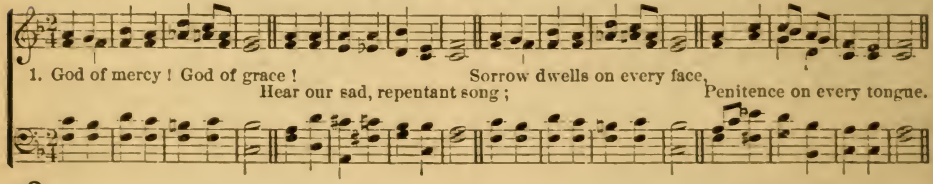

1. We stand in deep repentance, Before thy throne of love;
O God of grace, forgive us; The stain of guilt remove; Behold us while with weeping
We lift our eyes to thee; And all our sins sub-du-ing, Our Father, set us free.

## 282

2 O shouldst thou from us fallen
Withhold thy grace to guide,
Forever we should wander
From thee, and peace, aside;
But thou to spirits contrite
Dost light and life impart,
That man may learn to serve thee
With thankful, joyous heart.

3 Our souls—on thee we cast them,
Our only refuge thou!
Thy cheering words revive us,
When pressed with grief we bow:
Thou bear'st the trusting spirit
Upon thy loving breast,
And givest all thy ransomed
A sweet, unending rest.

*Ray Palmer.*

SEYMOUR. 7s. *Carl Maria von Weber.* 1825. *Arr. by H. W. Greatorex.* 1849.

## 283

2 Deep regret for follies past,
Talents wasted, time misspent;
Hearts debased by worldly cares,
Thankless for the blessings lent;—

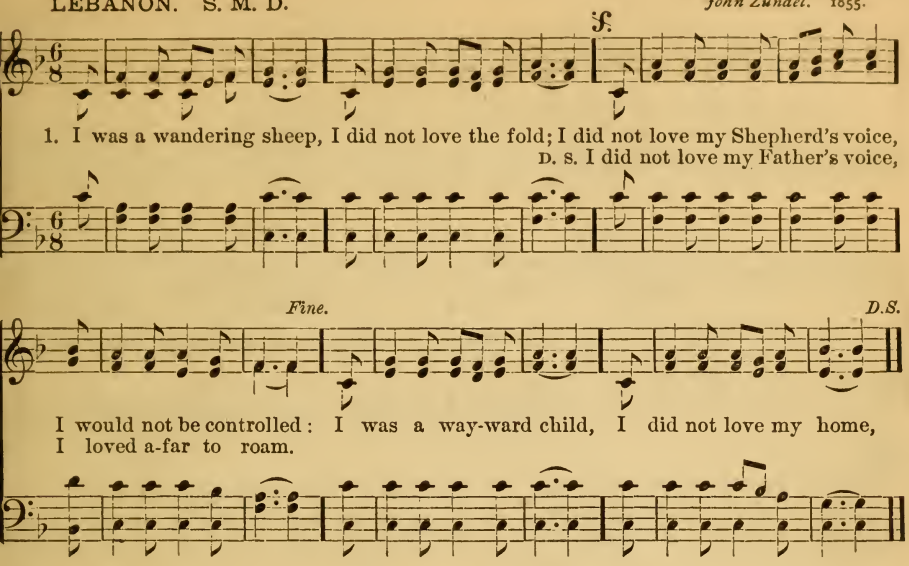
3 Foolish fears and fond desires,
Vain regrets for things as vain;
Lips too seldom taught to praise,
Oft to murmur and complain;

4 These, and every secret fault,
Filled with grief and shame we own;
Humbled at thy feet we lie,
Seeking pardon from thy throne.

5 God of mercy! God of grace!
Hear our sad, repentant songs;
O restore thy suppliant race,
Thou to whom all praise belongs!

*John Taylor.* 1750.

LEBANON. S. M. D. *John Zundel.* 1855.


1. I was a wandering sheep, I did not love the fold; I did not love my Shepherd's voice,
D. S. I did not love my Father's voice,
Fine.
D.S.
I would not be controlled: I was a way-ward child, I did not love my home,
I loved a-far to roam.

## 284

2 The Shepherd sought his sheep,
The Father sought his child,
They followed me o'er vale and hill,
O'er deserts waste and wild:
They found me nigh to death,
Famished, and faint, and lone;
They bound me with the bands of love;
They saved the wandering one.

3 Jesus my Shepherd is,
'Twas he that loved my soul,
'Twas he that washed me in his blood,
'Twas he that made me whole;
'Twas he that sought the lost,
That found the wandering sheep,
'Twas he that brought me to the fold,
'Tis he that still doth keep.

4 I was a wandering sheep,
I would not be controlled;
But now I love my Shepherd's voice,
I love, I love the fold:
I was a wayward child;
I once preferred to roam;
But now I love my Father's voice,
I love, I love his home.

*Horatius Bonar.* 1844.

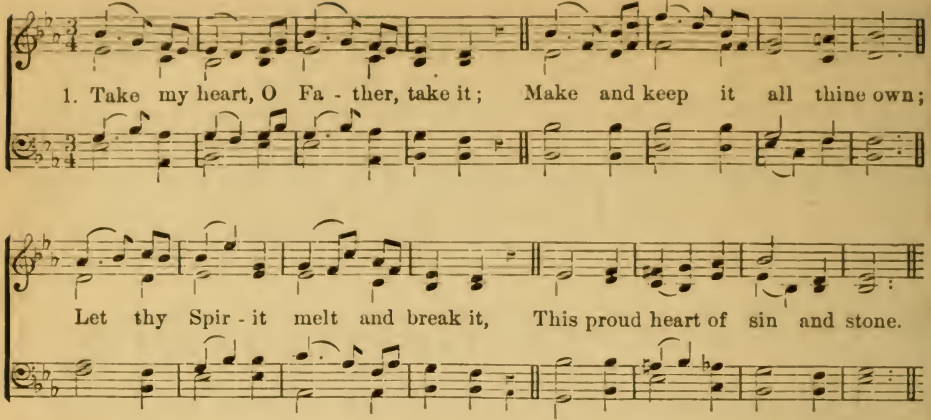
## 285

1 Blest be thy love, dear Lord,
That taught us this sweet way,
Only to love thee for thyself
And for that love obey.
O thou, our souls' chief hope,
We to thy mercy fly;
Where'er we are, thou canst protect,
Whate'er we need, supply.

2 Whether we sleep or wake,
To thee we both resign;
By night we see, as well as day,
If thy light on us shine.
Whether we live or die,
Both we submit to thee;
In death we live, as well as life,
If thine in death we be.

*John Austin.* 1668.

HUDSON. 8s & 7s. *Johann C. W. A. Mozart.* (1756—1791.)


1. Take my heart, O Fa - ther, take it; Make and keep it all thine own;
Let thy Spir - it melt and break it, This proud heart of sin and stone.

## 286

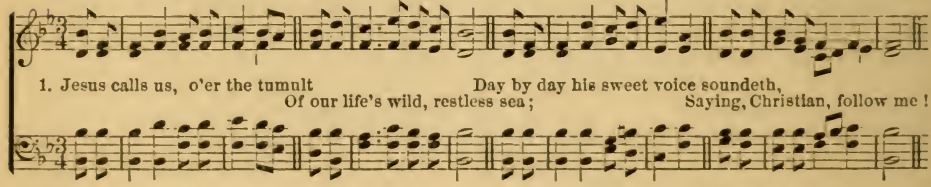
1 Take my heart, O Father, take it;
Make and keep it all thine own;
Let thy Spirit melt and break it,
This proud heart of sin and stone.

2 Father, make me pure and lowly,
Fond of peace and far from strife;
Turning from the paths unholy
Of this vain and sinful life.

3 Ever let thy grace surround me,
Strengthen me with power divine,
Till thy cords of love have bound me:
Make me to be wholly thine.

4 May the blood of Jesus heal me,
And my sins be all forgiven;
Holy Spirit, take and seal me,
Guide me in the path to heaven.

STOCKWELL. 8s & 7s. *Darius E. Jones.* 1851.


1. Jesus calls us, o'er the tumult Day by day his sweet voice soundeth,
Of our life's wild, restless sea; Saying, Christian, follow me!

## 287

1 Jesus calls us, o'er the tumult
Of our life's wild, restless sea;
Day by day his sweet voice soundeth,
Saying, Christian, follow me!

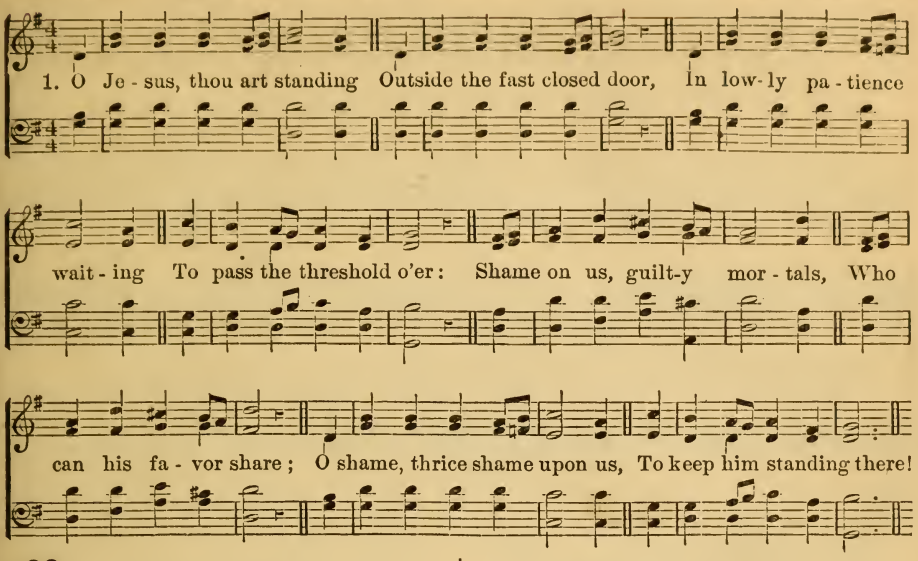
2 Jesus calls us from the worship
Of the vain world's golden store;
From each idol that would keep us,
Saying, Christian, love me more!

3 In our joys and in our sorrows,
Days of toil and hours of ease,
Still he calls, in cares and pleasures,
Christian, love me more than these!

4 Jesus calls us! by thy mercies,
Saviour, may we hear thy call;
Give our hearts to thy obedience,
Serve and love thee best of all!

*Cecil Frances Alexander.* 1853.

SOJOURNER'S SONG. 7s & 6s. *Arr. from F. Gumbert.*


1. O Je - sus, thou art standing Outside the fast closed door, In low - ly pa - tience
wait - ing To pass the threshold o'er: Shame on us, guilt-y mor - tals, Who
can his fa - vor share; O shame, thrice shame upon us, To keep him standing there!

## 288

2 O Jesus, thou art knocking:
And lo! that hand is scarred,
And thorns thy brow encircle,
And tears thy face have marred:
O love that passeth knowledge
So patiently to wait!
O sin that hath no equal
So fast to bar the gate!

3 O Jesus, thou art pleading
In accents meek and low,
"I died for you, poor sinners,
And will ye treat me so?"
O Lord, with shame and sorrow
We open now the door:
Dear Saviour, enter, enter,
And leave us never more.

*W. W. How.* 1854.

## 289

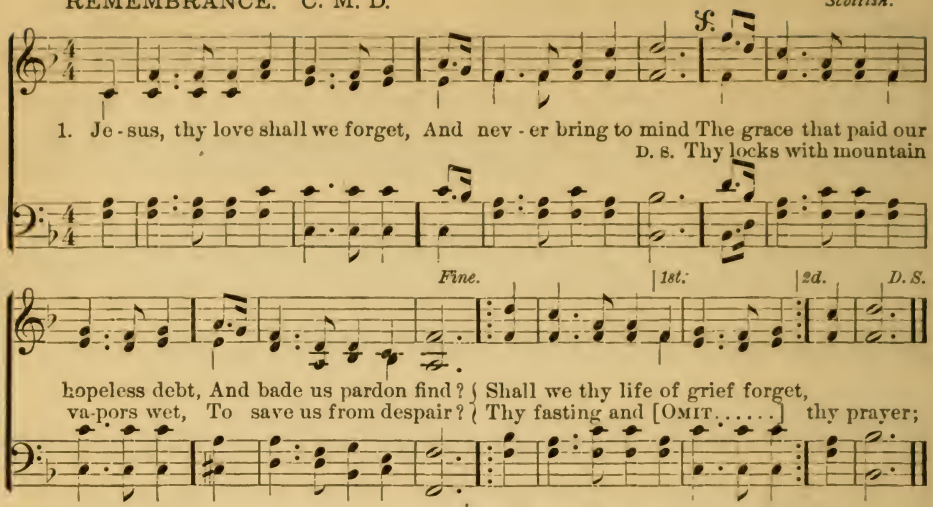
1 O Jesus, I have promised
To serve thee to the end;
Be thou forever near me,
My Master and my Friend!
I shall not fear the battle
If thou art by my side,
Nor wander from the pathway
If thou wilt be my guide.

2 O let me feel thee near me,—
The world is ever near;
I see the sights that dazzle,
The tempting sounds I hear.
My foes are ever near me,
Around me and within;
But, Jesus, draw thou nearer
And shield my soul from sin.

3 O Jesus, thou hast promised
To all that follow thee,
That where thou art in glory
There shall thy servant be;
And, Jesus, I have promised
To serve thee to the end;
O, give me grace to follow
My Master and my Friend!

*John Ernest Bode.* 1866.

REMEMBRANCE. C. M. D. *Scottish.*


1. Je - sus, thy love shall we forget, And nev - er bring to mind The grace that paid our
D. S. Thy locks with mountain
Fine.
1st.
2d.
D. S.
hopeless debt, And bade us pardon find?
va-pors wet, To save us from despair?
Shall we thy life of grief forget,
Thy fasting and [OMIT.....] thy prayer;

## 290

2 Gethsemane, can we forget,
Thy struggling agony,
When night lay dark on Olivet,
And none to watch with thee?
Can we the crown of thorns forget,
The buffeting and shame;
When hell thy sinking soul beset,
And earth reviled thy name?

3 O sweet the memory of thy grace,
And sweeter still shall grow;
And the fair vision of thy face
Before us e'er shall glow.
Life's brightest joys we may forget,
Our kindred cease to love;
But he who loved, and loves us yet,
Our constancy shall prove.

*W. Mitchell.* 1831.

## 291

1 If human kindness meets return,
And owns the grateful tie;
If tender thoughts within us burn
To feel a friend is nigh;
O shall not warmer accents tell
The gratitude we owe
To him who died our fears to quell,
Our more than orphan's woe!

2 While yet his anguished soul surveyed
Those pangs he would not flee,
What love his latest words displayed,
"Meet and remember me!"
Remember thee! thy death, thy shame,
Our sinful hearts to share!
O memory, leave no other name,
But his recorded there!

*Gerard T. Noel.* 1813.

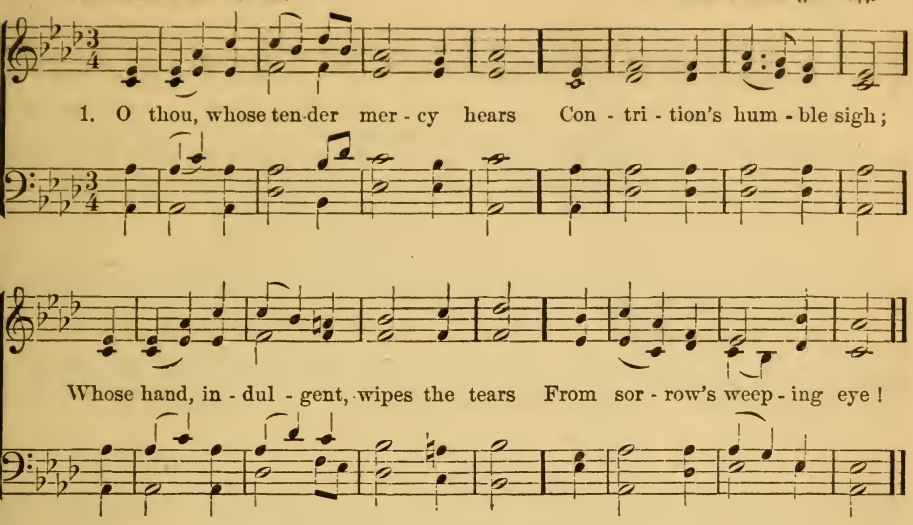
## 292

1 O JESUS, Jesus, dearest Lord,
Forgive me, if I say,
For very love, thy sacred name
A thousand times a day.
O wonderful! that thou shouldst let
So vile a heart as mine
Love thee with such a love as this,
And make so free with thine.

2 O Light in darkness, Joy in grief,
O Heaven begun on earth!
Jesus, my Love, my Treasure, who
Can tell what thou art worth?
O Jesus, Jesus, sweetest Lord,
What art thou not to me?
Each hour brings joys before unknown,
Each day new liberty.

*Frederick W. Faber.* 1849.

WICKLIFFE. C. M. *Thomas Hastings.* 1844.


1. O thou, whose ten-der mer-cy hears Con-tri-tion's hum-ble sigh;
Whose hand, in-dul-gent, wipes the tears From sor-row's weep-ing eye!

## 293

1 O THOU, whose tender mercy hears
Contrition's humble sigh;
Whose hand, indulgent, wipes the tears
From sorrow's weeping eye!

2 See low before thy throne of grace,
A wretched wanderer mourn:
Hast thou not bid me seek thy face?
Hast thou not said, "Return?"

3 And shall my guilty fears prevail
To drive me from thy feet?
O let not this dear refuge fail,
This only safe retreat!

4 Absent from thee, my Guide! my Light!
Without one cheering ray,
Thro' dangers, fears, and gloomy night,
How desolate my way!

5 O shine on this benighted heart,
With beams of mercy shine!
And let thy healing voice impart
A taste of joy divine.

*Anne Steele.* 1760.

## 294

1 JESUS, these eyes have never seen
That radiant form of thine;
The veil of sense hangs dark between
Thy blessed face and mine.

2 I see thee not, I hear thee not,
Yet art thou oft with me;
And earth hath ne'er so dear a spot
As where I meet with thee.

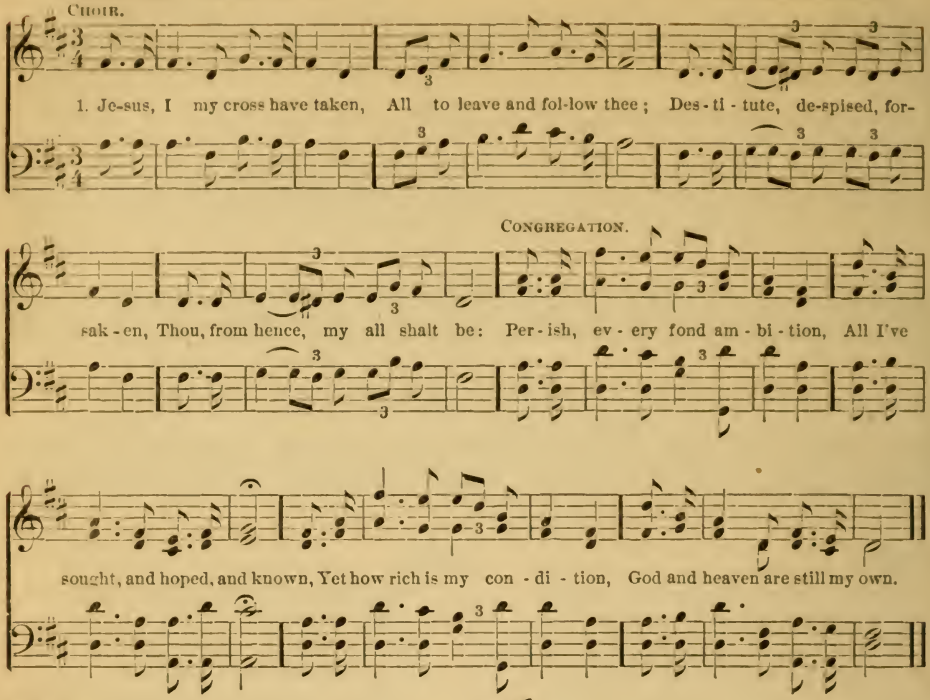
3 Like some bright dream that comes unsought
When slumbers o'er me roll,
Thine image ever fills my thought,
And charms my ravished soul.

4 Yet, though I have not seen, and still
Must rest in faith alone,
I love thee, dearest Lord,—and will,
Unseen, but not unknown.

5 When death these mortal eyes shall seal,
And still this throbbing heart,
The rending veil shall thee reveal,
All glorious as thou art!

*Ray Palmer.* 1859.

REFUGE. 8s & 7s. D. *J. P. Holbrook.* 1864.


Choir.
1. Je-sus, I my cross have taken, All to leave and fol-low thee; Des-ti-tute, de-spised, for-
Congregation.
sak-en, Thou, from hence, my all shalt be: Per-ish, ev-ery fond am-bi-tion, All I've
sought, and hoped, and known, Yet how rich is my con-di-tion, God and heaven are still my own.

## 295

2 Let the world despise and leave me,
They have left my Saviour, too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me;
Thou art not, like man, untrue;
And while thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love, and might,
Foes may hate, and friends may shun me,
Show thy face and all is bright.

3 Man may trouble and distress me,
'Twill but drive me to thy breast;
Life with trials hard may press me,
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.
O 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While thy love is left to me;
O 'twere not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmixed with thee.

*Henry Francis Lyte.* 1825.

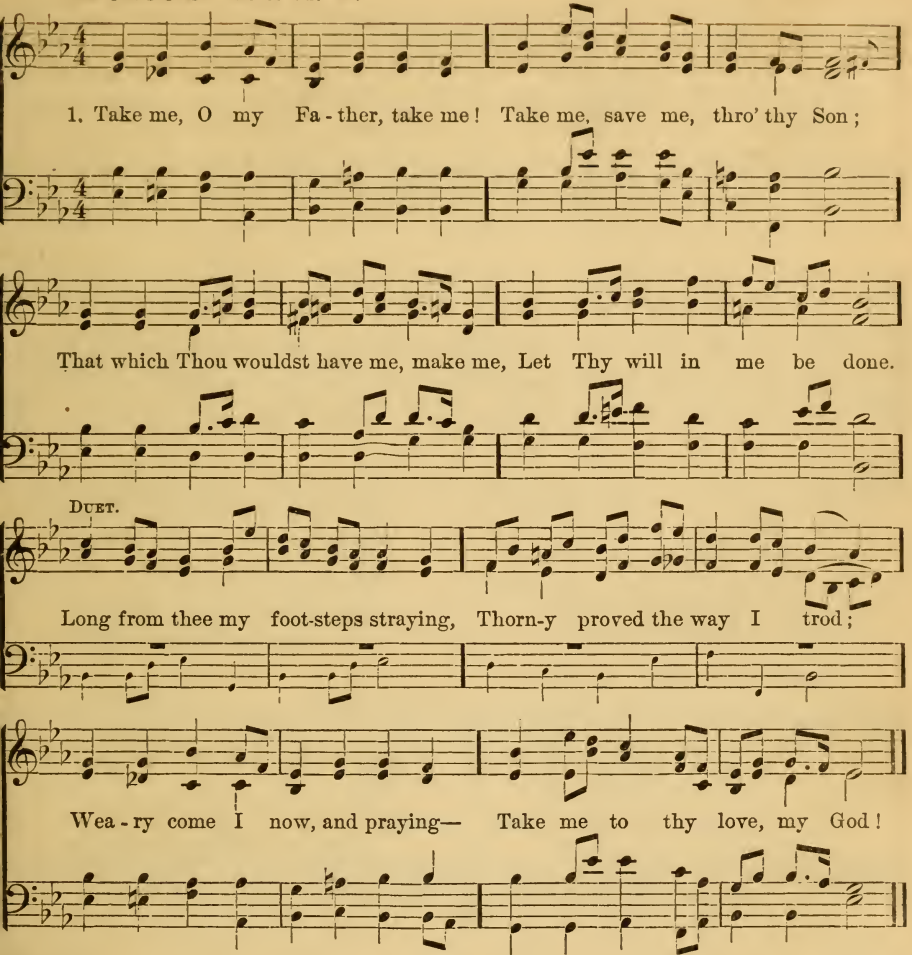
## 296

1 Take, my soul, thy full salvation,
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;
Joy to find in every station
Something still to do or bear.
Think what Spirit dwells within thee;
What a Father's smile is thine;
What a Saviour died to win thee!
Child of heaven, shouldst thou repine?

2 Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Armed by faith, and winged by prayer;
Heaven's eternal day 's before thee,
God's own hand shall guide thee there.
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Swift shall pass thy pilgrim days,
Hope will change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

*Henry Francis Lyte.* 1825.

VIA CRUCIS. 8s & 7s. D.


1. Take me, O my Fa - ther, take me! Take me, save me, thro' thy Son;
That which Thou wouldst have me, make me, Let Thy will in me be done.
DUET.
Long from thee my foot-steps straying, Thorn-y proved the way I trod;
Wea - ry come I now, and praying— Take me to thy love, my God!

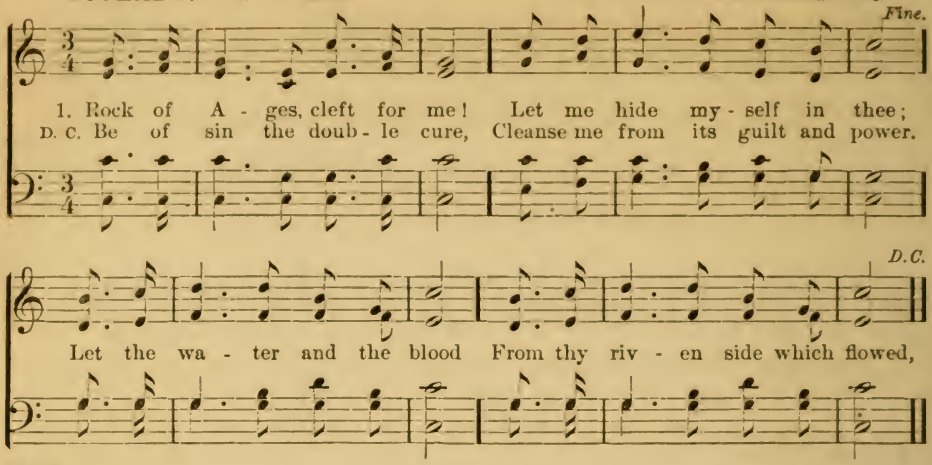
297

2 Fruitless years with grief recalling,
Humbly I confess my sin;
At thy feet, O Father, falling,
To thy household take me in.
Freely now to thee I proffer
This relenting heart of mine;
Freely, life and soul I offer—
Gift unworthy love like thine.

3 Once the world's Redeemer dying,
Bore our sins upon the tree;
On that sacrifice relying,
Now I look in hope to thee;
Father, take me! all forgiving
Fold me to thy loving breast;
In thy love forever living,
I must be forever blest!

*Ray Palmer.* 1865.

TOPLADY. 7s. 6 lines. *Thomas Hastings.* 1830.


Fine.
1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me! Let me hide my - self in thee;
D. C. Be of sin the doub - le cure, Cleanse me from its guilt and power.
D.C.
Let the wa - ter and the blood From thy riv - en side which flowed,

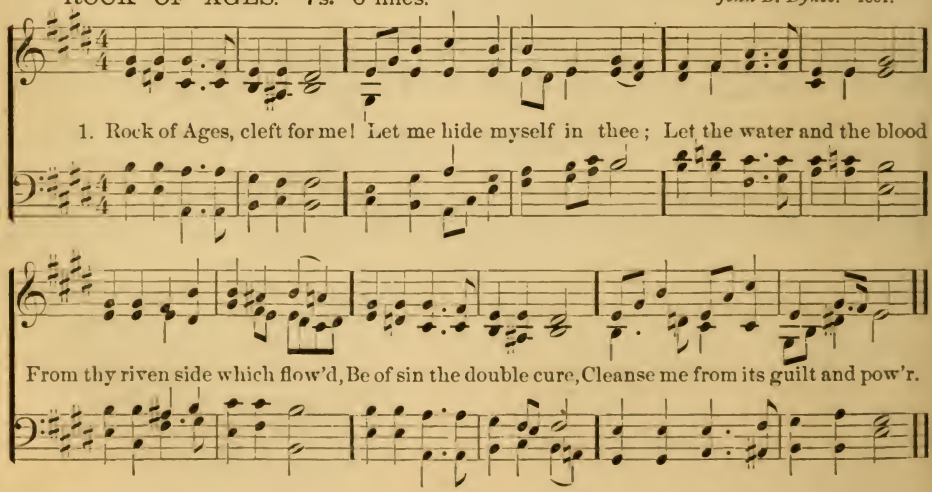
298

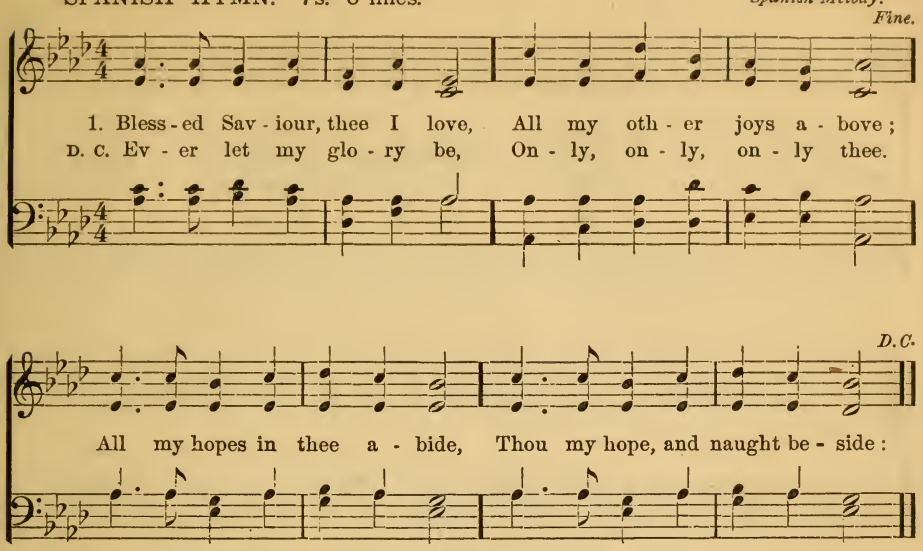
2 Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears forever flow,
All for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and thou alone.
Nothing in my hand I bring;
Simply to thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eye-lids close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See thee on thy judgment throne,
Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

*Augustus Montague Toplady.* 1776.

ROCK OF AGES. 7s. 6 lines. *John B. Dykes.* 1861.


1. Rock of Ages, cleft for me! Let me hide myself in thee; Let the water and the blood
From thy riven side which flow'd, Be of sin the double cure, Cleanse me from its guilt and pow'r.

SPANISH HYMN. 7s. 6 lines. *Spanish Melody.*

Fine.
1. Bless - ed Sav - iour, thee I love, All my oth - er joys a - bove;
D. C. Ev - er let my glo - ry be, On - ly, on - ly, on - ly thee.
D.C.
All my hopes in thee a - bide, Thou my hope, and naught be - side:

## 299

1 Blessed Saviour, thee I love,
All my other joys above;
All my hopes in thee abide,
Thou my hope, and naught beside:
Ever let my glory be,
Only, only, only thee.

2 Once again beside the cross,
All my gain I count but loss;
Earthly pleasures fade away,—
Clouds they are that hide my day:
Hence, vain shadows! let me see
Jesus, crucified for me.

3 Blessèd Saviour, thine am I,
Thine to live, and thine to die;
Height, or depth, or earthly power,
Ne'er shall hide my Saviour more:
Ever shall my glory be,
Only, only, only thee.

*George Duffield.* 1859.

## 300

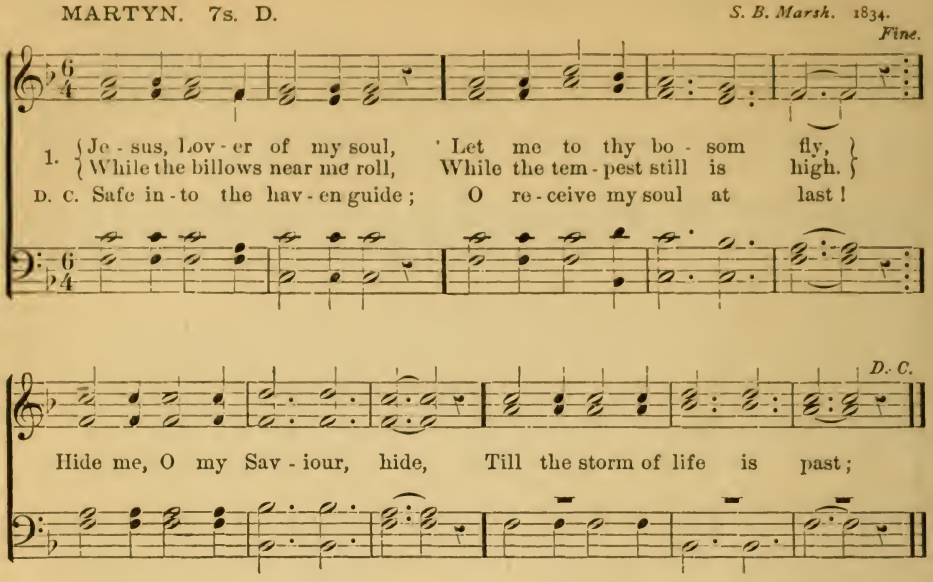
1 Jesus, Master, whose I am,
Purchased thine alone to be,
By thy blood, O spotless Lamb,
Shed so willingly for me;
Let my heart be all thine own,
Let me live to thee alone.

2 Other lords have long held sway;
Now thy name alone to bear,
Thy dear voice alone obey,
Is my daily, hourly prayer.
Whom have I in heaven but thee?
Nothing else my joy can be.

3 Jesus, Master, I am thine;
Keep me faithful, keep me near;
Let thy presence in me shine,
All my homeward way to cheer.
Jesus, at thy feet I fall,
O, be thou my All in all.

*Frances R. Havergal.* 1872.

MARTYN. 7s. D. *S. B. Marsh.* 1834.


Fine.
1. Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to thy bo - som fly,
While the billows near me roll, While the tem - pest still is high.
D. C. Safe in - to the hav - en guide; O re - ceive my soul at last!
D. C.
Hide me, O my Sav - iour, hide, Till the storm of life is past;

## 301

2 Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on thee is stayed;
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is thy name,
I am all unrighteousness;
Vile and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
Grace to pardon all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within;
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of thee;
Spring thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

*Charles Wesley.* 1740.

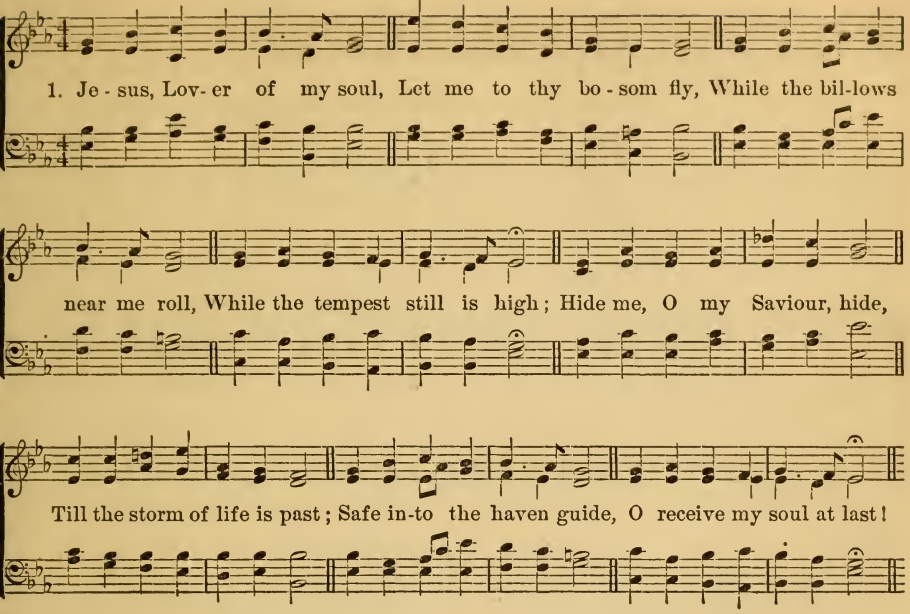
## 302

1 As, with gladness, men of old
Did the guiding star behold;
As, with joy, they hailed its light,
Leading onward, beaming bright:
So, most gracious Lord, may we
Evermore be led to thee.
Holy Jesus, every day,
Keep us in the narrow way.

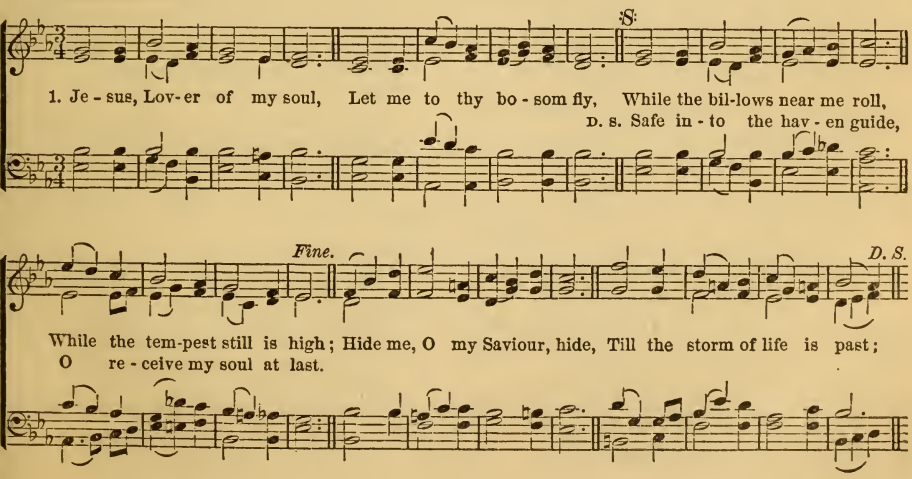
2 And, when earthly things are past,
Bring our ransomed souls, at last,
Where they need no star to guide,
Where no clouds thy glory hide.
In the heavenly country bright,
Need they no created light;
Thou its Light, its Joy, its Crown,
Thou, its Sun which goes not down.

*W. C. Dix.* 1861.

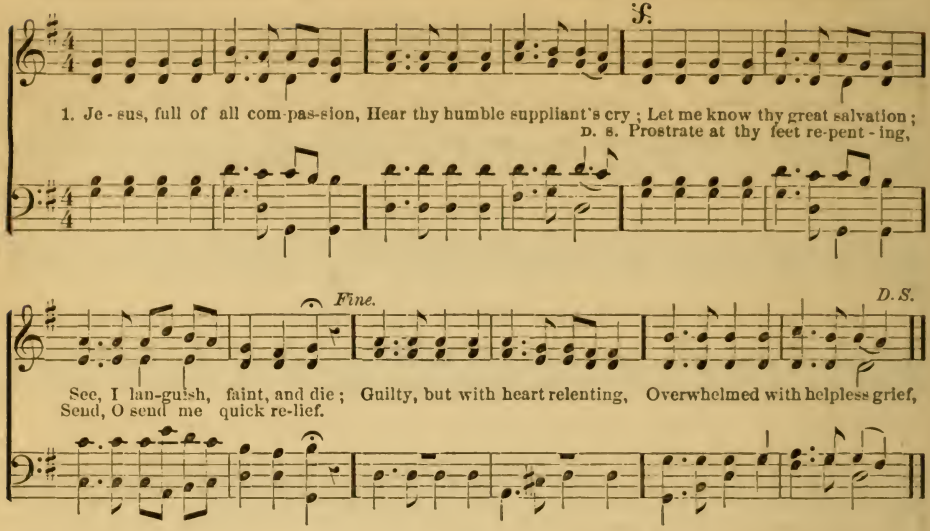
HOLLINGSIDE. 7s. D. *John B. Dykes.*


1. Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to thy bo - som fly, While the bil-lows
near me roll, While the tempest still is high; Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past; Safe in-to the haven guide, O receive my soul at last!

GLADDEN. 7s. D.


1. Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to thy bo - som fly, While the bil-lows near me roll,
D. S. Safe in - to the hav - en guide,
Fine.
D. S.
While the tem-pest still is high; Hide me, O my Saviour, hide, Till the storm of life is past;
O re - ceive my soul at last.

CONSECRATION. 8s & 7s. D. *Arr. from Johann C. W. A. Mozart.* (1756—1791.)


1. Je - sus, full of all com-pas-sion, Hear thy humble suppliant's cry; Let me know thy great salvation;
D. S. Prostrate at thy feet re-pent - ing,
Fine.
D.S.
See, I lan-guish, faint, and die; Guilty, but with heart relenting, Overwhelmed with helpless grief,
Send, O send me quick re-lief.

## 303

2 Whither should a wretch be flying,
But to him who comfort gives?
Whither, from the dread of dying,
But to him who ever lives?
While I view thee, wounded, grieving,
Breathless, on the curséd tree,
Fain I'd feel my heart believing
That thou sufferedst thus for me.

3 Hear, then, blesséd Saviour, hear me!
My soul cleaveth to the dust;
Send the Comforter to cheer me;
Lo, in thee I put my trust.
Saved!—the deed shall spread new glory
Through the shining realms above;
Angels sing the pleasing story,
All enraptured with thy love.

*Daniel Turner.* 1769.

## 304

1 Always with us, always with us,—
Words of cheer and words of love;
Thus the risen Saviour whispers,
From his dwelling-place above.
With us when we toil in sadness,
Sowing much and reaping none;
Telling us that in the future
Golden harvests shall be won.

2 With us when the storm is sweeping
O'er our pathway dark and drear;
Waking hope within our bosoms,
Stilling every anxious fear.
With us in the lonely valley,
When we cross the chilling stream;
Lighting up the steps to glory
With salvation's radiant beam.

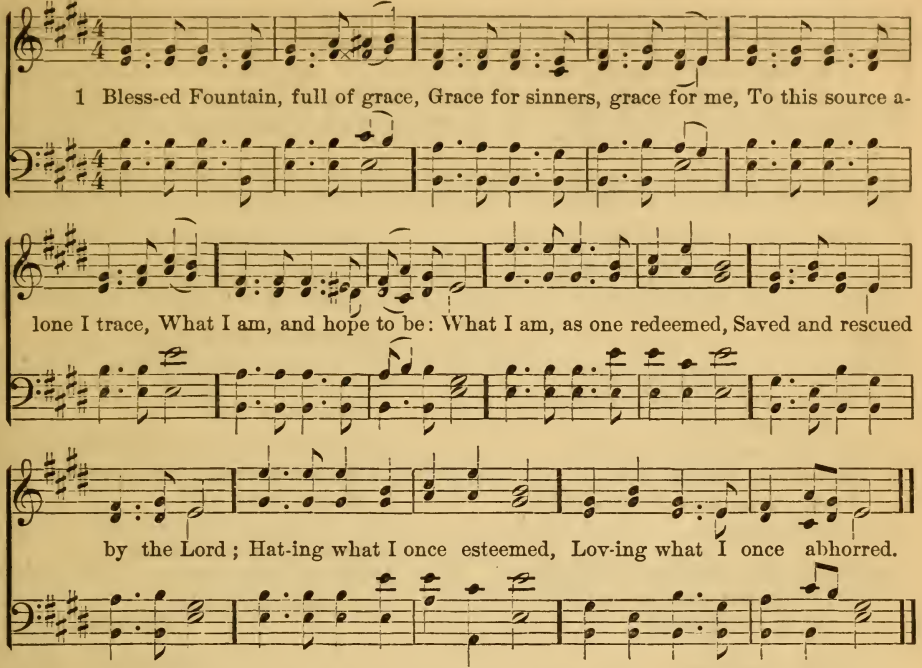
*Edwin H. Nevin.* 1858.

## 305

1 Heavenly Shepherd, guide us, feed us,
Through our pilgrimage below,
And beside the waters lead us,
Where thy flock rejoicing go.
Lord, thy guardian presence ever,
Meekly bending, we implore;
We have found thee, and would never,
Never wander from thee more.

*John Bickersteth.* 1819.

MOUNT CARMEL. 7s. D. *English Melody. Arr. by William A. King.* 1861.


1 Bless-ed Fountain, full of grace, Grace for sinners, grace for me, To this source a-
lone I trace, What I am, and hope to be: What I am, as one redeemed, Saved and rescued
by the Lord; Hat-ing what I once esteemed, Lov-ing what I once abhorred.

## 306

1 Blessed Fountain, full of grace,
Grace for sinners, grace for me,
To this source alone I trace
What I am, and hope to be:
What I am, as one redeemed,
Saved and rescued by the Lord;
Hating what I once esteemed,
Loving what I once abhorred.

2 What I hope to be, ere long,
When I take my place above,
When I join the heavenly throng,
When I see the God of love;
Then I hope like him to be,
Who redeemed his saints from sin,
Whom I now obscurely see,
Thro' a cloud that stands between,

3 When I see him as he is,
No corruption can remain;
Such their portion who are his,
Such the happy state they gain.
Blesséd Fountain, full of grace,
Grace for sinners, grace for me,
To this source alone I trace
What I am, and hope to be.

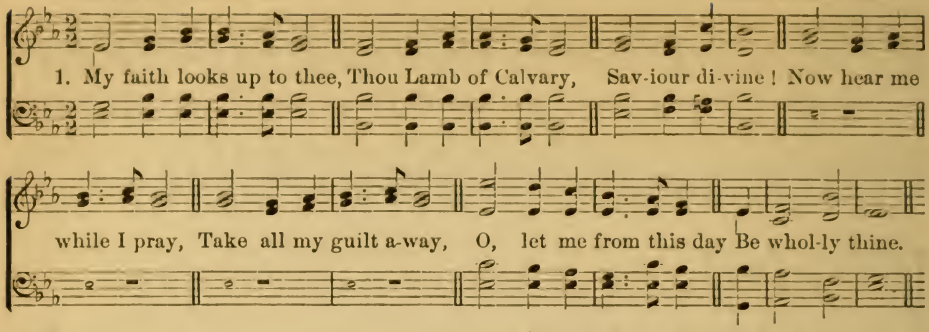
*Thomas Kelly.* 1809, 1853.

## 307

1 Blessed Jesus, ere we part,
Speak thy blessing to each heart:
Blesséd Jesus, Son of God,
Wash us in thy precious blood:
Blesséd Jesus, Light divine,
Let thy presence round us shine:
Blesséd Jesus, Saviour bright,
Guide us safe to realms of light.

*Christian Henry Bateman.* 1848.

OLIVET. 6s & 4s. *Lowell Mason.* 1832.


1. My faith looks up to thee, Thou Lamb of Calvary, Sav-iour di-vine! Now hear me
while I pray, Take all my guilt a-way, O, let me from this day Be whol-ly thine.

## 308

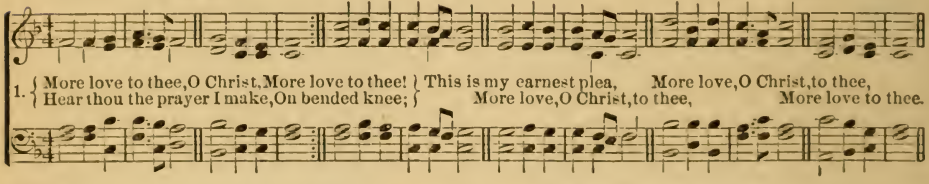
2 May thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire;
As thou hast died for me,
O may my love to thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be,
A living fire!

3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be thou my guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll,
Blest Saviour! then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
O bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul!

*Ray Palmer.* 1830.

OAK. 6s & 4s. *Lowell Mason.* 1854.


1. { More love to thee, O Christ, More love to thee! } This is my earnest plea, More love, O Christ, to thee,
{ Hear thou the prayer I make, On bended knee; } More love, O Christ, to thee, More love to thee.

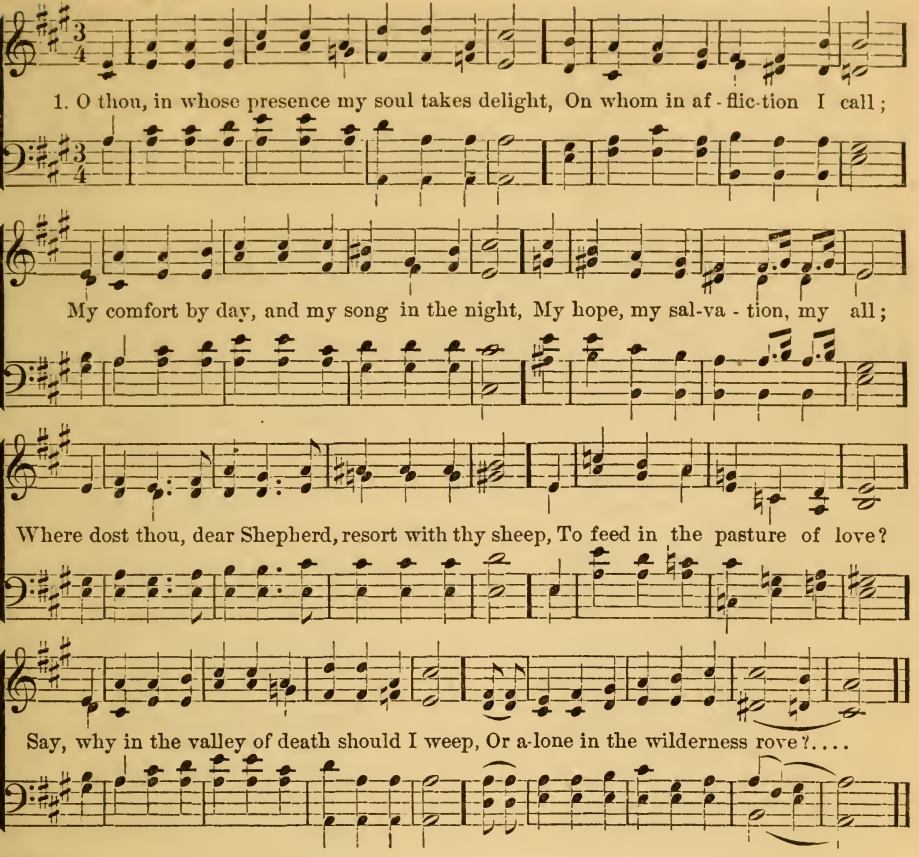
## 309

2 Once earthly joy I craved,
Sought peace and rest;
Now thee alone I seek,
Give what is best:
This all my prayer shall be,
More love, O Christ, to thee,
More love to thee!

3 Let sorrow do its work,
Send grief and pain;
Sweet are thy messengers,
Sweet their refrain,
When they can sing with me,
More love, O Christ, to thee,
More love to thee!

4 Then shall my latest breath
Whisper thy praise;
This be the parting cry
My heart shall raise,
This still its prayer shall be,
More love, O Christ, to thee,
More love to thee!

*Elizabeth Payson Prentiss.* 1869.

SHEPHERD. 11s & 8s. *Arr. from J. Barnby.*

1. O thou, in whose presence my soul takes delight, On whom in af - flic-tion I call;
My comfort by day, and my song in the night, My hope, my sal-va - tion, my all;
Where dost thou, dear Shepherd, resort with thy sheep, To feed in the pasture of love?
Say, why in the valley of death should I weep, Or a-lone in the wilderness rove?....

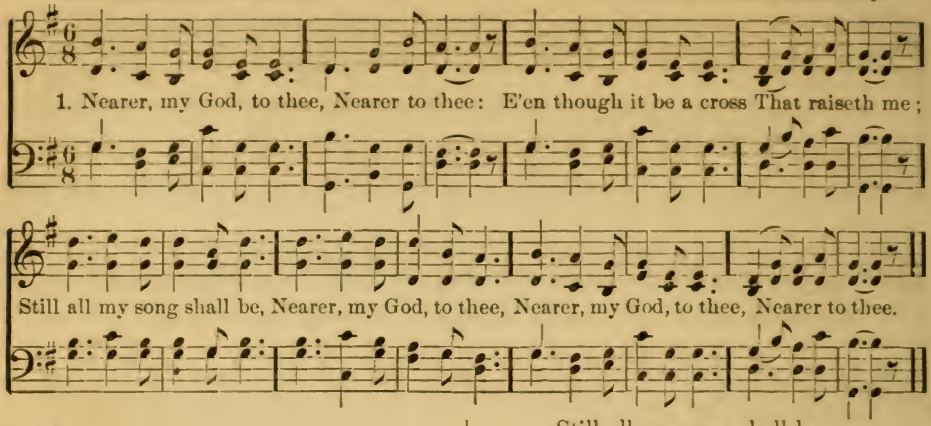
310

2 O why should I wander an alien from thee,
Or cry in the desert for bread?
Thy foes will rejoice when my sorrows they see,
And smile at the tears I have shed.
Love sits in thine eyelids, and scatters delight
Thro' all the bright mansions on high!
Their faces the cherubim veil in thy sight,
And tremble with fullness of joy.

3 He looks! and ten thousands of angels rejoice,
And myriads wait for his words;
He speaks! and eternity, filled with his voice,
Re-echoes the praise of the Lord.
Dear Shepherd! I hear, and will follow thy call;
I know the sweet sound of thy voice;
Restore and defend me, for thou art my all,
And in thee I will ever rejoice.

*Joseph Swain.*

BETHANY. 6s & 4s. *Arr. by Lowell Mason.* 1858.


1. Nearer, my God, to thee, Nearer to thee: E'en though it be a cross That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be, Nearer, my God, to thee, Nearer, my God, to thee, Nearer to thee.

311

2 Though like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone:
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

3 There let the way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that thou sendest me,
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

4 Then with my waking thoughts
Bright with thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

5 Or if on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly.
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

*Sarah Flower Adams.* 1840.

312

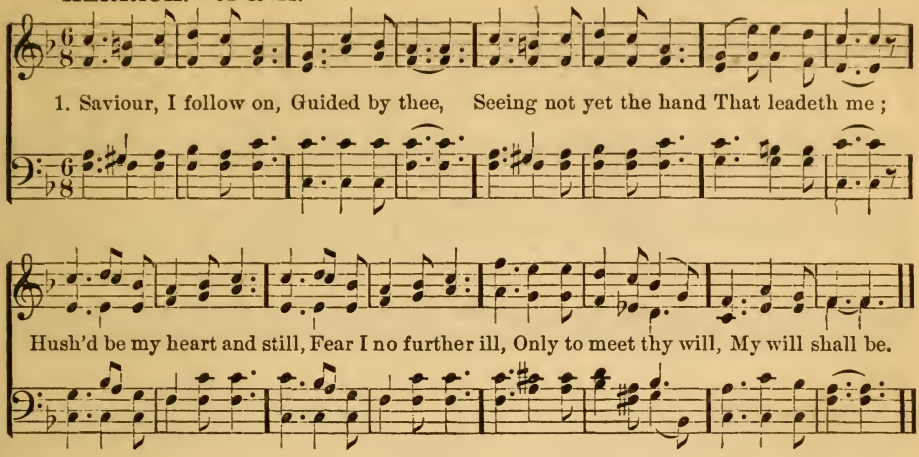
1 Jesus, thy name I love,
Jesus, my Lord!
All other names above,
Jesus, my Lord!
O thou art all to me!
Nothing to please I see,
Nothing apart from thee,
Jesus, my Lord!

2 Thou blessèd Son of God,
Jesus, my Lord!
Hast bought with thy blood,
Jesus, my Lord!
O how great is thy love,
All other loves above,
Love that I daily prove,
Jesus, my Lord!

3 Soon thou wilt come again!
Jesus, my Lord!
I shall be happy then,
Jesus, my Lord!
Then thine own face I'll see,
Then I shall like thee be,
Then evermore with thee,
Jesus, my Lord!

*James G. Deck.* 1840.

HERRICK. 6s & 4s.


1. Saviour, I follow on, Guided by thee, Seeing not yet the hand That leadeth me;
Hush'd be my heart and still, Fear I no further ill, Only to meet thy will, My will shall be.

## 313

2 Riven the rock for me
Thirst to relieve,
Manna from heaven falls
Fresh every eve;
Never a want severe
Causeth my eye a tear,
But thou dost whisper near,
"Only believe!"

3 Often to Marah's brink
Have I been brought;
Shrinking the cup to drink,
Help I have sought;
And with the prayer's ascent,
Jesus the branch hath rent—
Quickly relief hath sent,
Sweetening the draught.

4 Saviour! I long to walk
Closer with thee;
Led by thy guiding hand,
Ever to be;
Constantly near thy side,
Quickened and purified,
Living for him who died
Freely for me!

*Charles S. Robinson.* 1862.

## 314

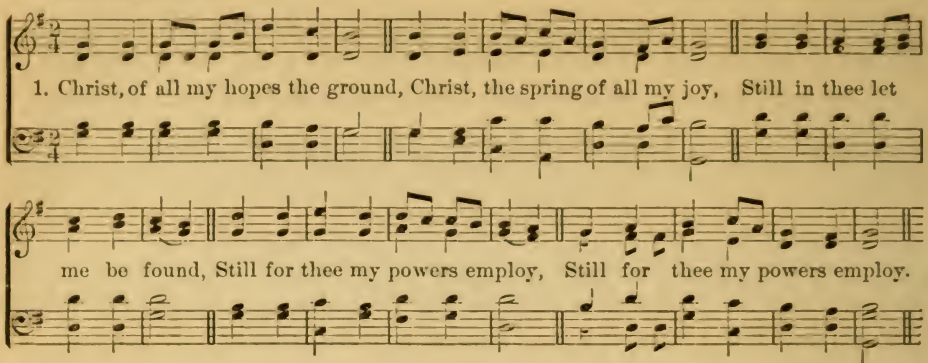
1 Saviour! thy gentle voice
Gladly we hear;
Author of all our joys,
Ever be near;
Our souls would cling to thee,
Let us thy fulness see,
Let us thy fulness see,
Our life to cheer.

2 Fountain of life divine!
Thee we adore;
We would be wholly thine
Forevermore;
Freely forgive our sin,
Grant heavenly peace within,
Grant heavenly peace within,
Thy light restore.

3 Though to our faith unseen,
While darkness reigns,
On thee alone we lean
While life remains;
By thy free grace restored,
Our souls shall bless the Lord,
Our souls shall bless the Lord
In joyful strains!

*Thomas Hastings.*

HENDON. 7s. *Cæsar H. A. Malan.* 1830.


1. Christ, of all my hopes the ground, Christ, the spring of all my joy, Still in thee let
me be found, Still for thee my powers employ, Still for thee my powers employ.

## 315

2 Fountain of o'erflowing grace!
Freely from thy fulness give;
Till I close my earthly race,
Be it "Christ for me to live!"

3 When I touch the blesséd shore,
Back the closing waves shall roll;
Death's dark stream shall never more
Part from thee my ravished soul.

4 Thus, O thus, an entrance give
To the land of cloudless sky;
Having known it "Christ to live,"
Let me know it "gain to die."

5 Gain, to part from all my grief;
Gain, to bid my sins farewell;
Gain, of all my gains the chief,
Ever with the Lord to dwell.

6 This thy people's portion, Lord!
Peace on earth, and bliss on high;
This their ever-sure reward,
"Christ to live, and gain to die!"

*Ralph Wardlaw.* 1817.

## 316

1 FATHER of eternal grace,
Glorify thyself in me;
Meekly beaming in my face,
May the world thine image see.

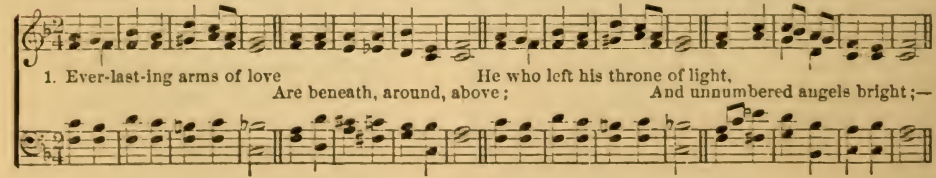
2 Happy only in thy love,
Poor, unfriended, or unknown;
Fix my thoughts on things above,
Stay my heart on thee alone.

3 Humble, holy, all-resigned
To thy will:—thy will be done!
Give me, Lord, the perfect mind
Of thy well-belovéd Son.

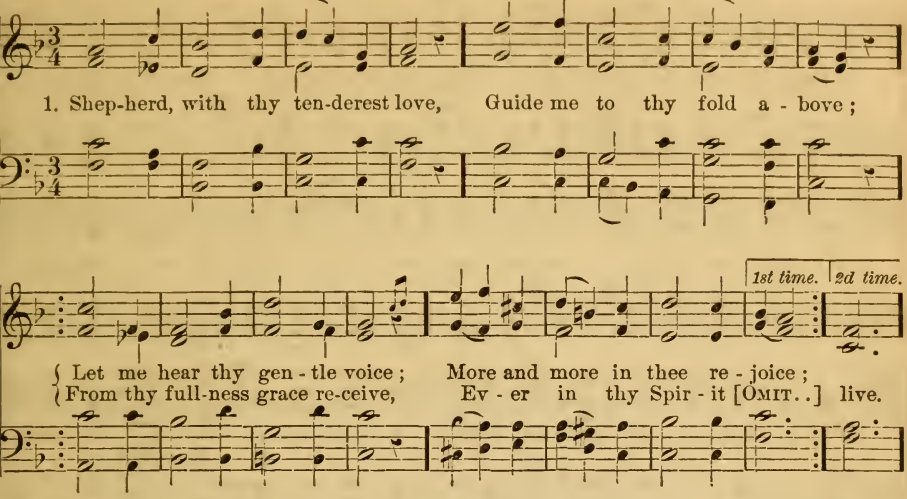
4 Counting gain and glory loss,
May I tread the path he trod;
Die with Jesus on the cross,
Rise with him, to thee, my God!

*James Montgomery.* 1808.

SEYMOUR. 7s. *Carl Maria von Weber.* 1825. *Arr. by H. W. Greatorex.* 1849.



**GRACE.** 7s. 6 lines. *Arr. from S. X. Chwatal.*


1. Shep-herd, with thy ten-derest love, Guide me to thy fold a - bove;
1st time. 2d time.
Let me hear thy gen - tle voice; More and more in thee re - joice;
From thy full-ness grace re-ceive, Ev - er in thy Spir - it [OMIT..] live.

## 317

2 Filled by thee my cup o'erflows,
For thy love no limit knows:
Guardian angels, ever nigh,
Lead and draw my soul on high;
Constant to my latest end,
Thou my footsteps wilt attend.

3 Jesus, with thy presence blest,
Death is life, and labor rest;
Guide me while I draw my breath,
Guide me through the gate of death,
And at last, O let me stand,
With the flock at thy right hand.

*Anon.* 1865.

## 318

1 As the hart, with eager looks,
Panteth for the water-brooks,
So my soul, athirst for thee,
Pants the living God to see;
When, O when, with filial fear,
Lord shall I to thee draw near?

2 Why art thou cast down, my soul?
God, thy God, shall make thee whole;
Why art thou disquieted?
God shall lift thy fallen head,
And his countenance benign
Be the saving health of thine.

*James Montgomery.*

## 319

1 EVERLASTING arms of love
Are beneath, around, above;
He who left his throne of light,
And unnumbered angels bright;—

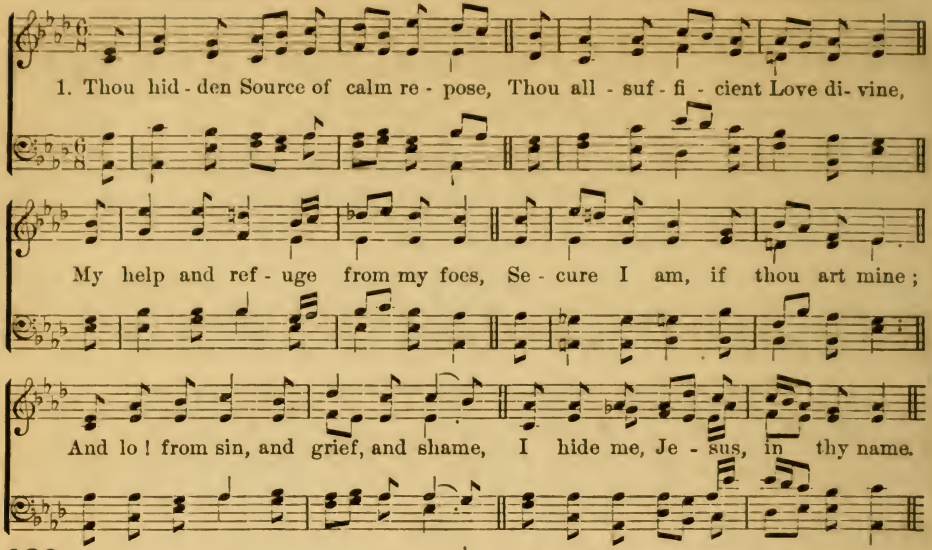
2 He who on the accurséd tree
Gave his precious life for me;—
He it is that bears me on,
His the arm I lean upon.

3 All things hasten to decay,
Earth and sea will pass away;
Soon will yonder circling sun
Cease his blazing course to run.

4 Scenes will vary, friends grow strange,
But the Changeless cannot change:
Gladly will I journey on,
With his arm to lean upon.

*John R. Macduff.*

FELIX. L. M. 6 lines. *Arr. from Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy.*


1. Thou hid - den Source of calm re - pose, Thou all - suf - fi - cient Love di- vine,
My help and ref - uge from my foes, Se - cure I am, if thou art mine;
And lo! from sin, and grief, and shame, I hide me, Je - sus, in thy name.

## 320

2 Thy mighty name salvation is,
And keeps my happy soul above;
Comfort it brings, and power, and peace,
And joy, and everlasting love;
To me, with thy dear name, are given
Pardon, and holiness, and heaven.

3 Jesus, my all in all thou art;
My rest, in toil; my ease, in pain;
The medicine of my broken heart;
In war, my peace; in loss, my gain;
My smile beneath the tyrant's frown;
In shame, my glory and my crown;

4 In want, my plentiful supply;
In weakness, my almighty power;
In bonds, my perfect liberty;
My light, in Satan's darkest hour;
No trouble can my soul appal,
Thou art my life, my heaven, my all.

*Charles Wesley.* 1749.

## 321

1 When gathering clouds around I view,
And days are dark, and friends are few,
On him I lean who, not in vain,
Experienced every human pain;
He sees my wants, allays my fears,
And counts and treasures up my tears.

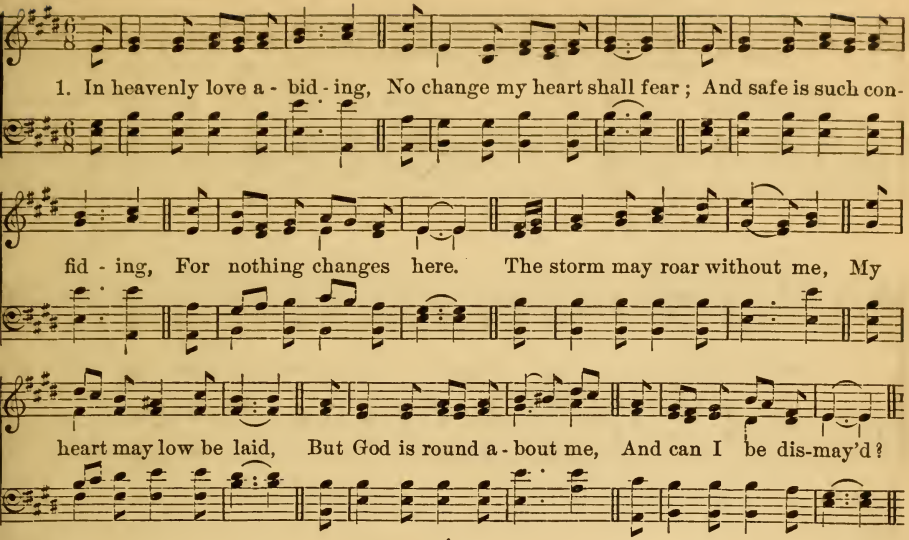
2 If aught should tempt my soul to stray
From heavenly wisdom's narrow way,
To fly the good I would pursue,
Or do the sin I would not do;
Still he, who felt temptation's power,
Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.

3 When sorrowing o'er some stone I bend,
Which covers what was once a friend,
And from his voice, his hand, his smile,
Divides me, for a little while;
Thou, Saviour, mark'st the tears I shed,
For thou didst weep o'er Lazarus dead.

4 And O, when I have safely passed
Through every conflict but the last,
Still, still unchanging, watch beside
My painful bed, for thou hast died;
Then point to realms of cloudless day,
And wipe the latest tear away.

*Robert Grant.* 1806.

MACDONALD. 7s & 6s.


1. In heavenly love a - bid - ing, No change my heart shall fear ; And safe is such con-
fid - ing, For nothing changes here. The storm may roar without me, My
heart may low be laid, But God is round a - bout me, And can I be dis-may'd?

322

2 Wherever he may guide me,
No want shall turn me back;
My Shepherd is beside me,
And nothing can I lack.
His wisdom ever waketh,
His sight is never dim,
He knows the way he taketh,
And I will walk with him.

3 Green pastures are before me,
Which yet I have not seen;
Bright skies will soon be o'er me,
Where darkest clouds have been.
My hope I cannot measure,
My path to life is free,
My Saviour has my treasure,
And he will walk with me.

*Anna Lætitia Waring.* 1850.

323

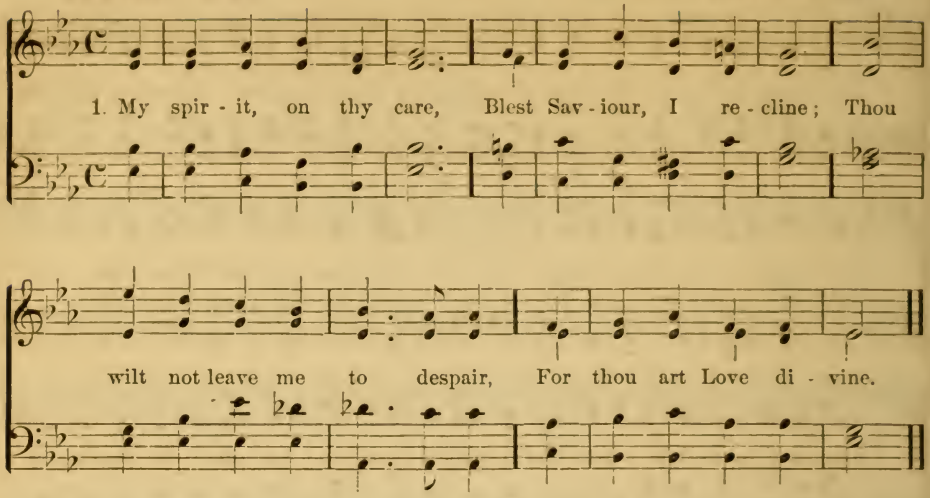
1 I KNOW no life divided,
O Lord of life, from thee;
In thee is life provided
For all mankind and me;
I know no death, O Jesus,
Because I live in thee;
Thy death it is which frees us
From death eternally.

2 I fear no tribulation,
Since, whatsoe'er it be,
It makes no separation
Between my Lord and me.
If thou, my God and Teacher,
Vouchsafe to be my own,
Though poor, I shall be richer
Than monarch on his throne.

3 If, while on earth I wander,
My heart is light and blest,
Ah, what shall I be yonder
In perfect peace and rest?
O blessed thought in dying,
We go to meet the Lord,
Where there shall be no sighing,
A kingdom our reward.

*Carl Johann Philipp Spitta.* 1833.
*Tr. by Richard Massie.* 1860.

BARNBY. S. M. *Joseph Barnby.* 1868.




## 324

1 My spirit, on thy care,
Blest Saviour, I recline;
Thou wilt not leave me to despair,
For thou art Love divine.

2 In thee I place my trust,
On thee I calmly rest;
I know thee good, I know thee just,
And count thy choice the best,

3 Whate'er events betide,
Thy will they all perform;
Safe in thy breast my head I hide,
Nor fear the coming storm.

4 Let good or ill befall,
It must be good for me;
Secure of having thee in all,
Of having all in thee.

*Henry Francis Lyte.* 1834.

## 325

1 Still, still with thee, my God,
I would desire to be;
By day, by night, at home, abroad,
I would be still with thee.

2 With thee, when dawn comes in,
And calls me back to care,
Each day returning to begin
With thee, my God, in prayer.

3 With thee amid the crowd
That throngs the busy mart,
To hear thy voice, 'mid clamor loud,
Speak softly to my heart.

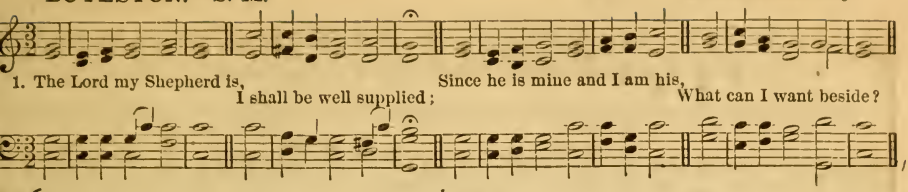
4 With thee, when day is done,
And evening calms the mind,
The setting, as the rising sun,
With thee my heart would find.

5 With thee, when darkness brings
The signal of repose,
Calm in the shadow of thy wings,
Mine eyelids I would close.

6 With thee, in thee, by faith
Abiding I would be;
By day, by night, in life, in death,
I would be still with thee.

*James Drummond Burns.* 1856.

BOYLSTON. S. M. *Lowell Mason.* 1832.




326

1. He leads me to the place
Where heavenly pasture grows;
Where living waters gently pass,
And full salvation flows.

2. If e'er I go astray,
He doth my soul reclaim;
And guides me, in his own right way,
For his most holy name.

3. While he affords his aid,
I cannot yield to fear;
Tho' I should walk thro' death's dark shade,
My Shepherd's with me there.

4. The bounties of thy love
Shall crown my following days;
Nor from thy house will I remove,
Nor cease to speak thy praise.

*Isaac Watts.* 1719.

327

1 The pity of the Lord
To those that fear his name,
Is such as tender parents feel;
He knows our feeble frame.

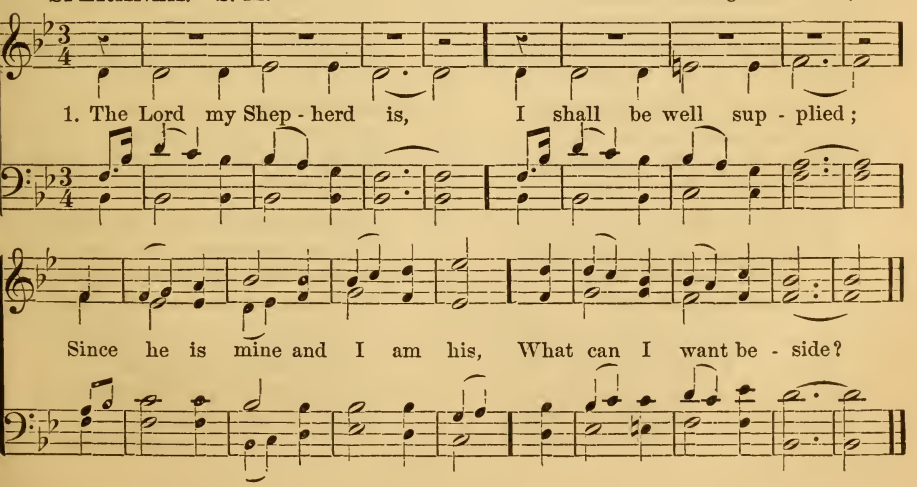
2 He knows we are but dust,
Scattered with every breath;
His anger, like a rising wind,
Can send us swift to death.

3 Our days are as the grass,
Or like the morning flower;
If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field,
It withers in an hour.

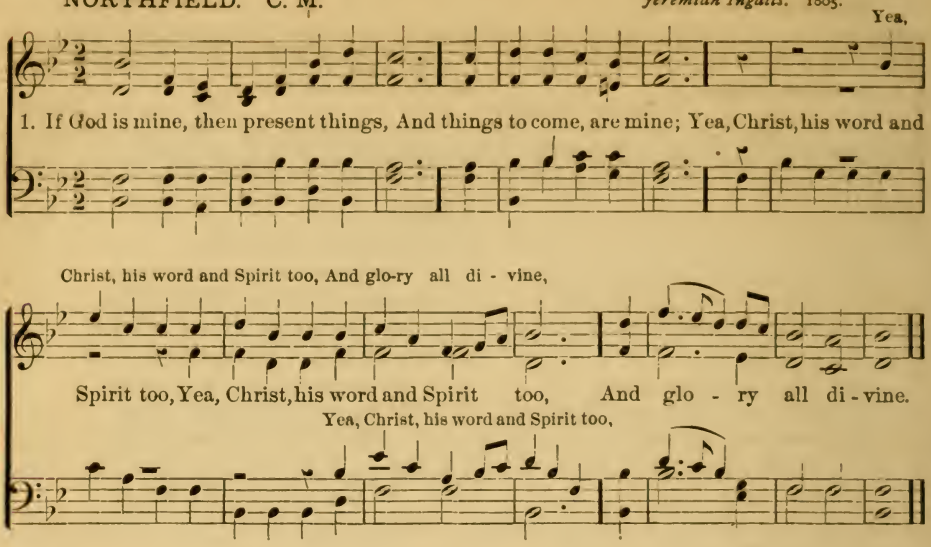
4 But thy compassions, Lord,
To endless years endure;
And children's children ever find
Thy words of promise sure.

*Isaac Watts.* 1719.

SPERANZA. S. M. *George F. Root.* 1871.



NORTHFIELD. C. M. *Jeremiah Ingalls.* 1805.


Yea,
1. If God is mine, then present things, And things to come, are mine; Yea, Christ, his word and
Christ, his word and Spirit too, And glo-ry all di - vine,
Spirit too, Yea, Christ, his word and Spirit too, And glo - ry all di - vine.
Yea, Christ, his word and Spirit too,

## 328

1 If God is mine, then present things,
And things to come, are mine;
Yea, Christ, his word and Spirit too,
And glory all divine.

2 If he is mine, then from his love,
He every trouble sends;
All things are working for my good,
And bliss his rod attends.

3 If he is mine, let friends forsake,
Let wealth and honors flee—
Sure he, who giveth me himself,
Is more than these to me.

4 If he is mine, I'll boldly pass
Through sorrow's gloomy vale;
He is a solid comfort, when
All other comforts fail.

5 O tell me, Lord, that thou art mine;
What can I wish beside?
My soul shall at the fountain live,
When all the streams are dried.

*Benjamin Beddome.* 1787.

## 329

1 Come, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

2 "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,
"To be exalted thus;"
"Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,
"For he was slain for us."

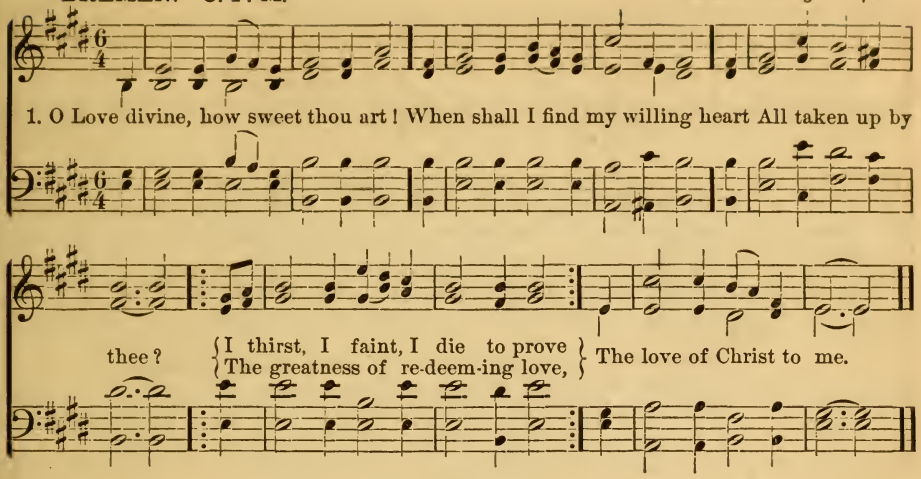
3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honor and power divine;
And blessings, more than we can give,
Be, Lord, forever thine.

4 Let all that dwell above the sky,
And air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to lift thy glories high,
And speak thine endless praise.

5 The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred name
Of him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

*Isaac Watts.* 1709.

BREMEN. C. P. M. *Thomas Hastings.* 1840.


1. O Love divine, how sweet thou art! When shall I find my willing heart All taken up by
thee?
I thirst, I faint, I die to prove
The greatness of re-deem-ing love,
The love of Christ to me.

## 330

1 O Love divine, how sweet thou art!
When shall I find my willing heart
All taken up by thee?
I thirst, I faint, I die to prove
The greatness of redeeming love,
The love of Christ to me.

2 Stronger his love than death or hell;
No mortal can his riches tell,
Nor first-born sons of light:
In vain they long its depths to see;
They cannot reach the mystery,
The length, the breadth, the height.

3 God only knows the love of God;
O that it now were shed abroad
In this poor, stony heart!
For love I sigh, for love I pine;
This only portion, Lord, be mine,
Be mine this better part.

4 O that I could forever sit
In transport at my Saviour's feet!
Be this my happy choice;
My only care, delight, and bliss,
My joy, my heaven on earth, be this,
To hear my Saviour's voice.

*Charles Wesley.* 1749.

## 331

1 O Lord, how happy should we be,
If we could cast our care on thee,
If we from self could rest;
And feel, at heart, that One above,
In perfect wisdom, perfect love,
Is working for the best!

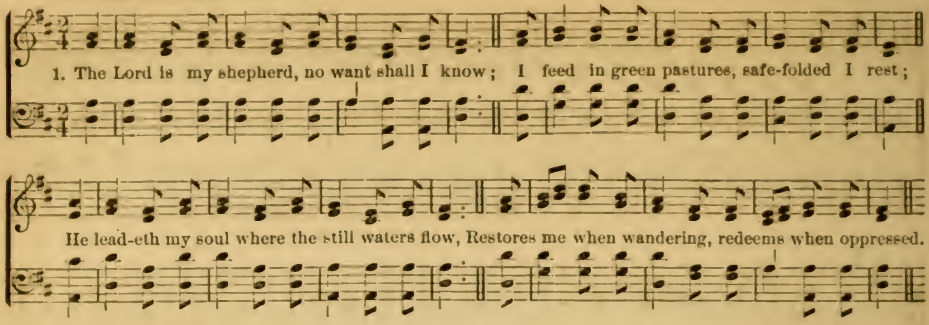
2 How far from this our daily life,
Ever disturbed by anxious strife,
By sudden, wild alarms!
O could we but relinquish all
Our earthly props, and simply fall
On thine almighty arms!

3 Could we but kneel, and cast our load,
E'en while we pray, upon our God,
Then rise, with lightened cheer,
Sure that the Father, who is nigh
To still the famished raven's cry,
Will hear, in that we fear!

4 Lord, make these faithless hearts of ours
Such lessons learn from birds and flowers;
Make them from self to cease,
Leave all things to a Father's will,
And taste, before him lying still,
E'en in affliction, peace.

*Joseph Anstice.* 1836.

LONGWOOD. 11s. *William B. Bradbury.* 1847.


1. The Lord is my shepherd, no want shall I know; I feed in green pastures, safe-folded I rest;
He lead-eth my soul where the still waters flow, Restores me when wandering, redeems when oppressed.

## 332

2 Through the valley and shadow of death though I stray,
Since thou art my Guardian, no evil I fear;
Thy rod shall defend me, thy staff be my stay;
No harm can befall, with my Comforter near.

3 In the midst of affliction, my table is spread;
With blessings unmeasured my cup runneth o'er;
With perfume and oil thou anointest my head;
O what shall I ask of thy providence more?

4 Let goodness and mercy, my bountiful God,
Still follow my steps till I meet thee above;
I seek, by the path which my forefathers trod
Through the land of their sojourn, thy kingdom of love.

*James Montgomery.* 1822.

## 333

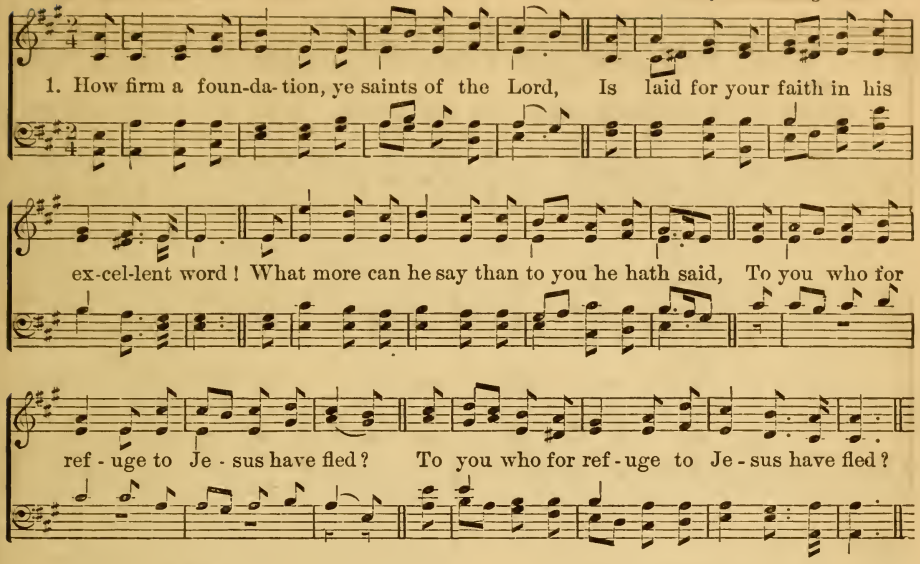
1 O HAD I, my Saviour, the wings of a dove,
How soon would I soar to thy presence above!
How soon would I flee where the weary have rest,
And hide all my cares in thy sheltering breast!

2 I flutter, I struggle, and long to be free,
I feel me a captive while banished from thee;
A pilgrim and stranger, the desert I roam,
And look on to heaven, and fain would be home.

3 Ah, there the wild tempest for ever shall cease,
No billow shall ruffle that haven of peace;
Temptation and trouble alike shall depart,
All tears from the eye, and all sin from the heart.

4 Soon, soon may this Eden of promise be mine;
Rise, bright Sun of glory, no more to decline;
Thy light, yet unrisen, the wilderness cheers;
O what will it be, when the fullness appears? *Henry Francis Lyte.* 1834.

PORTUGUESE HYMN. 11s. *John Reading.* 1680.


1. How firm a foun-da-tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your faith in his
ex-cel-lent word! What more can he say than to you he hath said, To you who for
ref-uge to Je-sus have fled? To you who for ref-uge to Je-sus have fled?

## 334

2 "Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismayed,
For I am thy God, I will still give thee aid:
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
Upheld by my gracious, omnipotent hand.

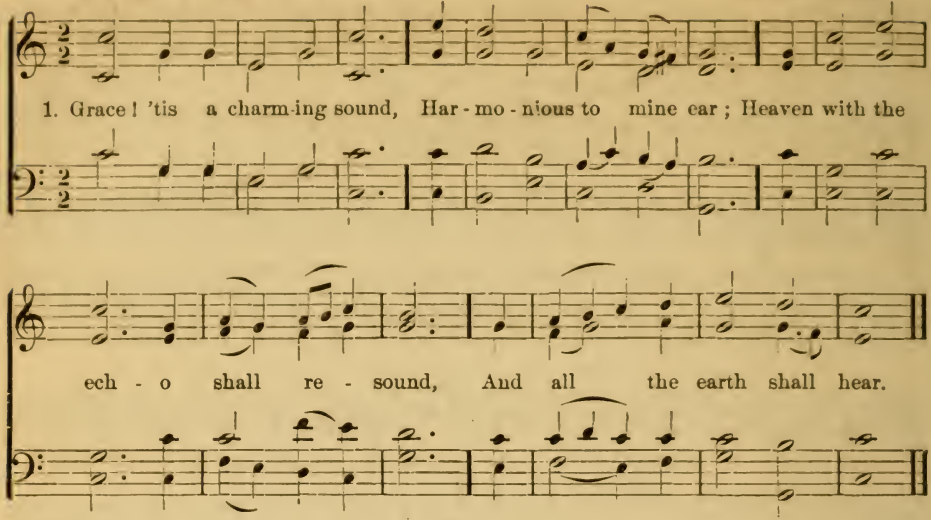
3 "When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of sorrow shall not overflow;
For I will be with thee thy trials to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

4 "When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply,
The flame shall not hurt thee; I only design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

5 "E'en down to old age all my people shall prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
And then, when gray hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.

6 "The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not, I will not desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never, no never, no never forsake!" *George Keith.* 1787.

SILVER STREET. S. M. *Isaac Smith.* 1770.




## 335

1 Grace! 'tis a charming sound,
Harmonious to mine ear;
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

2 Grace first contrived the way
To save rebellious man,
And all the steps that grace display
Which drew the wondrous plan.

3 Grace led my wandering feet
To tread the heavenly road,
And new supplies each hour I meet
While pressing on to God.

4 Grace all the work shall crown
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

*Philip Doddridge.* 1755.

## 336

1 Give to the winds thy fears;
Hope, and be undismay'd;
God hears thy sighs and counts thy tears,
God shall lift up thy head.

2 Thro' waves, thro' clouds and storms,
He gently clears thy way;
Wait thou his time; so shall this night
Soon end in joyous day.

3 What though thou rulest not,
Yet heaven and earth and hell
Proclaim, God sitteth on the throne,
And ruleth all things well.

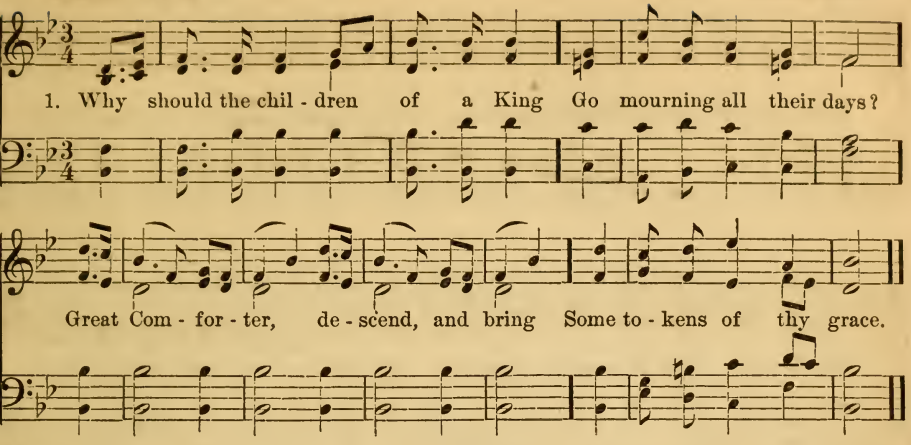
4 Far, far above thy thought
His counsel shall appear,
When fully he the work hath wrought
That caused thy needless fear.

5 Thou seest our weakness, Lord,
Our hearts are known to thee;
O lift thou up the sinking hand,
Confirm the feeble knee.

6 Let us, in life, in death,
Thy steadfast truth declare,
And publish with our latest breath
Thy love and guardian care.

*Paul Gerhardt.* 1659.
*Tr. by John Wesley.* 1739 *ab.*

LEON. C. M. *Lowell Mason.*




## 337

2 Dost thou not dwell in all the saints,
And seal the heirs of heaven?
When wilt thou banish my complaints,
And show my sins forgiven?

3 Thou art the Earnest of his love,
The Pledge of joys to come;
And thy soft wings, celestial Dove,
Will safe convey me home.

*Isaac Watts.* 1709.

## 338

1 O FOR a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free;
A heart that always feels thy blood
So freely spilt for me!

2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My dear Redeemer's throne;
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone!

3 An humble, lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean,
Which neither life nor death can part
From him that dwells within!

4 A heart in every thought renewed,
And filled with love divine;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good;
A copy, Lord, of thine.

5 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart;
Come quickly from above;
Write thy new name upon my heart,
Thy new, best name of Love.

*Charles Wesley.* 1742.

## 339

1 O GOD of Bethel, by whose hand
Thy people still are fed;
Who through this weary pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led:

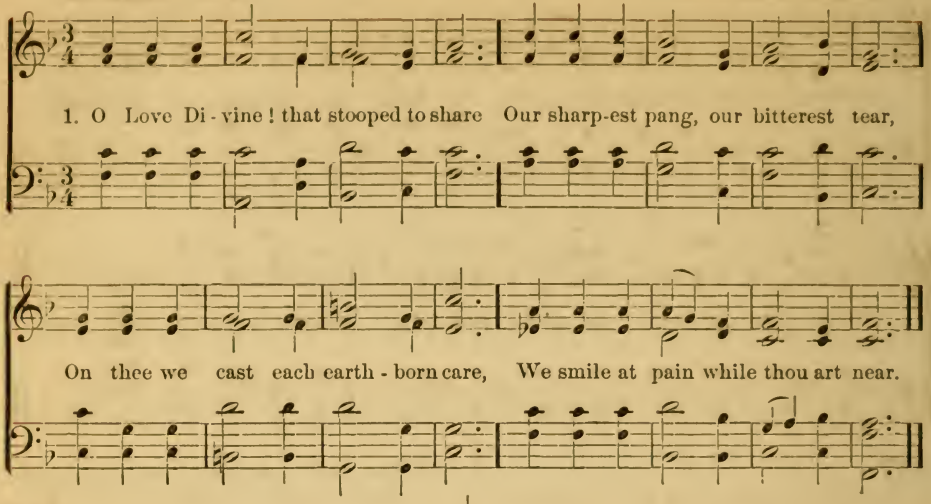
2 Our vows, our prayers, we now present
Before thy throne of grace:
God of our fathers, be the God
Of their succeeding race.

3 Through each perplexing path of life
Our wandering footsteps guide;
Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.

4 O spread thy covering wings around,
Till all our wanderings cease,
And, at our Father's loved abode,
Our souls arrive in peace.

*Philip Doddridge.* 1737.
*Michael Bruce.* 1781.

MORRIS. L. M. *From "Pearce's Collection."*


1. O Love Di - vine! that stooped to share Our sharp-est pang, our bitterest tear,
On thee we cast each earth - born care, We smile at pain while thou art near.

## 340

2 Though long the weary way we tread,
And sorrow crown each lingering year,
No path we shun, no darkness dread,
Our hearts still whispering, thou art near.

3 When drooping pleasure turns to grief,
And trembling faith is changed to fear,
The murmuring wind, the quivering leaf,
Shall softly tell us thou art near.

4 On thee we fling our burdening woe,
O Love divine, forever dear;
Content to suffer while we know,
Living or dying, thou art near!

*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

## 341

1 Thy will be done! I will not fear
The fate provided by thy love;
Tho' clouds and darkness shroud me here,
I know that all is bright above.

2 The stars of heaven are shining on,
Though these frail eyes are dimmed with tears;
The hopes of earth indeed are gone,
But are not ours the immortal years?

3 Father, forgive the heart that clings,
Thus trembling, to the things of time;
And bid my soul, on angel wings,
Ascend into a purer clime.

*J. Roscoe.*

## 342

1 Father, beneath thy sheltering wing
In sweet security we rest,
And fear no evil earth can bring,
In life, in death, supremely blest.

2 For life is good whose tidal flow
The motions of thy will obeys;
And death is good, that makes us know
The Life Divine that all things sways.

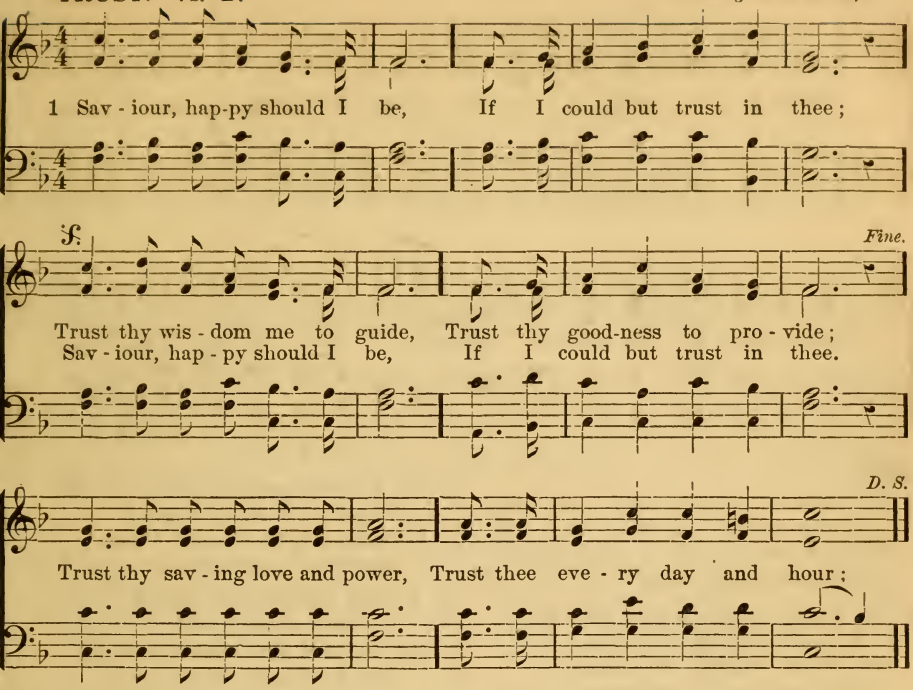
3 And good it is to bear the cross,
And so thy perfect peace to win;
And nought is ill, nor brings us loss,
Nor works us harm, save only sin.

4 Redeemed from this, we ask no more,
But trust the love that saves to guide;
The grace that yields so rich a store,
Will grant us all we need beside.

*William H. Burleigh.*

TRUST. 7s. D.

*George F. Root.* 1872.


1 Sav - iour, hap-py should I be, If I could but trust in thee;
f.
Fine.
Trust thy wis - dom me to guide, Trust thy good-ness to pro - vide;
Sav - iour, hap - py should I be, If I could but trust in thee.
D. S.
Trust thy sav - ing love and power, Trust thee eve - ry day and hour;

## 343

2 Trust thee as the only light
In the darkest hour of night;
Trust in sickness, trust in health;
Trust in poverty and wealth;
Trust in joy, and trust in grief;
Trust thy promise for relief:
Saviour, happy should I be,
If I could but trust in thee.

3 Trust thy blood to cleanse my soul;
Trust thy grace to make me whole;
Trust thee living, dying, too;
Trust thee all my journey through;
Trust thee till my feet shall be
Planted on the crystal sea!
Saviour, happy should I be,
If I could but trust in thee.

*Edward H. Nevin.* 1858.

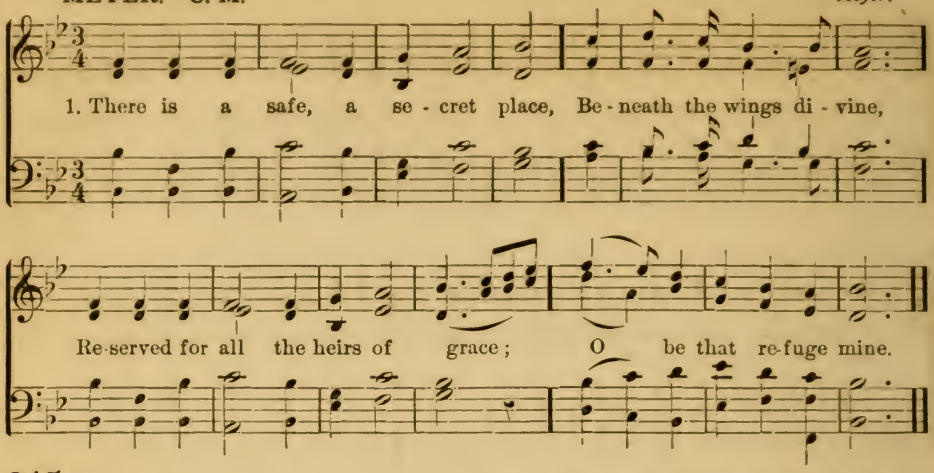
## 344

1 Hark, my soul! it is the Lord;
'Tis thy Saviour; hear his word;
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee:
"Say, poor sinner, lovest thou me?
Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above,
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death.

2 "Thou shalt see my glory soon,
When the work of grace is done;
Partner of my throne shalt be:
Say, poor sinner, lovest thou me?"
Lord! it is my chief complaint
That my love is cold and faint;
Yet I love thee, and adore:
O for grace to love thee more!

*William Cowper.* 1779.

MEYER. C. M. *Meyer.*




## 345

2 The least and feeblest there may bide
Uninjured and unawed;
While thousands fall on every side,
He rests secure in God.

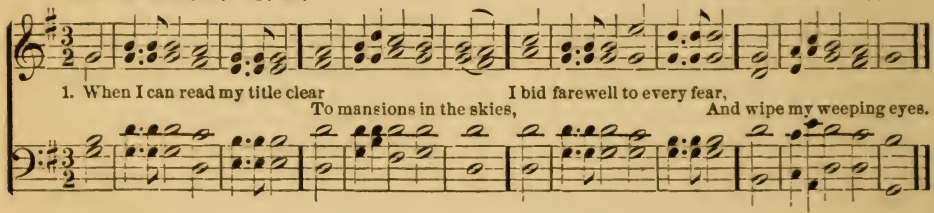
3 The angels watch him on his way,
And aid with friendly arm;
And Satan, roaring for his prey,
May hate, but cannot harm.

4 He feeds in pastures large and fair
Of love and truth divine;
O child of God, O glory's heir,
How rich a lot is thine!

5 A hand almighty to defend,
An ear for every call,
An honored life, a peaceful end,
And heaven to crown it all!

*Henry Francis Lyte.* 1834.

ARLINGTON. C. M. *Thomas A. Arne.* 1744.




## 346

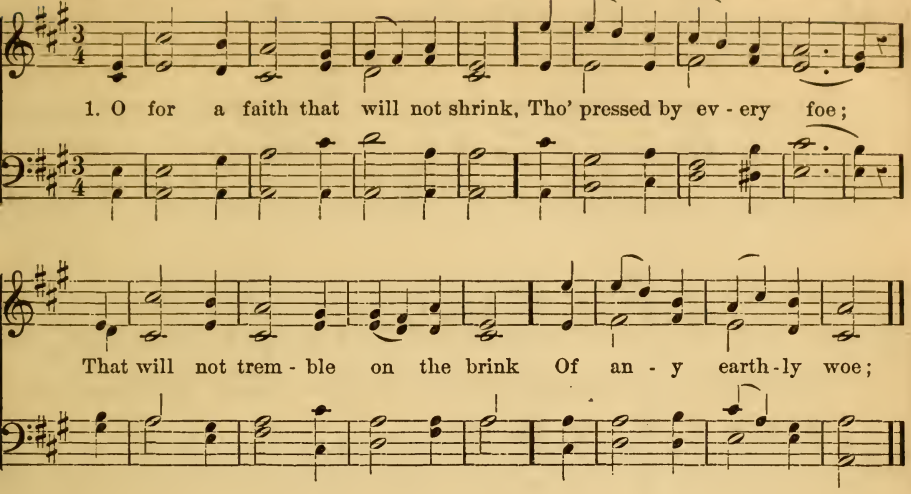
2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And hellish darts be hurled,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall;
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all:

4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

*Isaac Watts.* 1709.

BELMONT. C. M. *Johann C. W. A. Mozart.* 1805.




## 347

2 That will not murmur nor complain
Beneath the chastening rod;
But, in the hour of grief or pain,
Will lean upon its God;

3 A faith that shines more bright and clear
When tempests rage without;
That when in danger knows no fear,
In darkness feels no doubt;

4 That bears, unmoved, the world's dread frown,
Nor heeds its scornful smile;
That seas of trouble cannot drown,
Nor Satan's arts beguile;

5 A faith that keeps the narrow way
Till life's last hour is fled,
And with a pure and heavenly ray,
Lights up a dying bed.

6 Lord, give us such a faith as this,
And then, whate'er may come,
We'll taste, e'en here, the hallowed bliss
Of an eternal home.

*W. H. Bathurst.* 1831.

## 348

1 While through this changing world we roam,
From infancy to age,
Heaven is the Christian pilgrim's home,
His rest at every stage.

2 Thither his raptured thought ascends,
Eternal joys to share;
There his adoring spirit bends,
While here he kneels in prayer.

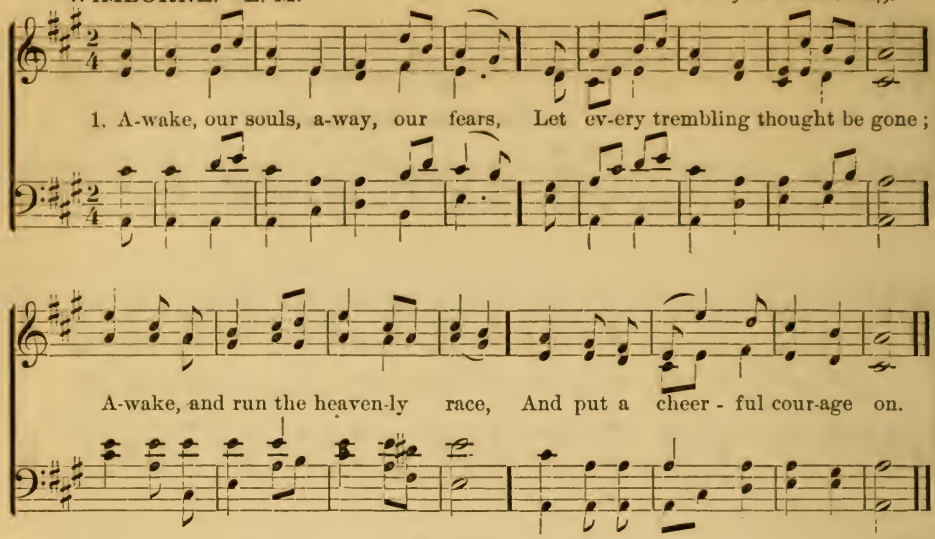
3 From earth his freed affections rise,
To fix on things above,
Where all his hope of glory lies,
And love is perfect love.

4 O there may we our treasure place,
There let our hearts be found;
That still, where sin abounded, grace
May more and more abound.

5 Henceforth, our conversation be,
With Christ before the throne;
Ere long we, eye to eye, shall see,
And know as we are known.

*James Montgomery.* 1825.

WIMBORNE. L. M. *J. Whitaker.* 1849.


1. A-wake, our souls, a-way, our fears, Let ev-ery trembling thought be gone;
A-wake, and run the heaven-ly race, And put a cheer - ful cour-age on.

## 349

1 Awake, our souls, away our fears,
Let every trembling thought be gone;
Awake, and run the heavenly race,
And put a cheerful courage on.

2 True, 'tis a strait and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint;
But they forget the mighty God
Who feeds the strength of every saint.

3 Thee, mighty God! whose matchless power
Is ever new and ever young,
And firm endures while endless years
Their everlasting circles run.

4 From thee, the overflowing Spring,
Our souls shall drink a fresh supply;
While such as trust their native strength
Shall melt away and droop and die.

5 Swift as an eagle cuts the air
We'll mount aloft to thine abode;
On wings of love our souls shall fly,
Nor tire amid the heavenly road.

*Isaac Watts.* 1709.

## 350

1 Faith is a living power from heaven
Which grasps the promise God has given,
A trust that cannot be o'erthrown,
Securely fixed on Christ alone.

2 Faith finds in Christ whate'er we need
To save and strengthen, guide and feed;
Strong in his grace, it joys to share
His cross, in hope his crown to wear.

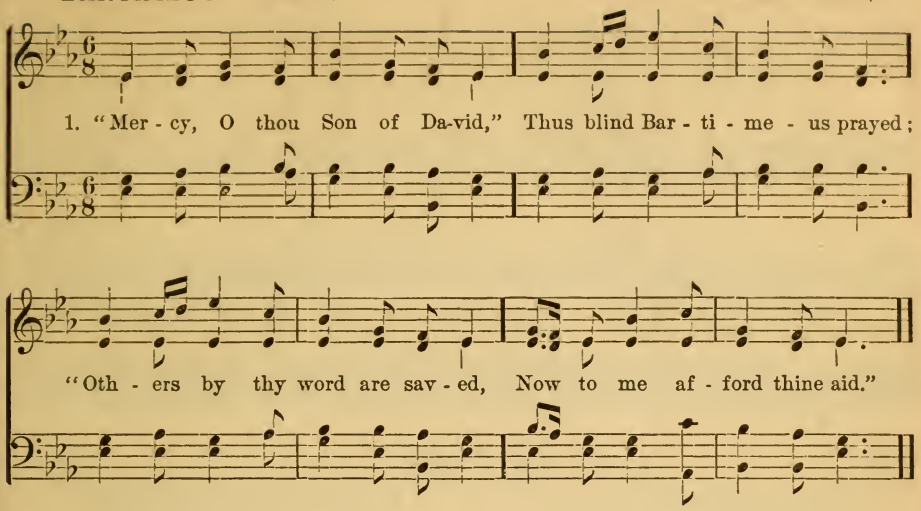
3 Faith to the conscience whispers peace,
And bids the mourner's sighing cease;
By faith the children's right we claim,
And call upon our Father's name.

4 Faith feels the Spirit's kindling breath
In love and hope that conquer death;
Faith brings us to delight in God,
And blesses e'en his smiting rod.

5 Such faith in us, O God, implant,
And to our prayers thy favor grant
In Jesus Christ, thy saving Son,
Who is our fount of health alone.

*Tr., Catherine Winkworth.* 1858.

BARTIMEUS. 8s & 7s. *Daniel Read.* 1804.




## 351

1 "MERCY, O thou Son of David,"
Thus blind Bartimeus prayed;
"Others by thy word are saved,
Now to me afford thine aid."

2 Many for his crying chid him,
But he called the louder still;
Till the gracious Saviour bid him
Come, and ask Me what you will.

3 Money was not what he wanted,
Though by begging used to live;
But he asked, and Jesus granted,
Alms which none but he could give.

4 "Lord, remove this grievous blindness,
Let mine eyes behold the day!"
Straight he saw and, won by kindness,
Followed Jesus in the way.

5 O methinks I hear him praising,
Publishing to all around,
"Friends, is not my case amazing?
What a Saviour I have found!

6 "O that all the blind but knew him,
And would be advised by me,
Surely they would hasten to him,
He would cause them all to see."

*John Newton.* 1779.

## 352

1 CROSS, reproach, and tribulation,
Ye to me are welcome guests,
When I have this consolation,
That my soul in Jesus rests.

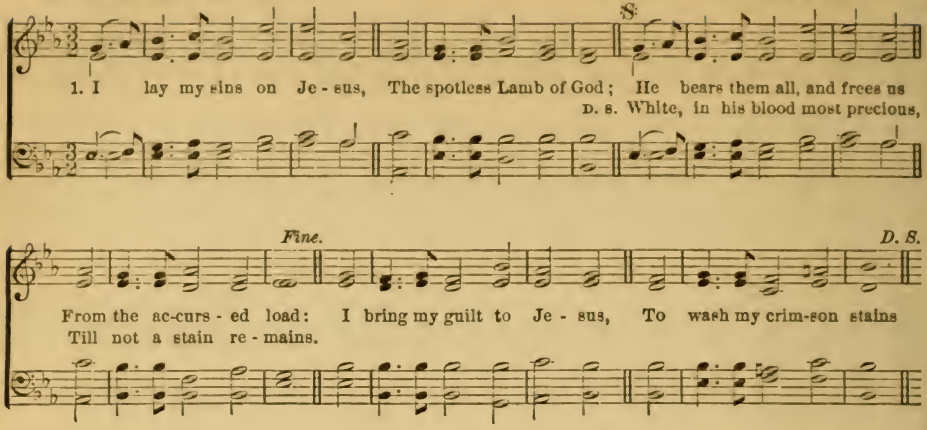
2 The reproach of Christ is glorious;
Those who here his burden bear
In the end shall prove victorious,
And eternal gladness share.

3 Bear, then, the reproach of Jesus,
Ye who live a life of faith;
Lift triumphant songs and praises,
E'en in martyrdom and death.

4 Bonds, and stripes, and evil story,
Are our honorable crowns;
Pain is peace, and shame is glory,
Gloomy dungeons are as thrones.

*Ludwig Andreas Gotter.* 1735.

TULLY. 7s & 6s. D. *Lowell Mason.* 1860.


1. I lay my sins on Je - sus, The spotless Lamb of God; He bears them all, and frees us
D. S. White, in his blood most precious,
Fine.
D. S.
From the ac-curs - ed load: I bring my guilt to Je - sus, To wash my crim-son stains
Till not a stain re - mains.

## 353

1 I LAY my sins on Jesus,
The spotless Lamb of God;
He bears them all, and frees us
From the accurséd load:
I bring my guilt to Jesus,
To wash my crimson stains
White, in his blood most precious,
Till not a stain remains.

2 I lay my wants on Jesus;
All fullness dwells in him;
He heals all my diseases,
He doth my soul redeem:
I lay my griefs on Jesus,
My burdens and my cares;
He from them all releases,
He all my sorrows shares.

3 I long to be like Jesus,—
Meek, loving, lowly, mild;
I long to be like Jesus,
The Father's holy child;
I long to be with Jesus,
Amid the heavenly throng,
To sing, with saints, his praises,
To learn the angels' song.

*Horatius Bonar.* 1845.

## 354

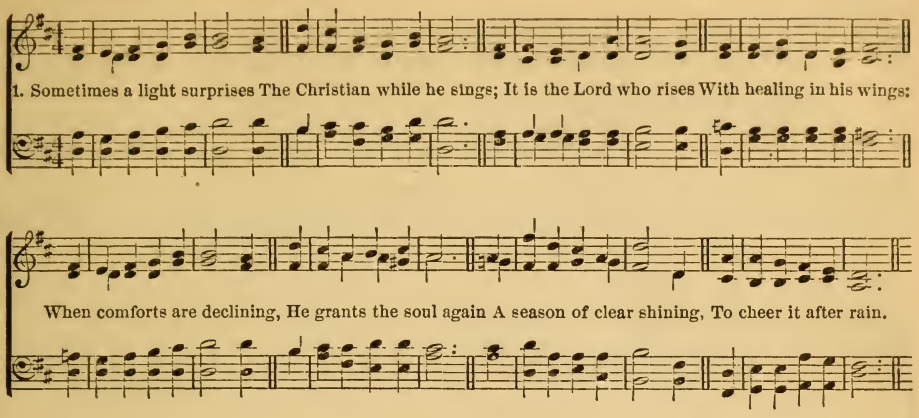
1 O LAMB of God, still keep me
Near to thy wounded side;
'Tis only there in safety
And peace I can abide!
What foes and snares surround me!
What doubts and fears within!
The grace that sought and found me,
Alone can keep me clean.

2 'Tis only in thee hiding,
I know my life secure;
Only in thee abiding,
The conflict can endure:
Thine arm the victory gaineth
O'er every hateful foe;
Thy love my heart sustaineth,
In all its care and woe.

3 Soon shall my eyes behold thee,
With rapture, face to face;
One half hath not been told me
Of all thy power and grace;
Thy beauty, Lord, and glory,
The wonders of thy love,
Shall be the endless story
Of all thy saints above.

*James George Deck.* 1857.

BENTLEY. 7s & 6s. D. *John Hullah.* 1865


1. Sometimes a light surprises The Christian while he sings; It is the Lord who rises With healing in his wings:
When comforts are declining, He grants the soul again A season of clear shining, To cheer it after rain.

## 355

2 In holy contemplation,
We sweetly then pursue
The theme of God's salvation,
And find it ever new:
Set free from present sorrow,
We cheerfully can say,
Let the unknown to-morrow
Bring with it what it may.

3 It can bring with it nothing
But he will bear us through;
Who gives the lilies clothing
Will clothe his people too;
Beneath the spreading heavens,
No creature but is fed;
And he who feeds the ravens
Will give his children bread.

4 Though vine nor fig-tree neither,
Their wonted fruit shall bear,
Though all the field should wither,
Nor flocks nor herds be there;
Yet God the same abiding,
His praise shall tune my voice,
For, while in him confiding,
I cannot but rejoice.

*William Cowper.* 1779.

## 356

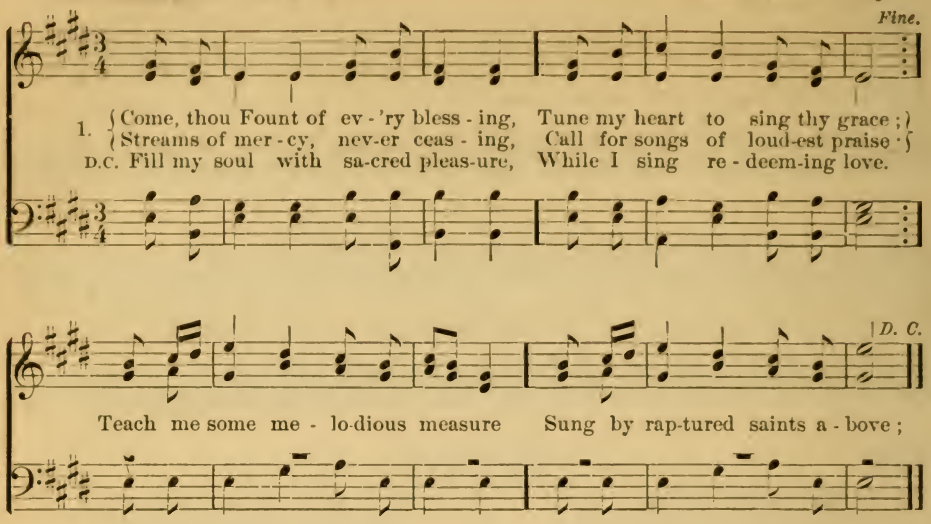
1 To thee, my God and Saviour!
My heart exulting sings,
Rejoicing in thy favor,
Almighty King of kings!
I'll celebrate thy glory,
With all thy saints above,
And tell the joyful story
Of thy redeeming love.

2 Soon as the morn with roses
Bedecks the dewy east,
And when the sun reposes
Upon the ocean's breast,
My voice in supplication,
Well pleaséd, thou shalt hear:
O grant me thy salvation,
And to my soul draw near.

3 By thee through life supported,
I pass the dangerous road,
With heavenly hosts escorted
Up to their bright abode;
There cast my crown before thee;
Now all my conflicts o'er,
And day and night adore thee:
What can an angel more?

*Thomas Haweis.* 1792.

NETTLETON. 8s & 7s. D. *Asahel Nettleton.* 1825.


Fine.
1. Come, thou Fount of ev - 'ry bless - ing, Tune my heart to sing thy grace ;
Streams of mer - cy, nev-er ceas - ing, Call for songs of loud-est praise
D.C. Fill my soul with sa-cred pleas-ure, While I sing re - deem-ing love.
D. C.
Teach me some me - lo-dious measure Sung by rap-tured saints a - bove ;

## 357

2 Here I raise mine Ebenezer;
Hither by thy help I'm come;
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed his precious blood.

3 O to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to thee;
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it;
Prone to leave the God I love;
Here's my heart; O take and seal it;
Seal it for thy courts above.

*Robert Robinson.* 1758.

## 358

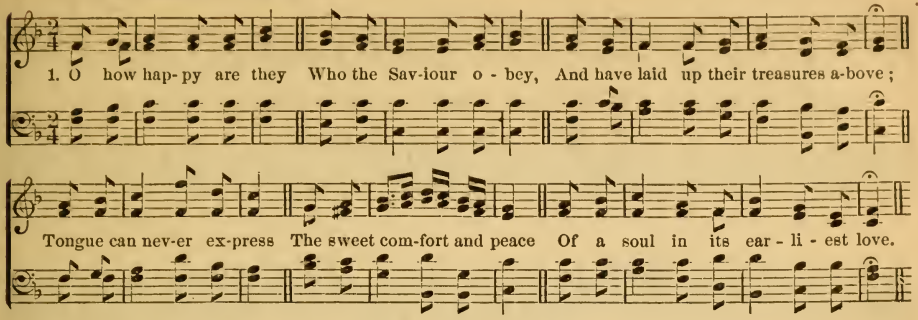
1 Yes, for me, for me he careth
With a brother's tender care;
Yes, with me, with me he shareth
Every burden, every fear.
Yes, o'er me, o'er me he watcheth,
Ceaseless watcheth, night and day;
Yes, e'en me, e'en me he snatcheth
From the perils of the way.

2 Yes, for me he standeth pleading
At the mercy-seat above;
Ever for me interceding,
Constant in untiring love.
Yes, in me abroad he sheddeth
Joys unearthly, love and light;
And to cover me he spreadeth
His paternal wing of might.

3 Yes, in me, in me he dwelleth;
I in him, and he in me!
And my empty soul he filleth,
Here and through eternity.
Thus I wait for his returning,
Singing all the way to heaven;
Such the joyful song of morning,
Such the tranquil song of even.

*Horatius Bonar.* 1857.

HAPPINESS. 11s & 9s. *Western Melody.*


1. O how hap-py are they Who the Sav-iour o - bey, And have laid up their treasures a-bove;
Tongue can nev-er ex-press The sweet com-fort and peace Of a soul in its ear - li - est love.

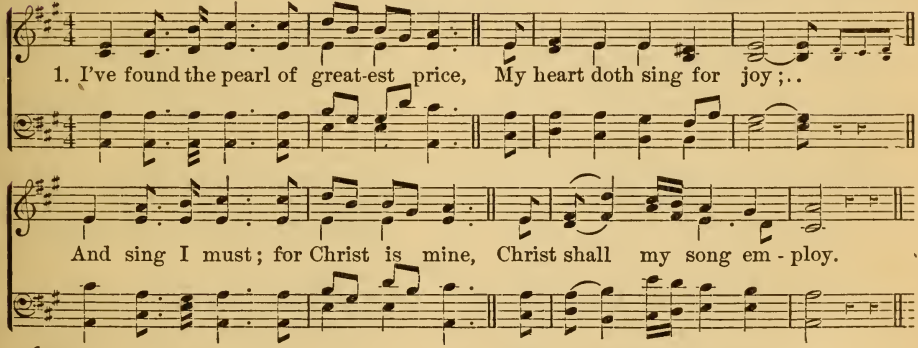
## 359

2 That sweet comfort was mine,
When the favor divine
I first found in the blood of the Lamb;
When my heart it believed,
What a joy it received,
What a heaven in Jesus' dear name!

3 'Twas a heaven below
My Redeemer to know,
And the angels could do nothing more
Than to fall at his feet,
And the story repeat,
And the Lover of sinners adore.

4 O the rapturous height
Of that holy delight,
Which I felt in the life-giving blood!
Of my Saviour possessed,
I was perfectly blest,
As if filled with the fullness of God.

*Charles Wesley.* 1749.

HYMN. C. M. *John E. Gould.* 1846.

1. I've found the pearl of great-est price, My heart doth sing for joy;..
And sing I must; for Christ is mine, Christ shall my song em - ploy.

## 360

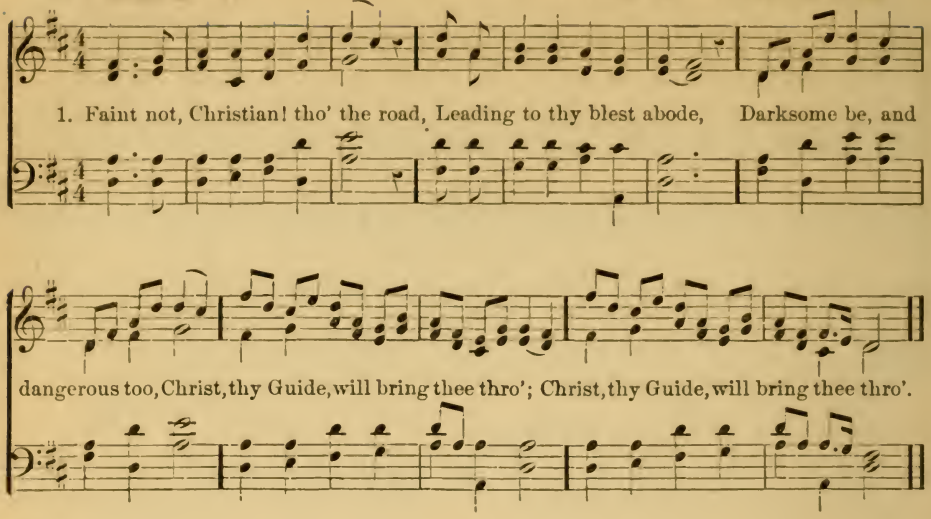
2 Christ is my Prophet, Priest, and King;
A Prophet full of light,
My great High-Priest before the throne,
My King of heavenly might.

3 For he indeed is Lord of lords,
And he the King of kings;
He is the Sun of righteousness,
With healing in his wings.

4 Christ Jesus is my All in all,
My Comfort and my Love,
My Life below, and he shall be
My Joy and Crown above.

*John Mason.* 1683.

COURAGE. 7s. *Arr. from Christoph W. von Gluck.* (1714—1787.)


1. Faint not, Christian! tho' the road, Leading to thy blest abode, Darksome be, and
dangerous too, Christ, thy Guide, will bring thee thro'; Christ, thy Guide, will bring thee thro'.

## 361

1 Faint not, Christian! though the road,
Leading to thy blest abode,
Darksome be, and dangerous too,
Christ, thy Guide, will bring thee through.

2 Faint not, Christian! though in rage
Satan would thy soul engage;
Gird on faith's anointed shield,
Bear it to the battle-field.

3 Faint not, Christian! though the world
Has its hostile flag unfurled;
Hold the cross of Jesus fast,
Thou shalt overcome at last.

4 Faint not, Christian! though within
There's a heart so prone to sin;
Christ, the Lord, is over all;
He'll not suffer thee to fall.

5 Faint not, Christian! Christ is near;
Soon in glory he'll appear;
And his love will then bestow
Power to conquer every foe.

6 Faint not, Christian! look on high;
See the harpers in the sky:
Patient wait, and thou wilt join
Chant with them of love divine.

*James H. Evans.* 1833.

## 362

1 Wait, my soul, upon the Lord,
To his gracious promise flee,
Laying hold upon his word,
"As thy days thy strength shall be."

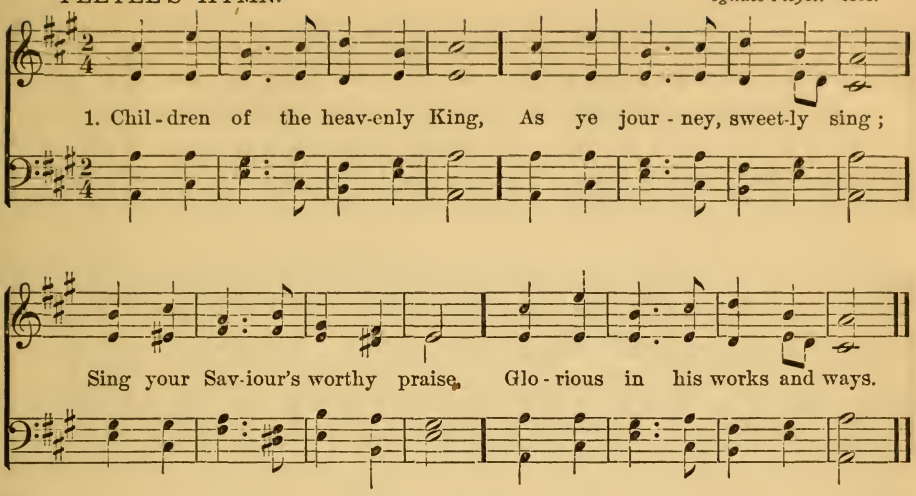
2 If the sorrows of thy case
Seem peculiar still to thee,
God has promised needful grace—
"As thy days thy strength shall be."

3 Days of trial, days of grief,
In succession thou mayst see;
This is still thy sweet relief—
"As thy days thy strength shall be."

4 Rock of Ages, I'm secure,
With thy promise full and free;
Faithful, positive, and sure—
"As thy days thy strength shall be."

*William F. Lloyd.* 1835.

PLEYEL'S HYMN. *Ignace Pleyel.* 1800.


1. Chil-dren of the heav-enly King, As ye jour-ney, sweet-ly sing;
Sing your Sav-iour's worthy praise, Glo-rious in his works and ways.

## 363

1 CHILDREN of the heavenly King,
As ye journey, sweetly sing;
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.

2 Ye are traveling home to God
In the way the fathers trod;
They are happy now, and ye
Soon their happiness shall see.

3 Shout, ye little flock, and blest!
You on Jesus' throne shall rest;
There your seat is now prepared;
There your kingdom and reward.

4 Fear not, brethren; joyful stand
On the borders of your land;
Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,
Bids you undismayed go on.

5 Lord, obediently we go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only thou our Leader be,
And we still will follow thee.

*John Cennick.* 1742.

## 364

1 Now begin the heavenly theme,
Sing aloud in Jesus' name;
Ye who Jesus' kindness prove,
Triumph in redeeming love.

2 Ye who see the Father's grace
Beaming in the Saviour's face,
As to Canaan on ye move,
Praise and bless redeeming love.

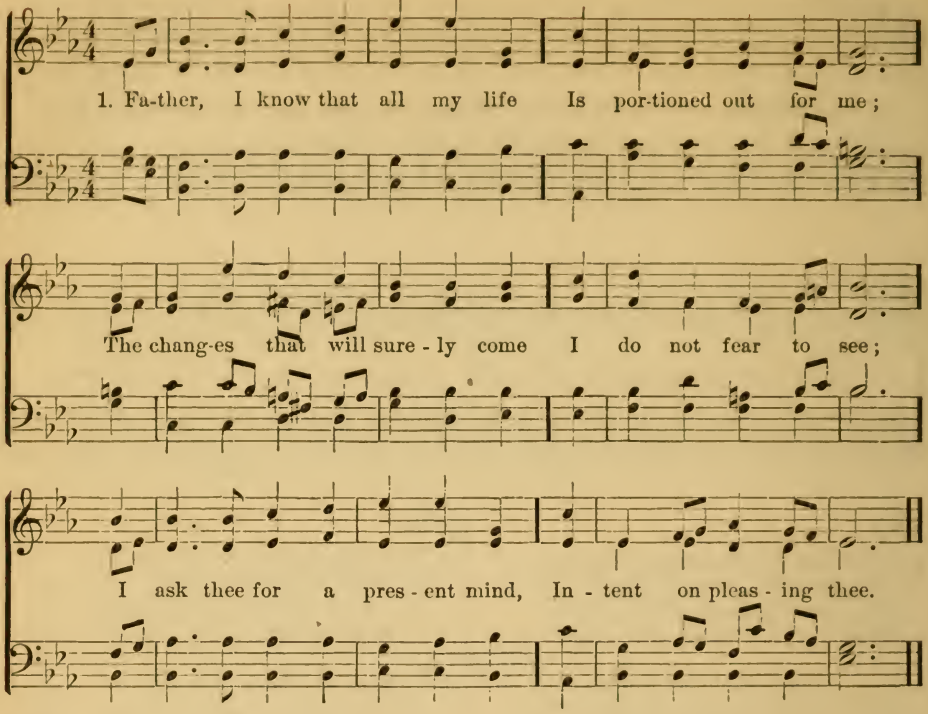
3 Mourning souls, dry up your tears;
Banish all your guilty fears;
See your guilt and curse remove,
Cancelled by redeeming love.

4 Welcome, all by sin opprest,
Welcome to his sacred rest;
Nothing brought him from above,
Nothing but redeeming love.

5 Hither, then, your music bring,
Strike aloud each joyful string;
Mortals, join the host above,
Join to praise redeeming love.

*Martin Madan.* 1763.

SLINGSBY. C. M. 6 lines. *John B. Dykes.*


1. Fa-ther, I know that all my life Is por-tioned out for me;
The chang-es that will sure-ly come I do not fear to see;
I ask thee for a pres-ent mind, In-tent on pleas-ing thee.

## 365

2 I ask thee for a thoughtful love,
Through constant watching wise,
To meet the glad with joyful smiles,
And wipe the weeping eyes;
A heart at leisure from itself,
To soothe and sympathize.

3 I would not have the restless will
That hurries to and fro,
Seeking for some great thing to do,
Or secret thing to know:
I would be treated as a child,
And guided where I go.

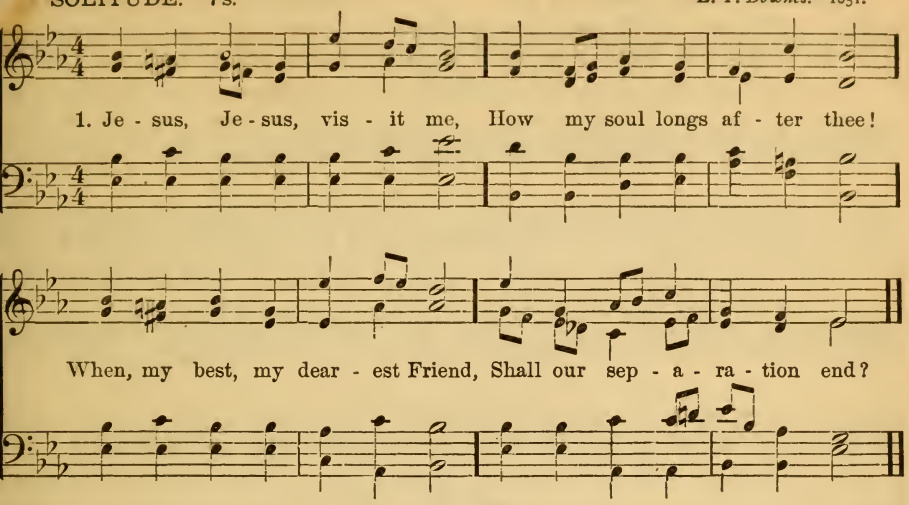
4 Wherever in the world I am,
In whatsoe'er estate,
I have a fellowship with hearts,
To keep and cultivate;
A work of lowly love to do
For Him on whom I wait.

5 I ask thee for the daily strength,
To none that ask denied,
A mind to blend with outward life,
While keeping at thy side;
Content to fill a little space,
If thou be glorified.

6 And if some things I do not ask
Among my blessings be,
I'd have my spirit filled the more
With grateful love to thee;
More careful—not to serve thee much,
But please thee perfectly.

*Anna Lætitia Waring.* 1850.

SOLITUDE. 7s. *L. T. Downes.* 1851.




## 366

2 Lord, my longings never cease;
Without thee I find no peace;
'Tis my constant cry to thee,—
Jesus, Jesus, visit me.

3 Come, inhabit then my heart;
Purge its sin, and heal its smart;
See, I ever cry to thee,—
Jesus, Jesus, visit me.

4 Patiently I wait thy day;
For this gift alone I pray,
That, when death shall visit me,
Thou my Light and Life wilt be.

*Ger., John Scheffler.* 1657.
*Tr., Robinson P. Dunn.* 1858.

## 367

1 Cast thy burden on the Lord,
Only lean upon his word;
Thou wilt soon have cause to bless
His eternal faithfulness.

2 He sustains thee by his hand,
He enables thee to stand;
Those, whom Jesus once hath loved,
From his grace are never moved.

3 Heaven and earth may pass away,
God's free grace shall not decay;
He hath promised to fulfill
All the pleasure of his will.

4 Jesus! Guardian of thy flock,
Be thyself our constant Rock;
Make us, by thy powerful hand,
Strong as Zion's mountain stand.

*Rowland Hill.* 1783.

## 368

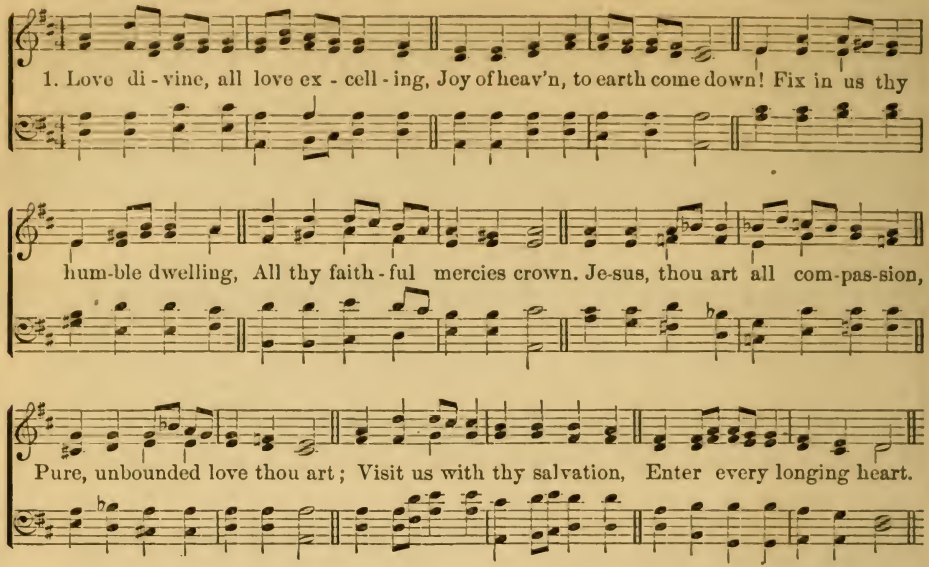
1 To thy pastures fair and large,
Heavenly Shepherd, lead thy charge,
And my couch, with tenderest care,
'Mid the springing grass prepare.

2 When I faint with summer's heat,
Thou shalt guide my weary feet
To the streams that, still and slow,
Through the verdant meadows flow.

3 Safe the dreary vale I tread,
By the shades of death o'erspread,
With thy rod and staff supplied,
This my guard—and that my guide.

*James Merrick.* 1765.

LOVE DIVINE. 8s & 7s. D. *Johann C. W. A. Mozart.* (1756—1791.)


1. Love di - vine, all love ex - cell - ing, Joy of heav'n, to earth come down! Fix in us thy
hum-ble dwelling, All thy faith - ful mercies crown. Je-sus, thou art all com-pas-sion,
Pure, unbounded love thou art; Visit us with thy salvation, Enter every longing heart.

## 369

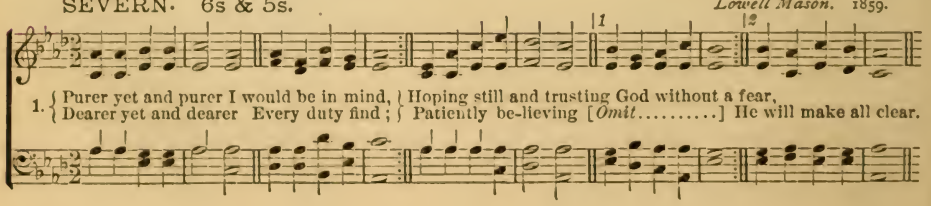
2 Breathe, O breathe, thy loving Spirit
Into every troubled breast;
Let us all in thee inherit,
Let us find thy promised rest;
Take away the love of sinning,
Alpha and Omega be,
End of faith, as its beginning,
Set our hearts at liberty.

3 Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all thy grace receive;
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more thy temples leave.
Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve thee as thy hosts above;
Pray, and praise thee without ceasing;
Glory in thy precious love.

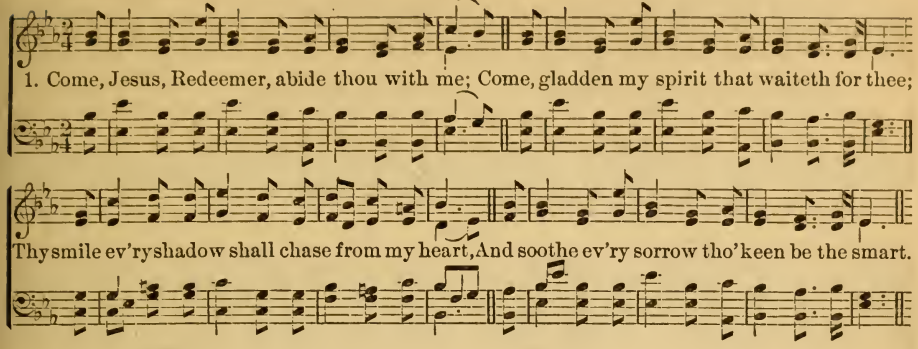
4 Finish, then, thy new creation;
Pure, unspotted may we be;
Let us see our whole salvation
Perfectly secured by thee:
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place;
Till we cast our crowns before thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

*Charles Wesley.* 1747.

SEVERN. 6s & 5s. *Lowell Mason.* 1859.


1
2
1. Purer yet and purer I would be in mind, Hoping still and trusting God without a fear,
Dearer yet and dearer Every duty find; Patiently be-lieving [Omit.....] He will make all clear.

COME, JESUS, REDEEMER. 11s. *Arr. from William Vincent Wallace.*


1. Come, Jesus, Redeemer, abide thou with me; Come, gladden my spirit that waiteth for thee;
Thy smile ev'ry shadow shall chase from my heart, And soothe ev'ry sorrow tho' keen be the smart.

370

2 Without thee but weakness, with thee I am strong;
By day thou shalt lead me, by night be my song;
Though dangers surround me, I still every fear,
Since thou, the Most Mighty, my Helper, art near.

3 Thy love, O how faithful, so tender, so pure!
Thy promise, faith's anchor, how steadfast and sure!
That love, like sweet sunshine, my cold heart can warm,
That promise make steady my soul in the storm.

4 Breathe, breathe on my spirit, oft-ruffled, thy peace;
From restless, vain wishes, bid thou my heart cease;
In thee all its longings henceforward shall end,
Till, glad, to thy presence my soul shall ascend.

5 O then, blesséd Jesus, who once for me died,
Make clean in the fountain that gushed from thy side,
I shall see thy full glory, thy face shall behold,
And praise thee with raptures forever untold!

*Ray Palmer.* 1865.

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371 (SEVERN).

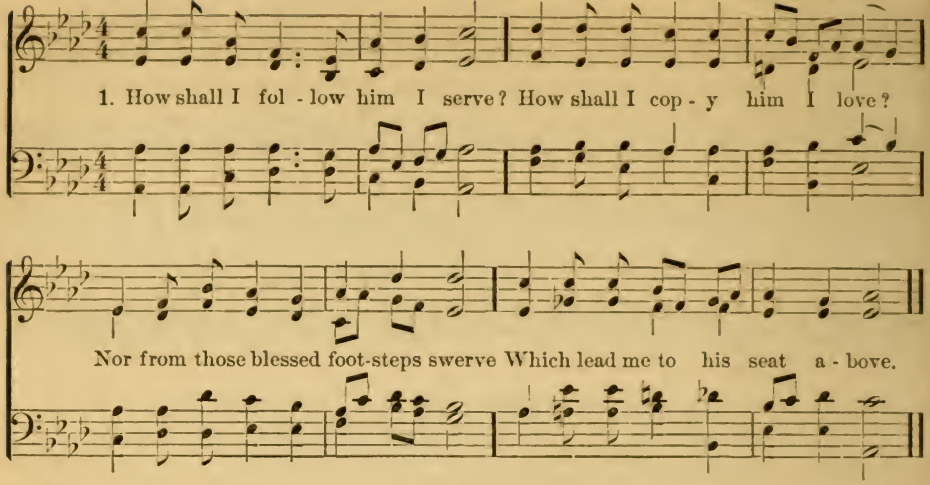
2 Calmer yet and calmer
Trial bear and pain,
Surer yet and surer
Peace at last to gain;
Suff'ring still and doing,
To his will resigned,
And to God subduing
Heart and will and mind.

3 Higher yet and higher
Out of clouds and night,
Nearer yet and nearer
Rising to the light—
Light serene and holy,
Where my soul may rest,
Purified and lowly,
Sanctified and blest.

4 Quicker yet and quicker
Ever onward press,
Firmer yet and firmer
Step as I progress:
Oft these earnest longings,
Swell within my breast,
Yet their inner meaning
Ne'er can be expressed.

DISCIPLE. L. M.

*Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy.* (1809—1847.)


1. How shall I fol - low him I serve? How shall I cop - y him I love?
Nor from those blessed foot-steps swerve Which lead me to his seat a - bove.

## 372

2 Lord, should my path thro' suffering lie,
Forbid it I should e'er repine;
Still let me turn to Calvary,
Nor heed my griefs, remembering thine.

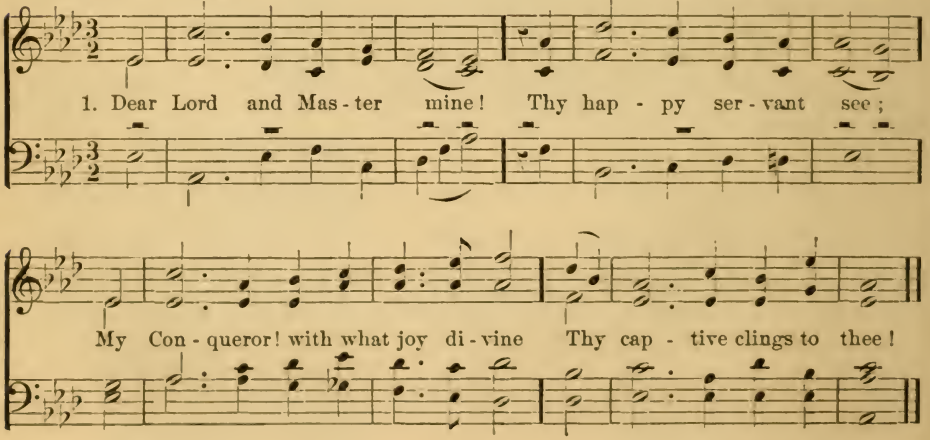
3 O let me think how thou didst leave
Untasted every pure delight,
To fast, to faint, to watch, to grieve,
The toilsome day, the homeless night;

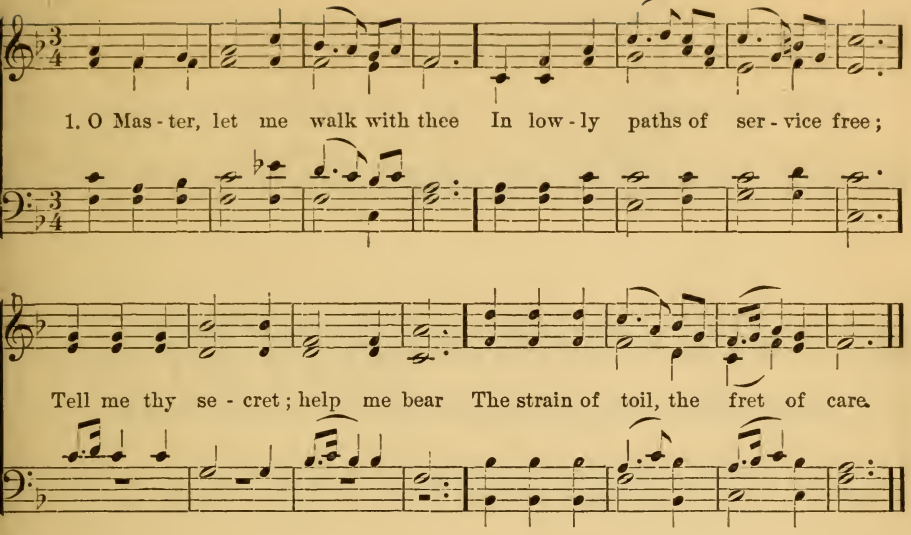
4 To faint, to grieve, to die for me!
Thou camest not thyself to please:
And, dear as earthly comforts be,
Shall I not love thee more than these?

*Josiah Conder.*

HAYDN. S. M.

*Francis Joseph Haydn.* 1800.



LINWOOD. L. M. *Gioacchimo Rossini.* 1829.

1. O Mas - ter, let me walk with thee In low - ly paths of ser - vice free;
Tell me thy se - cret; help me bear The strain of toil, the fret of care.

373

1 O Master, let me walk with thee
In lowly paths of service free;
Tell me thy secret; help me bear
The strain of toil, the fret of care.

2 Help me the slow of heart to move
By some clear winning word of love;
Teach me the wayward feet to stay,
And guide them in the homeward way.

3 Teach me thy patience; still with thee
In closer, dearer company,
In work that keeps faith sweet and strong,
In trust that triumphs over wrong;

4 In hope that sends a shining ray
Far down the Future's broadening way,
In peace that only thou canst give,
With thee, O Master, let me live!

*Washington Gladden.* 1879.

374

1 Dear Lord and Master mine!
Thy happy servant see;
My Conqueror! with what joy divine
Thy captive clings to thee!

2 I would not walk alone,
But still with thee, my God,
At every step my blindness own,
And ask of thee the road.

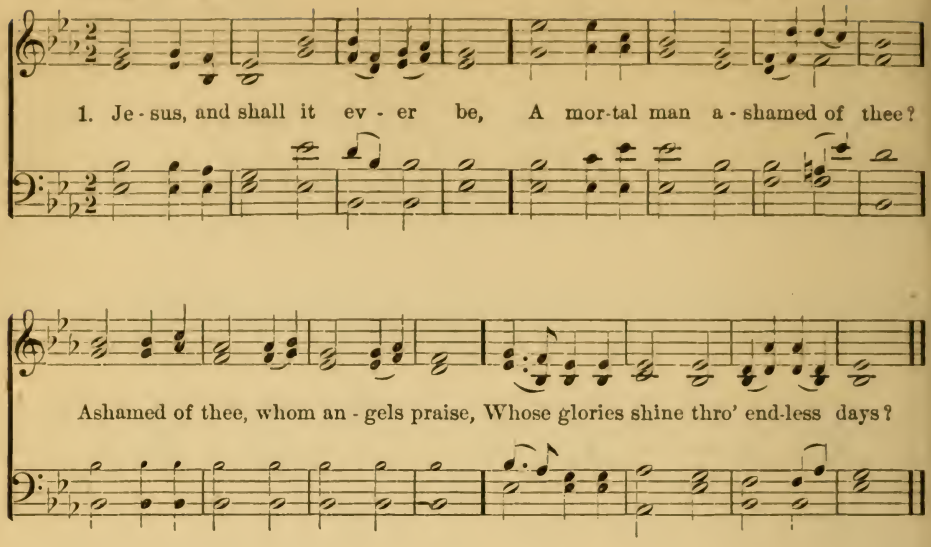
3 The weakness I enjoy
That casts me on thy breast;
The conflicts that thy strength employ
Make me divinely blest.

4 Dear Lord and Master mine!
Still keep thy servant true;
My Guardian and my Guide divine!
Bring, bring thy pilgrim through.

5 My Conquerer and my King!
Still keep me in thy train;
And with thee thy glad captive bring
When thou return'st to reign.

*Thomas H. Gill.* 1859.

BERA. L. M. *John E. Gould.* 1851.


1. Je - sus, and shall it ev - er be, A mor-tal man a - shamed of thee?
Ashamed of thee, whom an - gels praise, Whose glories shine thro' end-less days?

## 375

2 Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star;
He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

3 Ashamed of Jesus! that dear Friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!
No; when I blush be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name.

4 Ashamed of Jesus! yes, I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away;
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

5 Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
Till then I boast a Saviour slain!
And O, may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me!

*Joseph Grigg.* 1765.

## 376

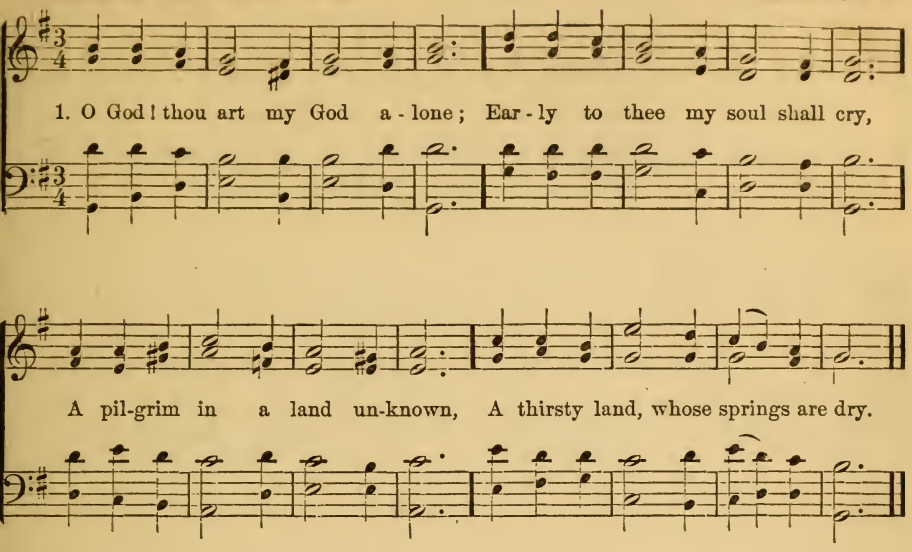
1 Fountain of grace, rich, full, and free,
What need I, that is not in thee?
Full pardon, strength to meet the day,
And peace which none can take away.

2 Doth sickness fill my heart with fear?
'Tis sweet to know that thou art near;
Am I with dread of justice tried?
'Tis sweet to know that Christ hath died.

3 In life, thy promises of aid
Forbid my heart to be afraid;
In death, peace gently veils the eyes;
Christ rose, and I shall surely rise.

4 O all-sufficient Saviour, be
This all-sufficiency to me;
Nor pain, nor sin, nor death can harm
The weakest, shielded by thine arm.

*James Edmeston.* 1844.

GRACE CHURCH. L. M. *Ignace Pleyel.*

## 377

2 O that it were, as it hath been,
When, praying in the holy place,
Thy power and glory I have seen,
And marked the footsteps of thy grace!

3 Yet, through this rough and thorny maze,
I follow hard on thee, my God!
Thy hand unseen upholds my ways;
I safely tread where thou hast trod.

4 Thee, in the watches of the night,
When I remember on my bed,
Thy presence makes the darkness light;
Thy guardian wings are round my head.

5 Better than life itself thy love,
Dearer than all beside to me;
For whom have I in heaven above,
Or what on earth, compared with thee?

*James Montgomery.* 1822.

## 378

1 My God, permit me not to be
A stranger to myself and thee;
Amid a thousand thoughts I rove,
Forgetful of my highest love.

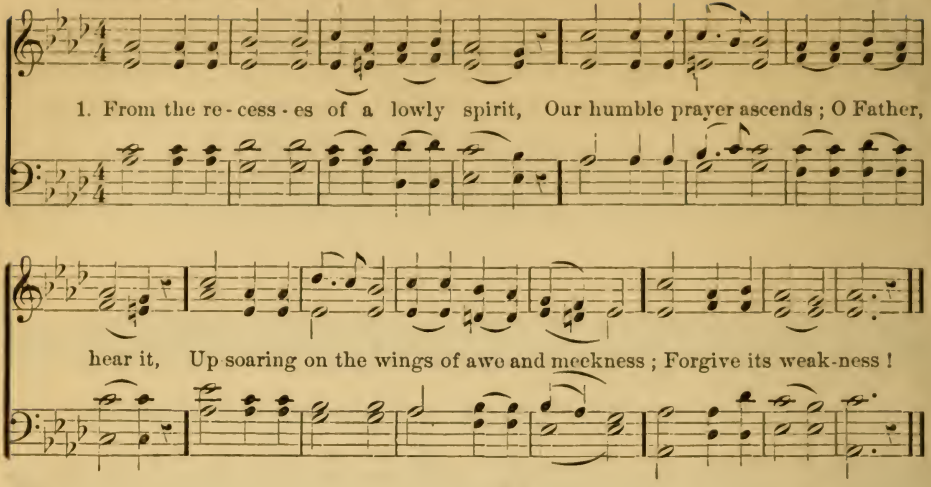
2 Why should my passions mix with earth
And thus debase my heavenly birth?
Why should I cleave to things below,
And let my God, my Saviour go?

3 Call me away from flesh and sense;
One sovereign word shall draw me thence;
I would obey the voice divine,
And all inferior joys resign.

4 Be earth, with all her scenes withdrawn,
Let noise and vanity be gone;
In secret silence of the mind
My heaven, and there my God, I find.

*Isaac Watts.* 1709.

FLEMMING. 11s & 5s, or 8s & 6s. *F. Flemming.*


1. From the re - cess - es of a lowly spirit, Our humble prayer ascends ; O Father,
hear it, Up soaring on the wings of awe and meekness ; Forgive its weak-ness !

## 379

2 We see thy hand; it leads us, it supports us;
We hear thy voice; it counsels and it courts us;
And then we turn away; and still thy kindness
Forgives our blindness.

3 O how long-suffering, Lord! but thou delightest
To win with love the wandering; thou invitest,
By smiles of mercy, not by frowns or terrors,
Man from his errors.

4 Father and Saviour! plant within each bosom
The seeds of holiness, and bid them blossom
In fragrance and in beauty bright and vernal,
And spring eternal.

5 Then place them in thine everlasting gardens,
Where angels walk, and seraphs are the wardens;
Where every flower escaped through death's dark portal,
Becomes immortal.

*John Bowring.* 1825.

## 380

1 O HOLY Saviour, Friend unseen!
Since on thine arm thou bid'st me lean,
Help me, throughout life's changing scene,
By faith to cling to thee!

2 Blest with this fellowship divine,
Take what thou wilt, I'll not repine;
For, as the branches to the vine,
My soul would cling to thee.

3 What though the world deceitful prove,
And earthly friends and hopes remove;
With patient, uncomplaining love,
Still would I cling to thee.

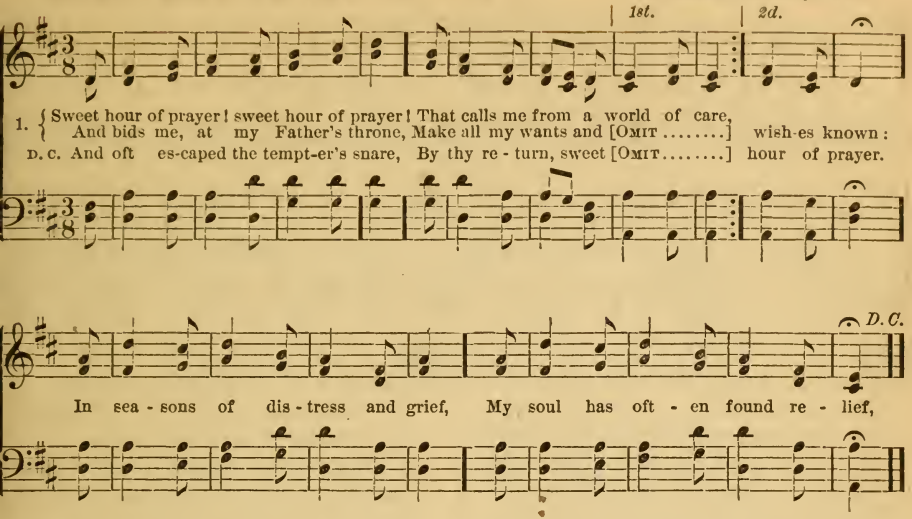
4 Though oft I seem to tread alone
Life's dreary waste, with thorns o'ergrown,
Thy voice of love, in gentlest tone,
Still whispers, "Cling to me!"

5 Though faith and hope are often tried,
I ask not, need not, aught beside;
So safe, so calm, so satisfied,
The soul that clings to thee!

*Charlotte Elliot.* 1834.

SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER. L. M. D.

*William B. Bradbury.* 1861.


1st.
2d.
1. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer! That calls me from a world of care,
And bids me, at my Father's throne, Make all my wants and [OMIT .....] wish-es known:
D. C. And oft es-caped the tempt-er's snare, By thy re - turn, sweet [OMIT.....] hour of prayer.
D. C.
In sea - sons of dis - tress and grief, My soul has oft - en found re - lief,

381

2 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
Thy wings shall my petition bear
To him, whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless:
And, since he bids me seek his face,
Believe his word, and trust his grace,
I'll cast on him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer!

3 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
May I thy consolations share,
Till, from Mount Pisgah's lofty height,
I view my home, and take my flight:
This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise,
To seize the everlasting prize;
And shout, while passing through the air,
Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer!

*W. W. Walford.* 1846.

382

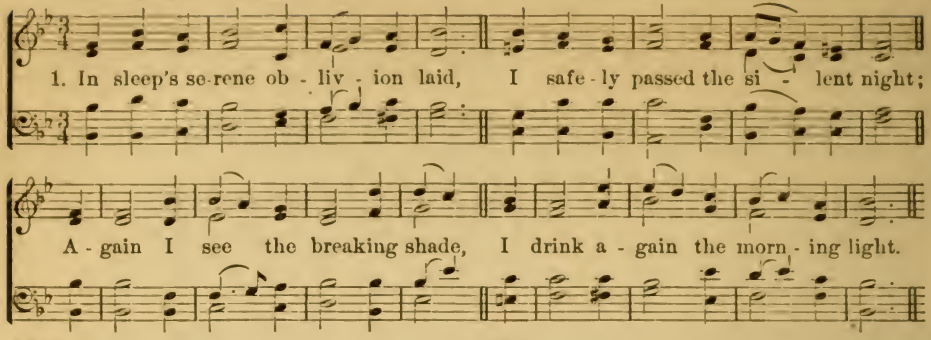
1 Our Father God! not face to face
May mortal sense commune with thee,
Nor lift the curtains of that place
Where dwells thy secret Majesty:
Yet wheresoe'er our spirits bend
In reverent faith and humble prayer,
Thy promised blessing will descend,
And we shall find thy spirit there.

2 Lord! be the spot where now we meet
An open gateway into heaven;
Here may we sit at Jesus' feet,
And feel our deepest sins forgiven.
Here may desponding care look up;
And sorrow lay its burden down,
Or learn, of him, to drink the cup,
To bear the cross, and win the crown.

3 Here may the sick and wandering soul
To truth still blind, to sin a slave,
Find better than Bethesda's pool,
Or than Siloam's healing wave.
And may we learn, while here apart
From the world's passion and its strife,
That thy true shrine's a loving heart,
And thy best praise a holy life!

*E. H. Chapin.*

GERMANY. L. M. *Ludwig von Beethoven.* (1770–1827.)


1. In sleep's se-rene ob - liv - ion laid, I safe - ly passed the si - lent night;
A - gain I see the breaking shade, I drink a - gain the morn - ing light.

## 383

2 New-born, I bless the waking hour;
Once more, with awe, rejoice to be;
My conscious soul resumes her power,
And springs, my guardian God, to thee.

3 O guide me through the various maze
My doubtful feet are doomed to tread;
And spread thy shield's protecting blaze,
When dangers press around my head.

4 A deeper shade will soon impend,
A deeper sleep mine eyes oppress;
Yet then thy strength shall still defend,
Thy goodness still delight to bless.

5 That deeper shade shall break away,
That deeper sleep shall leave mine eyes;
Thy light shall give eternal day,
Thy love, the rapture of the skies.

*John Hawkesworth.* 1773.

## 384

1 Lord God of morning and of night,
We thank thee for thy gift of light:
As in the dawn the shadows fly,
We seem to find thee now more nigh.

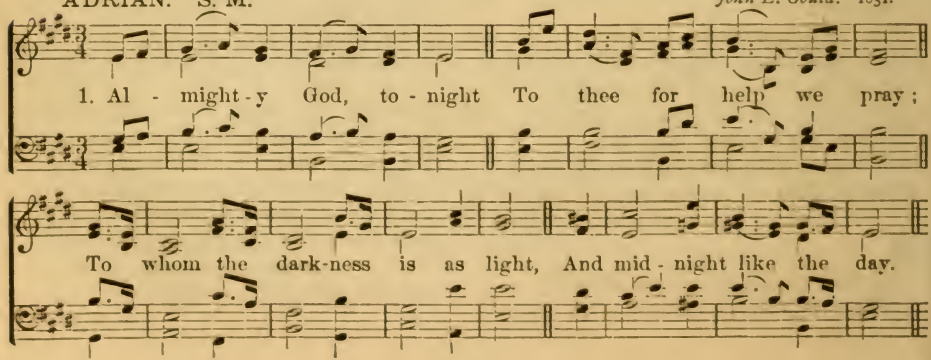
2 Fresh hopes have wakened in the heart,
Fresh force to do our daily part;
Thy thousand sleeps our strength restore,
A thousand-fold to serve thee more.

3 Yet whilst thy will we would pursue,
Oft what we would we cannot do;
The sun may stand in zenith skies.
But on the soul thick midnight lies.

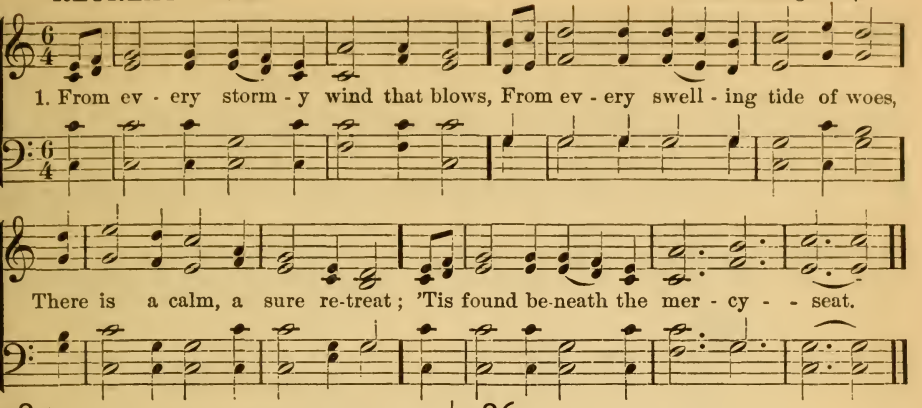
4 O Lord of lights, 'tis thou alone [own;
Canst make our darkened hearts thine
Though this new day with joy we see,
O dawn of God, we cry for thee.

*Francis Turner Palgrave.* 1867.

ADRIAN. S. M. *John E. Gould.* 1851.



RETREAT. L. M. *Thomas Hastings.* 1840.


1. From ev - ery storm - y wind that blows, From ev - ery swell - ing tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure re-treat; 'Tis found be-neath the mer - cy - - seat.

## 385

2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads,
A place than all besides more sweet:
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.

3 There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
Though sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.

4 There, there on eagles' wings we soar,
And sin and sense molest no more,
And heav'n comes down our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the mercy-seat.

5 O let my hand forget her skill,
My tongue be silent, cold and still,
This bounding heart forget to beat,
If I forget thy mercy-seat!

*Hugh Stowell.* 1832.

## 386

1 My God, is any hour so sweet,
From blush of morn to evening star,
As that which calls me to thy feet,
The calm and holy hour of prayer?

2 Then is my strength by thee renewed;
Then are my sins by thee forgiven;
Then dost thou cheer my solitude,
With clear and beauteous hopes of heaven.

3 No words can tell what sweet relief,
There for my every want I find;
What strength for warfare, balm for grief,
What deep and cheerful peace of mind!

4 Lord, till I reach the blissful shore,
No privilege so dear shall be,
As thus my inmost soul to pour
In faithful, filial prayer to thee!

*Charlotte Elliot.* 1834.

## 387

1 Almighty God, to-night
To thee for help we pray;
To whom the darkness is as light,
And midnight like the day.

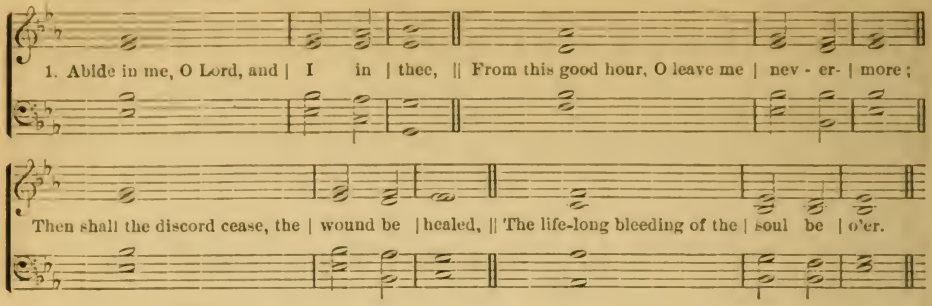
2 Thy tender love and care
Prepares our peaceful bed;
But thou, O Saviour, hadst not where
To lay thy blessèd head.

3 O keep us now from harm,
As thou hast done before;
And let thine everlasting arm
Be round us evermore.

4 Let holy angels stand
About us every night,
Until they bear us to the land
Of everlasting light.

*John M. Neale.* 1854.

ABIDE IN ME. *Arthur H. D. Troyte*, d. 1859.


1. Abide in me, O Lord, and | I in | thee, || From this good hour, O leave me | nev - er- | more;
Then shall the discord cease, the | wound be | healed, || The life-long bleeding of the | soul be | o'er.

388

2 Abide in me; o'ershadow by thy love
Each half-formed purpose and dark thought of sin;
Quench ere it rise each selfish, low desire,
And keep my soul as thine, calm and divine.

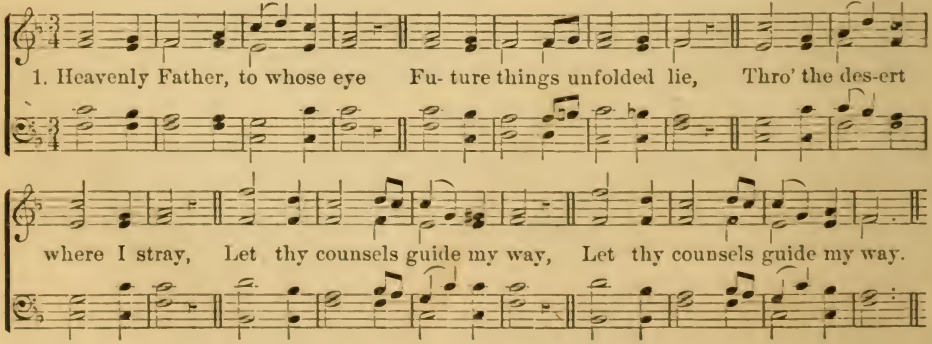
3 As some rare perfume in a vase of clay,
Pervades it with a fragrance not its own,
So, when thou dwellest in a mortal soul,
All heaven's own sweetness seems around it thrown.

4 Abide in me: there have been moments blest,
When I have heard thy voice and felt thy power;
Then evil lost its grasp; and passion hushed,
Owned the divine enchantment of the hour.

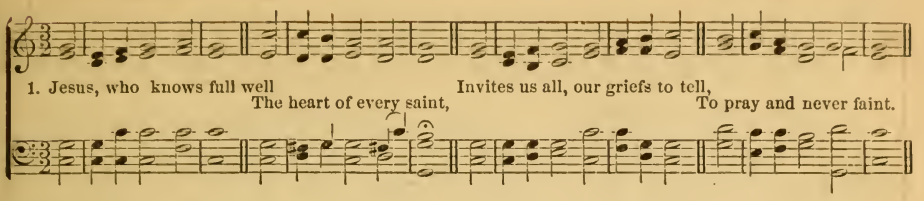
5 These were but seasons beautiful and rare;
Abide in me, and they shall ever be;
Fulfil at once thy precept and my prayer,
Come, and abide in me, and I in thee.

*Harriet Beecher Stowe.*

KUCKEN. 7s. *From Kücken.*


1. Heavenly Father, to whose eye Fu- ture things unfolded lie, Thro' the des-ert
where I stray, Let thy counsels guide my way, Let thy counsels guide my way.

BOYLSTON. S. M. *Lowell Mason.* 1832.




## 389

2 He bows his gracious ear,
We never plead in vain;
Then let us wait till he appear,
And pray, and pray again.

3 Jesus, the Lord, will hear
His chosen when they cry;
Yes, though he may awhile forbear,
He'll help them from on high.

4 Then let us earnest cry,
And never faint in prayer;
He sees, he hears, and, from on high,
Will make our cause his care.

*John Newton.* 1779.

## 390

1 Jesus, my Strength, my Hope,
On thee I cast my care;
With humble confidence look up,
And know thou hear'st my prayer;

2 Give me on thee to wait,
Till I can all things do;
On thee, Almighty to create,
Almighty to renew.

3 I want a sober mind,
A self-renouncing will,
That tramples down, and casts behind,
The baits of pleasing ill;

4 A soul inured to pain,
To hardship, grief, and loss;
Bold to take up, firm to sustain,
The consecrated cross.

5 I want a godly fear,
A quick discerning eye,
That looks to thee when sin is near,
And sees the tempter fly;

6 A spirit still prepared,
And armed with jealous care;
For ever standing on its guard,
And watching unto prayer.

*Charles Wesley.* 1742.

## 391

1 Heavenly Father, to whose eye
Future things unfolded lie,
Through the desert where I stray,
Let thy counsels guide my way.

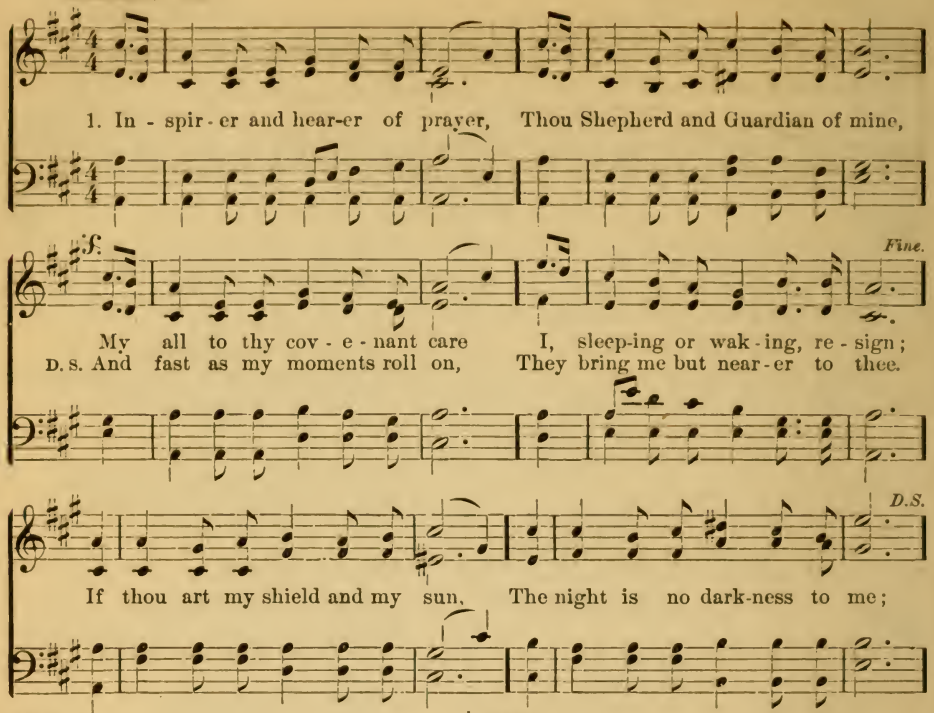
2 Lord, uphold me day by day,
Shed a light upon my way,
Guide me through perplexing snares,
Care for me in all my cares.

3 All I ask for is—enough;
Only, when the way is rough,
Let thy rod and staff impart
Strength and courage to my heart.

4 Should thy wisdom, Lord, decree
Trials long and sharp for me,
Pain or sorrow, care or shame,
Father, glorify thy name!

5 Let me neither faint nor fear,
Feeling still that thou art near;
In the course my Saviour trod,
Tending still to thee, my God.

*Josiah Conder.* 1837.

MARIE. 8s.

1. In - spir - er and hear-er of prayer, Thou Shepherd and Guardian of mine,
My all to thy cov - e - nant care I, sleep-ing or wak - ing, re - sign;
D. S. And fast as my moments roll on, They bring me but near - er to thee.
If thou art my shield and my sun, The night is no dark-ness to me;
Fine.
D.S.

## 392

2 Thy ministering spirits descend,
And watch while thy saints are asleep;
By day and by night they attend,
The heirs of salvation to keep: [throne,
Bright seraphs, dispatched from the
Fly swift to their stations assigned,
And angels elect are sent down,
To guard the redeemed of mankind.

3 Thy worship no interval knows;
Their fervor is still on the wing;
And, while they protect my repose,
They chant to the praise of my King:
I, too, at the season ordained,
Their chorus for ever shall join;
And love and adore, without end,
Their gracious Creator, and mine.

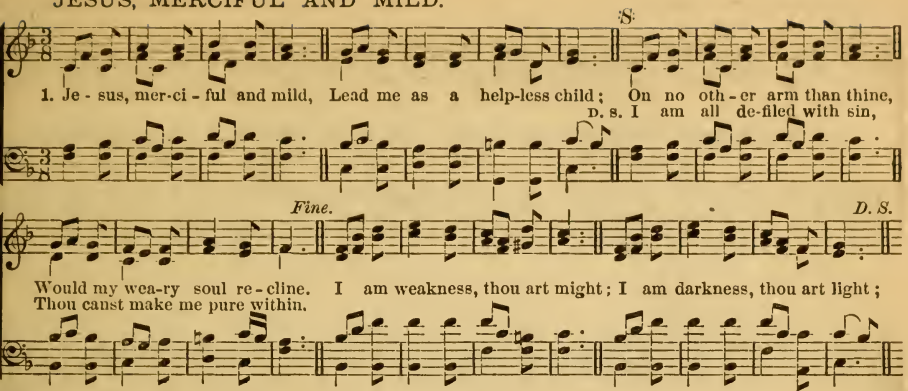
*Augustus M. Toplady.* 1774.

## 393

1 What, though my frail eyelids refuse
Continual watching to keep,
And, punctual as midnight renews,
Demand the refreshment of sleep?
A sovereign Protector I have,
Unseen, yet forever at hand;
Unchangeably faithful to save,
Almighty to rule and command.

2 From evil secure, and its dread,
I rest, if my Saviour is nigh;
And songs his kind presence, indeed,
Shall in the night-season supply;
He smiles, and my comforts abound;
His grace, as the dew, shall descend;
And walls of salvation surround
The soul he delights to defend.

*Augustus M. Toplady.* 1774.

## JESUS, MERCIFUL AND MILD.

1. Je - sus, mer-ci - ful and mild, Lead me as a help-less child; On no oth - er arm than thine,
D. S. I am all de-filed with sin,
Fine.
D. S.
Would my wea-ry soul re - cline. I am weakness, thou art might; I am darkness, thou art light;
Thou canst make me pure within.

394

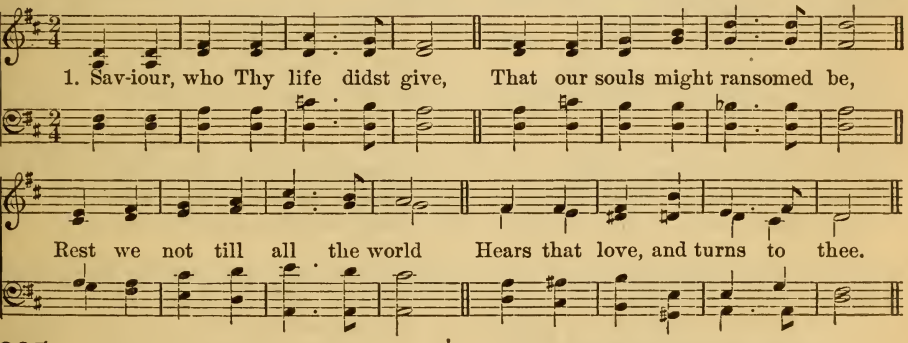
2 Thou art ready to forgive,
Thou canst bid the sinner live;
Guide the wanderer day by day,
In the strait and narrow way.
Hearken to my tender prayer,
Let me thine own image bear;
Let me love thee more and more
Till I reach heaven's blissful shore.

3 Thou canst fit me by thy grace
For the heavenly dwelling-place;
All thy promises are sure,
Ever shall thy love endure;
Then what more could I desire,
How to greater bliss aspire?
All I need, in thee I see,
Thou art all in all to me.

*Thomas Hastings.*

## CYPRUS. 7s.

*Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy.* (1809—1847.)


1. Sav-iour, who Thy life didst give, That our souls might ransomed be,
Rest we not till all the world Hears that love, and turns to thee.

395

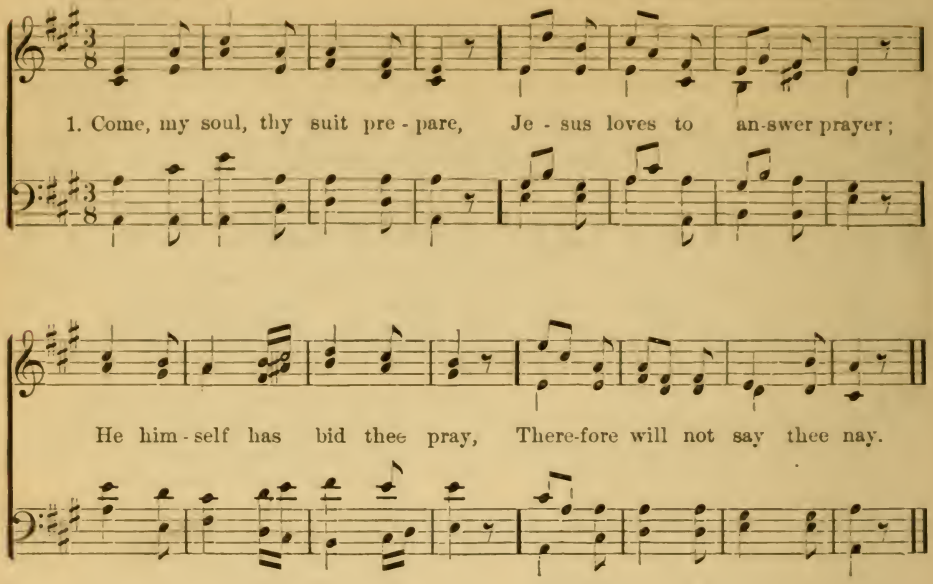
2 Help us, that we falter not,
Though the fields are white and wide,
And the reapers, sorely pressed,
Call for aid on every side.

3 Guide us, that with swifter feet
We may speed us on our way,
Leading darkened nations forth
Into thine eternal day.

4 Sweet the service, blest the toil;
Thine alone the glory be;
O baptize our souls anew;
Consecrate us all to thee.

*A. D. F. Lockwood.*

HORTON. 7s. *Xavier Schnyder von Wartensee.* 1786.




## 396

2 With my burden I begin:—
Lord, remove this load of sin;
Let thy blood, for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt.

3 Lord, I come to thee for rest,
Take possession of my breast;
There, thy sovereign right maintain,
And, without a rival, reign.

4 While I am a pilgrim here,
Let thy love my spirit cheer;
Be my Guide, my Guard, my Friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.

5 Show me what I have to do,
Every hour my strength renew;
Let me live a life of faith,
Let me die thy people's death.

*John Newton.* 1779.

## 397

1 Prince of Peace, control my will;
Bid this struggling heart be still;
Bid my fears and doubtings cease;
Hush my spirit into peace.

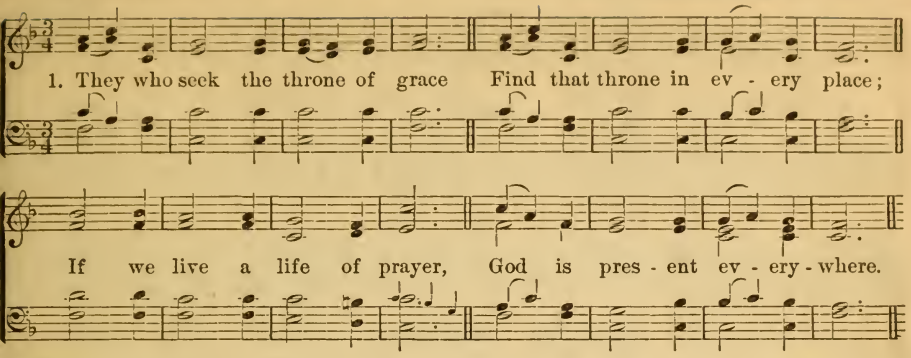
2 Thou hast bought me with thy blood,
Opened wide the gate to God;
Peace I ask—but peace must be,
Lord, in being one with thee.

3 May thy will, not mine, be done;
May thy will and mine be one;
Chase these doubtings from my heart;
Now thy perfect peace impart.

4 Saviour, at thy feet I fall;
Thou my life, my Lord, my all!
Let thy happy servant be
One forevermore with thee!

*Mary A. S. Barber.* 1838.

ALETTA. 7s. *William B. Bradbury.* 1858.




398

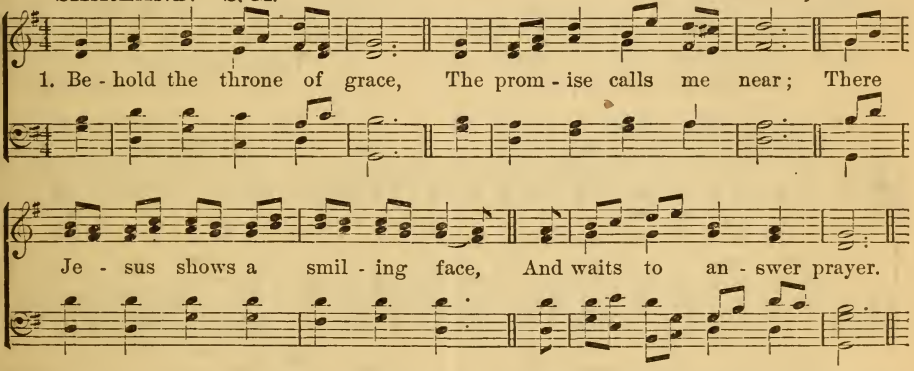
2 In our sickness and our health,
In our want, or in our wealth,
If we look to God in prayer,
God is present everywhere.

3 When our earthly comforts fail,
When the foes of life prevail,
'Tis the time for earnest prayer:
God is present everywhere.

4 Then, my soul, in every strait,
To thy Father come, and wait;
He will answer every prayer;
God is present everywhere.

*Oliver Holden, ab.* 1800.

SHIRLAND. S. M. *Samuel Stanley.* 1800.




399

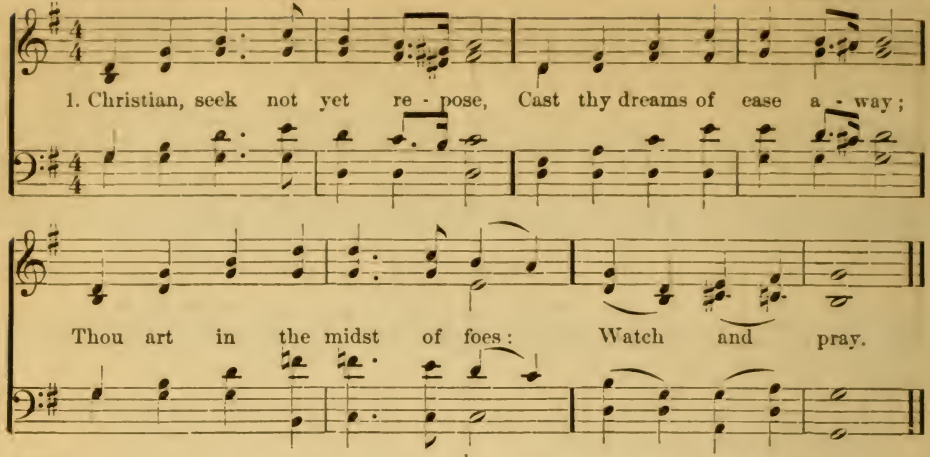
2 My soul, ask what thou wilt,
Thou canst not be too bold;
Since his own blood for thee he spilt,
What else can he withhold?

3 Thine image, Lord, bestow,
Thy presence and thy love;
I ask to serve thee here below,
And reign with thee above.

4 Teach me to live by faith,
Conform my will to thine,
Let me victorious be in death,
And then in glory shine.

*John Newton.* 1779.

PARACLETE. 7s & 3s. *U. C. Burnap.* 1869.




**400**

2 Gird thy heavenly armor on,
Wear it ever night and day;
Ambushed lies the evil one:
Watch and pray.

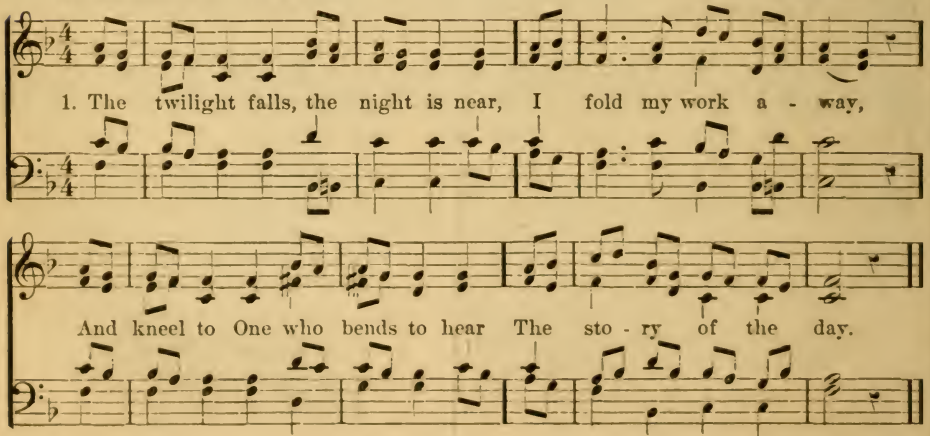
3 Hear the victors who o'ercame;
Still they mark each warrior's way
All with warning voice exclaim,—
Watch and pray.

4 Hear, above all, hear thy Lord;
Him thou lovest to obey;
Hide within thy heart his word,—
Watch and pray.

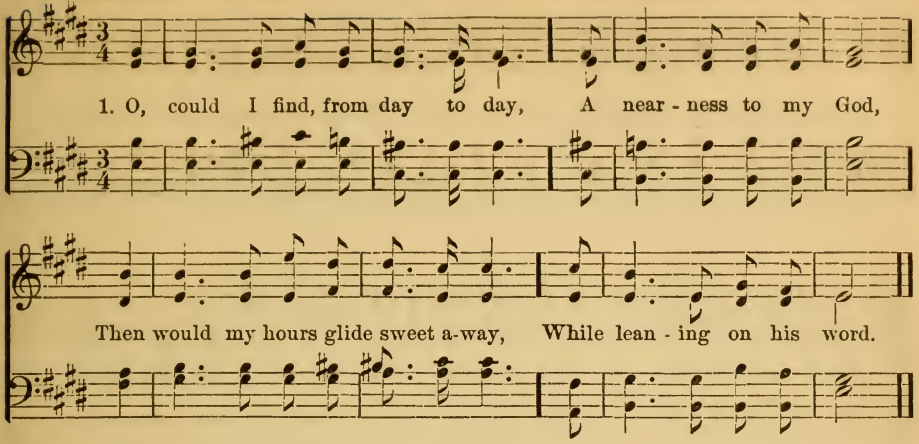
5 Watch, as if on that alone
Hung the issue of the day;
Pray that help may be sent down:
Watch and pray.

*Charlotte Elliott.*

BLAKESLEY. C. M. *From "Geistliche Lieder."*



SERENITY. C. M. *Arr. from William Vincent Wallace.* (1814—1865.)




## 401

2 Lord, I desire with thee to live
Anew from day to day,
In joys the world can never give,
Nor ever take away.

3 Blest Jesus, come and rule my heart,
And make me wholly thine,
That I may never more depart,
Nor grieve thy love divine.

4 Thus, till my last, expiring breath,
Thy goodness I'll adore;
And when my frame dissolves in death,
My soul shall love thee more.

*Benjamin Cleveland.* 1790.

## 402

1 Searcher of hearts! from mine erase
All thoughts that should not be,
And in its deep recesses trace
My gratitude to thee!

2 Hearer of prayer! O, guide aright
Each word and deed of mine;
Life's battle teach me how to fight,
And be the victory thine.

3 Father, and Son, and Holy Ghost!
Thou glorious Three in One!
Thou knowest best what I need most,
And let thy will be done.

*George P. Morris.*

## 403

1 The twilight falls, the night is near,
I fold my work away,
And kneel to One who bends to hear
The story of the day.

2 The old, old story; yet I kneel
To tell it at thy call,
And cares grow lighter as I feel
That Jesus knows them all.

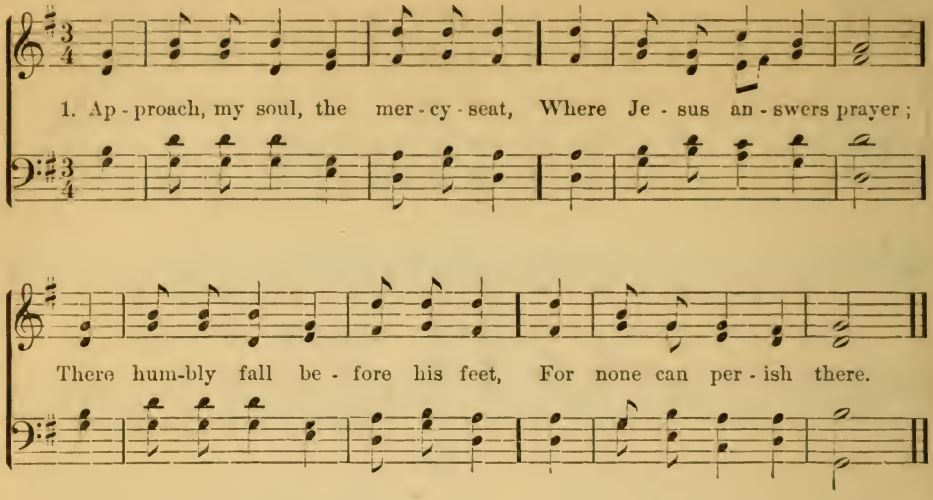
3 Thou knowest all: I lean my head;
My weary eyelids close;
Content and glad awhile to tread
This path, since Jesus knows.

4 And he has loved me: All my heart
With answering love is stirred,
And every anguished pain and smart
Finds healing in the word.

5 So here I lay me down to rest,
As nightly shadows fall,
And lean confiding on his breast
Who knows and pities all.

*Unknown Author.*

MARLOW. C. M

*English Melody. Arr. by Lowell Mason.* 1832.

## 404

2 Thy promise is my only plea,
With this I venture nigh;
Thou callest burdened souls to thee,
And such, O Lord, am I.

3 Bowed down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan sorely prest,
By war without, and fears within,
I come to thee for rest.

4 Be thou my shield and hiding-place,
That, sheltered near thy side,
I may my fierce accuser face,
And tell him, thou hast died!

5 O wondrous love! to bleed and die,
To bear the cross and shame,
That guilty sinners, such as I,
Might plead thy gracious name!

*John Newton.* 1779.

## 405

1 Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpressed;
The motion of a hidden fire,
That trembles in the breast.

2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh;
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.

3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech,
That infant lips can try;
Prayer, the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

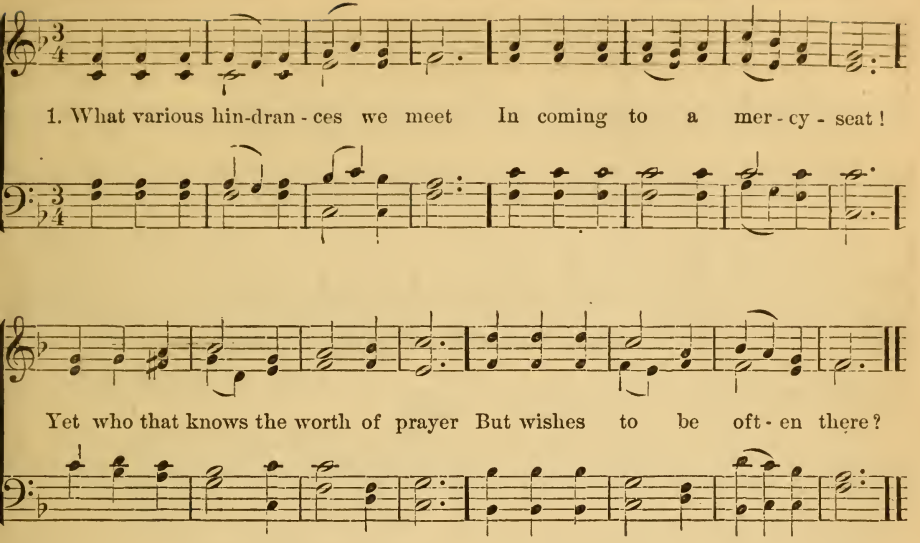
4 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air:
His watchword at the gates of death;
He enters heaven with prayer.

5 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways;
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And cry, "Behold he prays!"

6 O thou, by whom we come to God,
The Life, the Truth, the Way!
The path of prayer thyself hast trod;
Lord, teach us how to pray.

*James Montgomery.* 1819.

HURSLEY. L. M. *From F. J. Haydn. Arr. by William Henry Monk.* 1861.


1. What various hin-dran-ces we meet In coming to a mer-cy-seat!
Yet who that knows the worth of prayer But wishes to be oft-en there?

## 406

2 Prayer makes the darkened clouds withdraw,
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw,
Gives exercise to faith and love,
Brings every blessing from above.

3 Restraining prayer, we cease to fight;
Prayer makes the Christian's armor bright;
And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.

4 Have you no words? Ah, think again!
Words flow apace when you complain,
And fill a fellow-creature's ear
With the sad tale of all your care.

5 Were half the breath thus vainly spent
To heaven in supplication sent,
Our cheerful song would oftener be,
"Hear what the Lord hath done for me!"

*William Cowper.* 1779.

## 407

1 My Lord, how full of sweet content,
I pass my years of banishment!
Where'er I dwell, I dwell with thee,
In heaven, in earth, or on the sea.

2 To me remains nor place nor time;
My country is in every clime:
I can be calm and free from care
On any shore, since God is there.

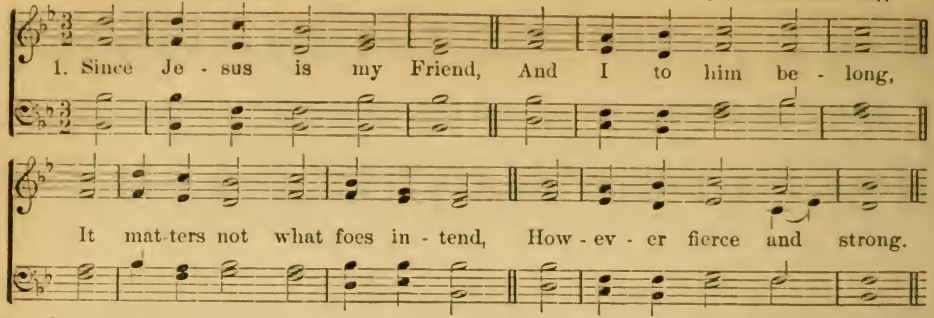
3 While place we seek, or place we shun,
The soul finds happiness in none;
But with a God to guide our way,
'Tis equal joy, to go or stay.

4 Could I be cast where thou art not,
That were indeed a dreadful lot;
But regions none remote I call,
Secure of finding God in all.

*Madame J. B. de la Motte Guyon.* 1702.
*Tr. by William Cowper.* 1782.

STATE STREET. S. M.

*J. C. Woodman.* 1844.




## 408

2 He whispers, in my breast,
Sweet words of holy cheer,
How he, who seeks in God his rest,
Shall ever find him near;

3 How God hath built above
A city fair and new,
Where eye and heart shall see and prove
What faith has counted true.

4 My heart for gladness springs,
It cannot more be sad;
For very joy it laughs and sings,
Sees naught but sunshine glad.

5 The sun, that glads mine eyes,
Is Christ, the Lord I love;
I sing for joy of that, which lies
Stored up for me above.

*Ger., Paul Gerhardt.* 1650.
*Tr., Catherine Winkworth.* 1855.

## 409

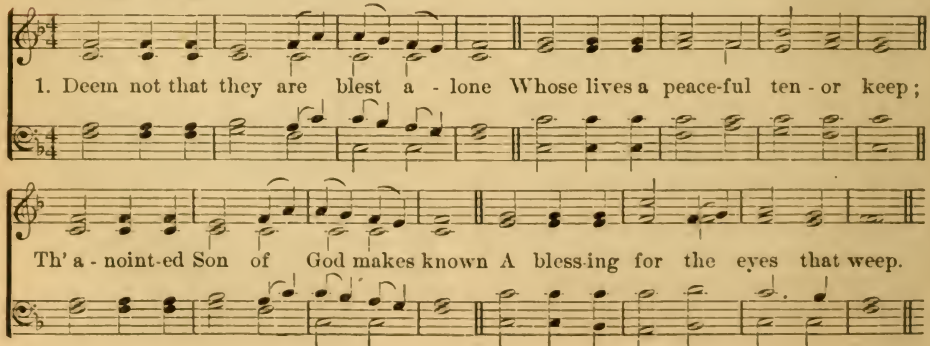
1 While my Redeemer's near,
My Shepherd and my Guide,
I bid farewell to anxious fear;
My wants are all supplied.

2 To ever-fragrant meads,
Where rich abundance grows,
His gracious hand indulgent leads,
And guards my sweet repose.

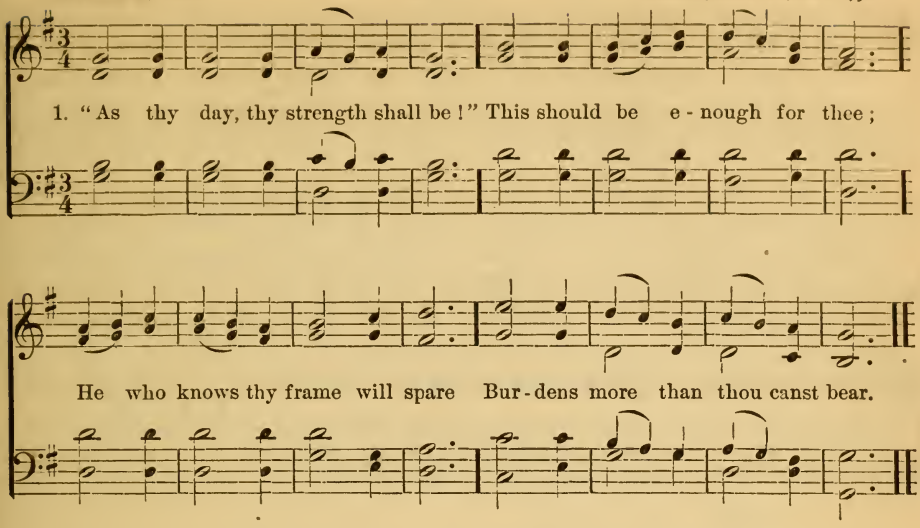
3 Dear Shepherd! if I stray,
My wandering feet restore;
To thy fair pastures guide my way,
And let me rove no more.

*Anne Steele.* 1760.

ILLA. L. M.


1. Deem not that they are blest a - lone Whose lives a peace-ful ten - or keep;
Th' a - noint-ed Son of God makes known A bless-ing for the eyes that weep.

HALLE. 7s. *Francis Joseph Haydn.* 1798.


1. "As thy day, thy strength shall be!" This should be e-nough for thee;
He who knows thy frame will spare Bur-dens more than thou canst bear.

## 410

2 When thy days are veiled in night,
Christ shall give thee heavenly light;
Seem they wearisome and long,
Yet in him thou shalt be strong.

3 Cold and wintry though they prove,
Thine the sunshine of his love;
Or with fervid heat opprest,
In his shadow thou shalt rest.

4 When thy days on earth are past,
Christ shall call thee home at last,
His redeeming love to praise,
Who hath strengthened all thy days.

*Frances Ridley Havergal.* 1872.

## 411

1 Deem not that they are blest alone
Whose lives a peaceful tenor keep;
The anointed Son of God makes known
A blessing for the eyes that weep.

2 The light of smiles shall fill again
The lids that overflow with tears;
And weary hours of woe and pain
Are promises of happier years.

3 O there are days of sunny rest
For every dark and troubled night;
And grief may bide, an evening guest,
But joy shall come with early light.

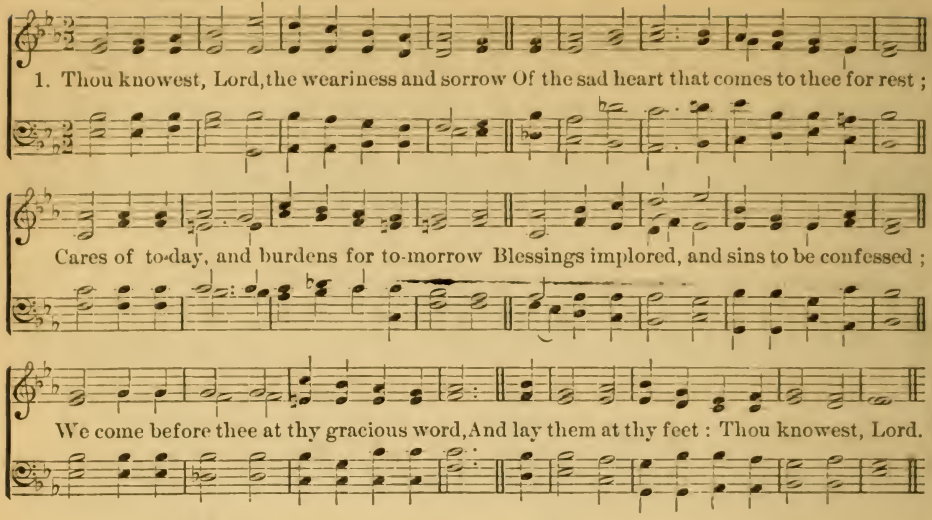
4 And thou, who o'er thy friend's low bier
Dost shed the bitter drops like rain,
Hope that a brighter, happier sphere
Will give him to thy arms again.

5 Nor let the good man's trust depart,
Though life its common gifts deny;
Though, with a pierced and broken heart,
And spurned of men, he goes to die.

6 For God has marked each sorrowing day,
And numbered every secret tear,
And heaven's long age of bliss shall pay
For all his children suffer here.

*William Cullen Bryant.* 1824.

THOU KNOWEST, LORD. 11s & 10s. *Joseph Barnby.*


1. Thou knowest, Lord, the weariness and sorrow Of the sad heart that comes to thee for rest;
Cares of to-day, and burdens for to-morrow Blessings implored, and sins to be confessed;
We come before thee at thy gracious word, And lay them at thy feet: Thou knowest, Lord.

412

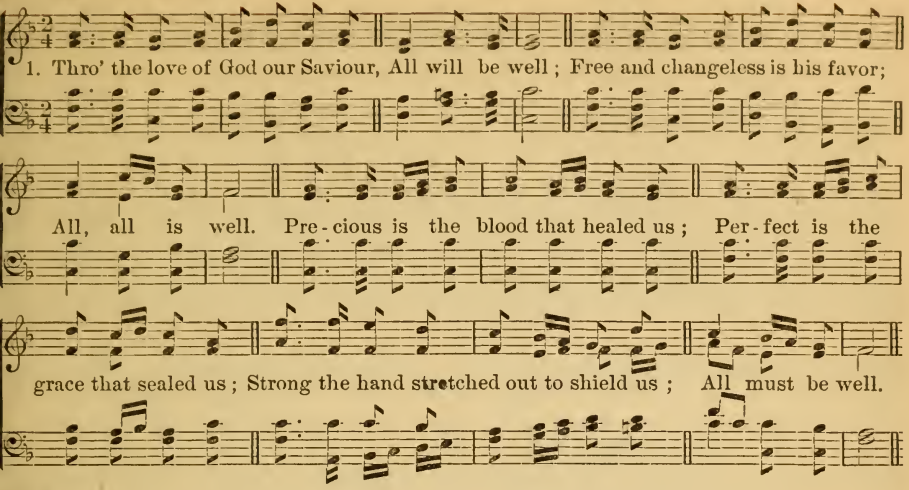
2 Thou knowest all the past: how long and blindly
On the dark mountains the lost wanderer strayed;
How the good Shepherd followed, and how kindly
He bore it home, upon his shoulders laid;
And healed the bleeding wounds, and soothed the pain,
And brought back life, and hope, and strength again.

3 Thou knowest all the present; each temptation,
Each toilsome duty, each foreboding fear;
All to each one assigned of tribulation,
Or to beloved ones, than self more dear;
All pensive memories, as we journey on,
Longing for vanished smiles and voices gone.

4 Thou knowest all the future; gleams of gladness
By stormy clouds too quickly overcast;
Hours of sweet fellowship and parting sadness,
And the dark river to be crossed at last.
O what could hope and confidence afford
To tread that path; but this, Thou knowest, Lord!

5 Therefore we come, thy gentle call obeying,
And lay our sins and sorrows at thy feet;
On everlasting strength our weakness staying,
Clothed in thy robe of righteousness complete:
Then rising and refreshed, we leave thy Throne,
And follow on to know as we are known. *Jane Borthwick.* 1863.

ALL'S WELL.


1. Thro' the love of God our Saviour, All will be well; Free and changeless is his favor;
All, all is well. Pre-cious is the blood that healed us; Per-fect is the
grace that sealed us; Strong the hand stretched out to shield us; All must be well.

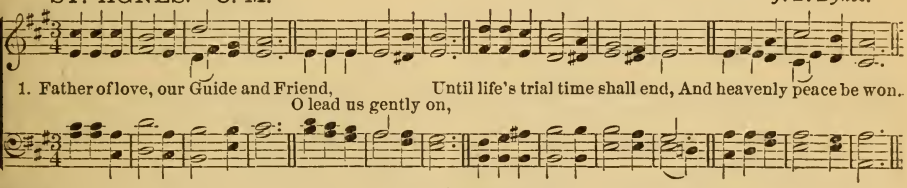
413

2 Though we pass through tribulation,
All will be well:
Ours is such a full salvation;
All, all is well.
Happy still in God confiding,
Fruitful, if in Christ abiding,
Holy, through the Spirit's guiding,
All must be well.

3 We expect a bright to-morrow;
All will be well;
Faith can sing through days of sorrow,
All, all is well.
On our Father's love relying,
Jesus every need supplying,
Or in living, or in dying,
All must be well.

*Mary B. Peters.* 1847.

ST. AGNES. C. M. *J. B. Dykes.*




414

2 We know not what the path may be,
As yet by us untrod;
But we can trust our all to thee,
Our Father and our God.

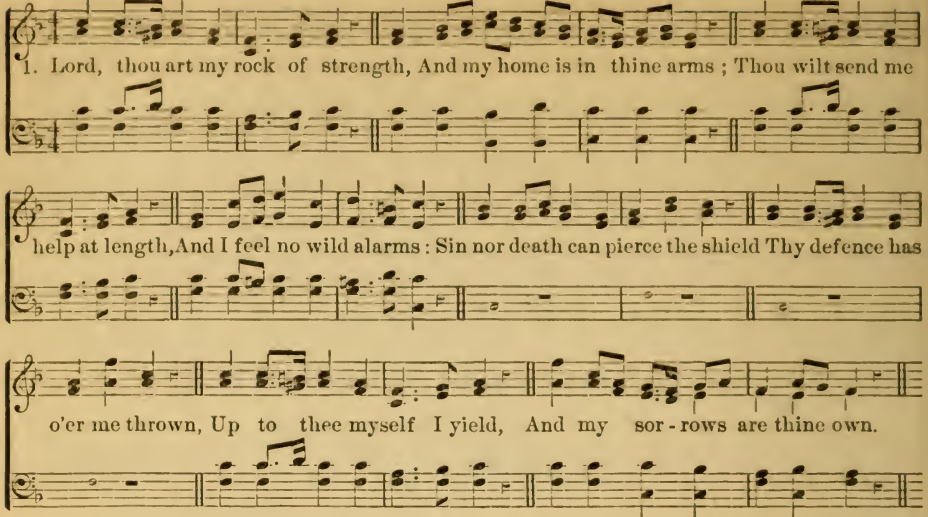
3 But if some darker lot be good,
O teach us to endure
The sorrow, pain, or solitude,
That makes the spirit pure.

4 Christ by no flowery pathway came,
And we, his servants here,
Must do thy will and praise thy Name,
In hope, and love, and fear.

5 And till in heaven we sinless bow,
And faultless anthems raise,
O Father, Son, and Spirit, now
Accept our feeble praise.

*William J. Irons.* 1853.

WOODBURY. 7s. D. *From Donizetti.*


1. Lord, thou art my rock of strength, And my home is in thine arms ; Thou wilt send me
help at length, And I feel no wild alarms : Sin nor death can pierce the shield Thy defence has
o'er me thrown, Up to thee myself I yield, And my sor - rows are thine own.

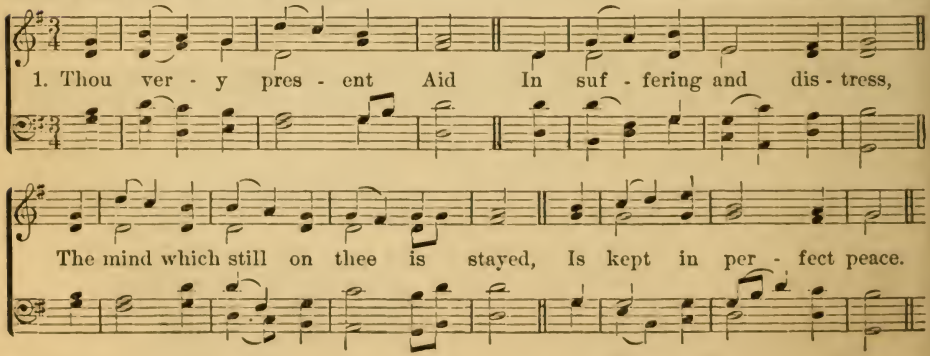
## 415

2 On thee, O my God, I rest,
Letting life float calmly on;
For I know the last is best,
When the crown of joy is won:
In thy might all things I bear,
In thy love find bitter, sweet,
And with all my grief and care,
Sit in patience at thy feet.

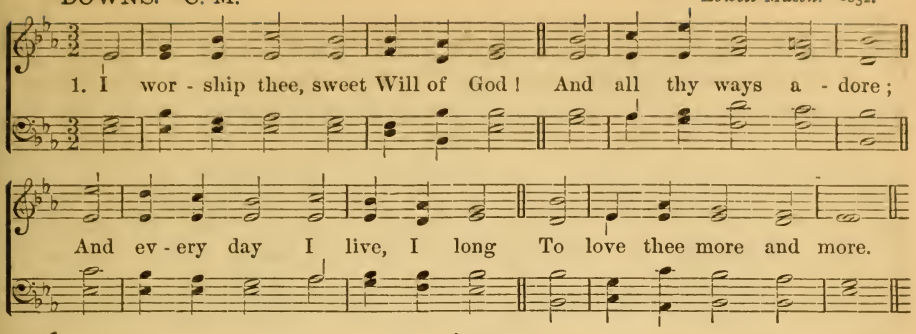
3 Let thy mercy's wings be spread
O'er me, keep me close to thee;
In the peace thy love doth shed,
Let me dwell eternally!
Be my all: in all I do,
Let me only seek thy will;
When the heart to thee is true
All is peaceful, calm, and still.

*A. H. Francke.* 1711.
*Tr., Catherine Winkworth.* 1855.

THATCHER. S. M. *George Frederic Handel.* 1732.



DOWNS. C. M. *Lowell Mason.* 1832.




## 416

1 I worship thee, sweet Will of God!
And all thy ways adore;
And every day I live, I long
To love thee more and more.

2 He always wins who sides with God,
To him no chance is lost;
God's will is sweetest to him, when
It triumphs at his cost.

3 Ill, that God blesses, is our good,
And unblest good is ill;
And all is right that seems most wrong,
If it be his dear will!

4 When obstacles and trials seem
Like prison-walls to be,
I do the little I can do,
And leave the rest to thee.

5 I have no cares, O blessed Will,
For all my cares are thine;
I live in triumph, Lord, for thou
Hast made thy triumphs mine.

*Frederic W. Faber.* 1849.

## 417

1 When languor and disease invade
This trembling house of clay,
'Tis sweet to look beyond my pain,
And long to fly away;

2 Sweet to look inward, and attend
The whispers of his love;
Sweet to look upward to the place
Where Jesus pleads above;

3 Sweet on his faithfulness to rest,
Whose love can never end;
Sweet on his covenant of grace
For all things to depend;

4 Sweet, in the confidence of faith,
To trust his firm decrees;
Sweet to lie passive in his hands,
And know no will but his.

5 If such the sweetness of the streams,
What must the fountain be,
Where saints and angels draw their bliss
Immediately from thee!

*Augustus M. Toplady.* 1776.

## 418 (THATCHER.)

2 The soul by faith reclined
On the Redeemer's breast,
'Mid raging storms, exults to find
An everlasting rest.

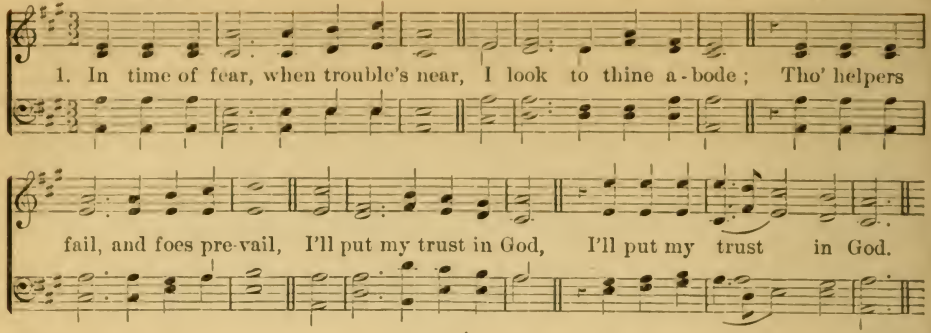
3 Sorrow and fear are gone,
Whene'er thy face appears;
It stills the sighing orphan's moan,
And dries the widow's tears.

4 Jesus, to whom I fly,
Doth all my wishes fill;
What though created streams are dry?
I have the fountain still.

5 Stripped of each earthly friend,
I find them all in One,
And peace and joy which never end,
And heaven, in Christ, alone.

*Charles Wesley.* 1749.

ARCADIA. C. M. *Thomas Hastings.* 1839.


1. In time of fear, when trouble's near, I look to thine a-bode; Tho' helpers
fail, and foes pre-vail, I'll put my trust in God, I'll put my trust in God.

## 419

2 And what is life, 'mid toil and strife?
What terror has the grave?
Thine arm of power, in peril's hour,
The trembling soul will save.

3 In darkest skies, though storms arise,
I will not be dismayed:
O God of light, and boundless might,
My soul on thee is stayed!

*Thomas Hastings.* 1839.

## 420

1 There is an eye that never sleeps
Beneath the wing of night;
There is an ear that never shuts,
When sink the beams of light.

2 There is an arm that never tires,
When human strength gives way;
There is a love that never fails,
When earthly loves decay.

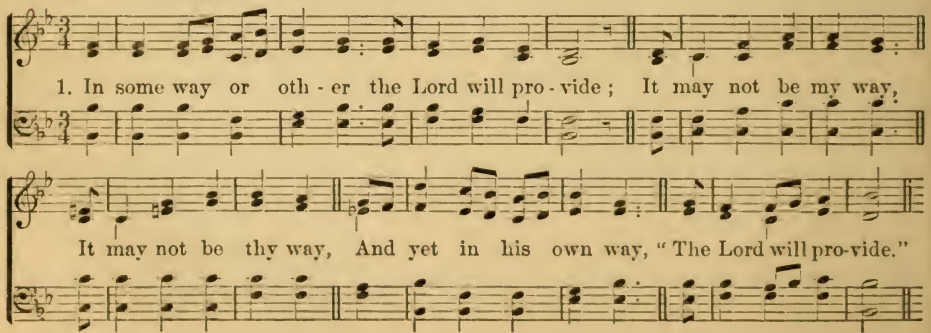
3 That eye is fixed on seraph throngs;
That arm upholds the sky;
That ear is filled with angel songs;
That love is throned on high.

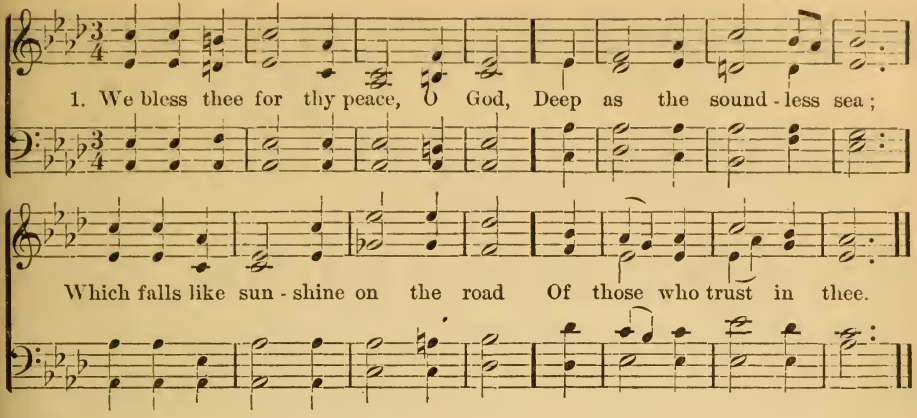
4 But there's a power which man can wield
When mortal aid is vain,
That eye, that arm, that love to reach,
That listening ear to gain.

5 That power is prayer, which soars on high,
Through Jesus, to the throne;
And moves the hand which moves the world,
To bring salvation down!

*John Aikman Wallace.* 1839.

PROVIDENCE. P. M.


1. In some way or oth-er the Lord will pro-vide; It may not be my way,
It may not be thy way, And yet in his own way, "The Lord will pro-vide."

BOSTON. C. M. *U. C. Burnap.* 1869.

1. We bless thee for thy peace, O God, Deep as the sound - less sea;
Which falls like sun - shine on the road Of those who trust in thee.

421

2 That peace which suffers and is strong,
Trusts where it cannot see,
Deems not the trial way too long,
But leaves the end with thee;—

3 That peace which flows serene and deep,
A river in the soul,
Whose banks a living verdure keep;—
God's sunshine o'er the whole.

4 Such, Father! give our hearts such peace,
Whate'er the outward be,
Till all life's discipline shall cease,
And we go home to thee.

*Anon.* 1862.

422

1 God's glory is a wondrous thing,
Most strange in all its ways,
And, of all things on earth, least like
What men agree to praise.

2 O, blest is he to whom is given
The instinct that can tell
That God is on the field, when he
Is most invisible!

3 Workman of God! O lose not heart,
But learn what God is like;
And in the darkest battle-field
Thou shalt know where to strike.

4 O learn to scorn the praise of men!
O learn to lose with God!
For Jesus won the world thro' shame,
And beckons thee his road.

5 And right is right, since God is God;
And right the day must win;
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin!

*Frederic W. Faber.* 1848.

423 (PROVIDENCE.)

2 At some time or other the Lord will provide:
It may not be my time,
It may not be thy time,
And yet, in his own time,
"The Lord will provide."

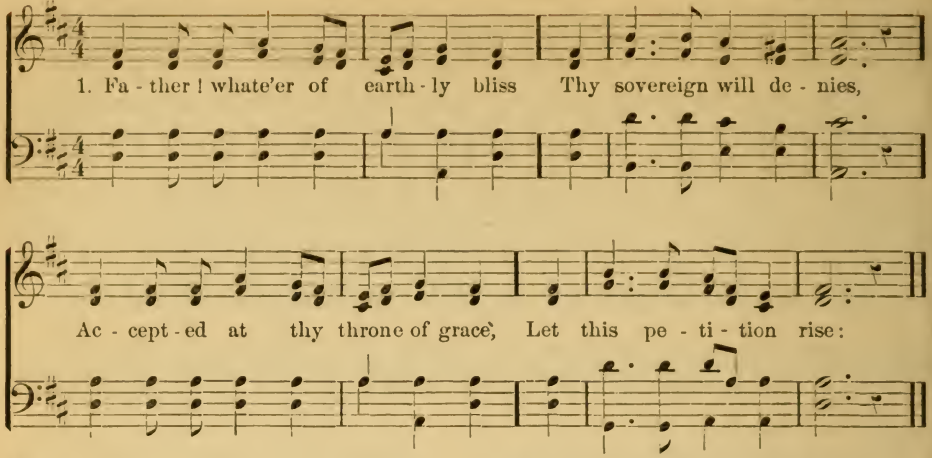
3 Despond then no longer; the Lord will provide:
And this be the token,
No word he hath spoken
Was ever yet broken;
"The Lord will provide."

4 March on, then, right boldly, the sea shall divide:
The pathway made glorious,
With shoutings victorious,
We'll join in the chorus,
"The Lord will provide."

*Martha Walker Cook.* 1864.

NAOMI. C. M.

*Nägeli. Arr. by Lowell Mason.* 1836.




## 424

2 "Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And make me live to thee.

3 "Let the sweet hope that thou art mine
My life and death attend;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end."

*Anne Steele.* 1760.

## 425

1 All as God wills! who wisely heeds
To give or to withhold,
And knoweth more of all my needs
Than all my prayers have told.

2 Enough, that blessings undeserved
Have marked my erring track;
That, wheresoe'er my feet have swerved,
Thy chastening turned me back;

3 That death seems but a covered way
Which opens into light,
Wherein no blinded child can stray
Beyond the Father's sight.

4 No longer forward or behind
I look, in hope or fear,
But grateful take the good I find,
God's blessing, now and here.

*John G. Whittier.*

## 426

1 Calm me, my God, and keep me calm;
Let thine outstretchéd wing
Be like the shade of Elim's palm,
Beside her desert spring.

2 Yes, keep me calm, though loud and rude
The sounds my ear that greet,
Calm in the closet's solitude,
Calm in the bustling street;

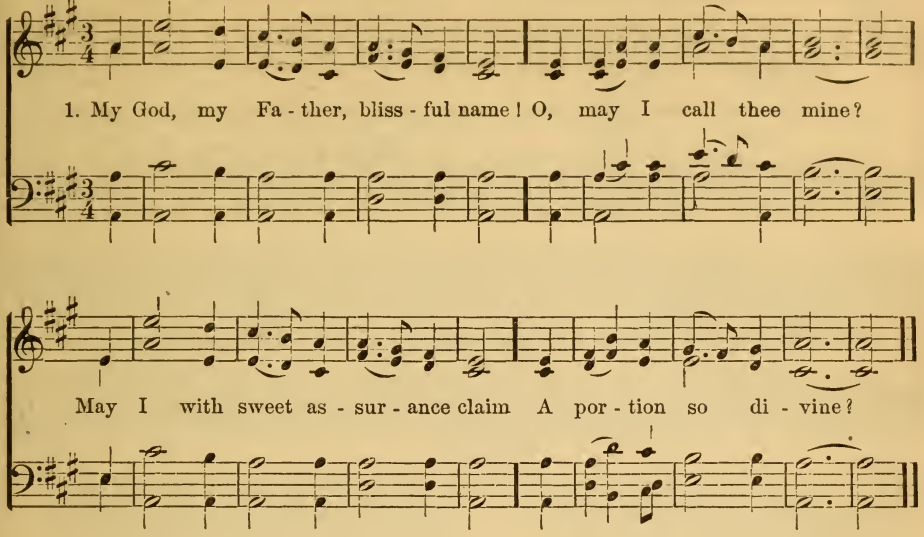
3 Calm in the hour of buoyant health,
Calm in the hour of pain,
Calm in my poverty or wealth,
Calm in my loss or gain;

4 Calm in the sufferance of wrong,
Like him who bore my shame,
Calm 'mid the threatening, taunting throng,
Who hate thy holy name.

5 Calm me, my God, and keep me calm,
Soft resting on thy breast;
Soothe me with holy hymn and psalm,
And bid my spirit rest.

*Horatius Bonar.* 1857.

BOARDMAN. C. M. *Devereux. Arr. by G. Kingsley.* 1853.




## 427

1 My God, my Father, blissful name!
O may I call thee mine?
May I with sweet assurance claim
A portion so divine?

2 Whate'er thy providence denies
I calmly would resign,
For thou art good and just and wise:
O bend my will to thine!

3 Whate'er thy sacred will ordains,
O give me strength to bear!
And let me know my Father reigns,
And trust his tender care.

4 Thy sovereign ways are all unknown
To my weak, erring sight;
Yet let my soul adoring own
That all thy ways are right.

*Anne Steele.* 1760.

## 428

1 Lord, as to thy dear Cross we flee,
And plead to be forgiven,
So let thy life our pattern be,
And form our souls for heaven.

2 Help us, through good report and ill,
Our daily cross to bear;
Like thee, to do our Father's will,
Our brethren's grief to share.

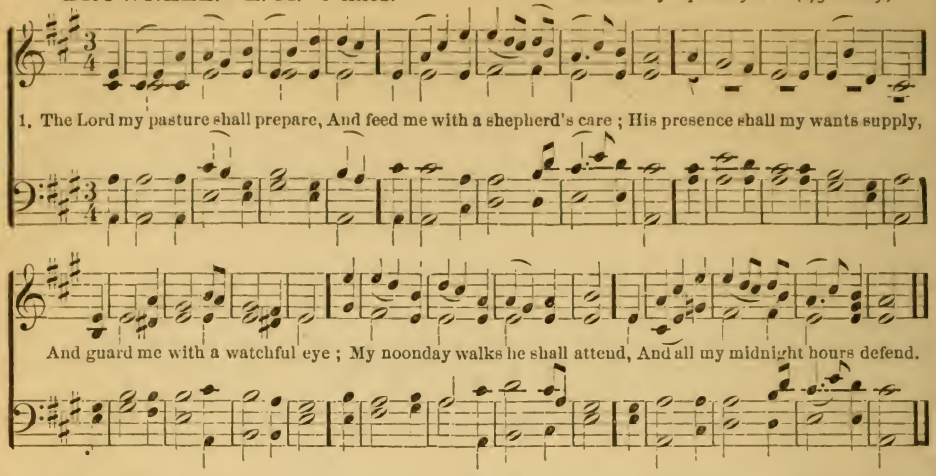
3 If joy shall at thy bidding fly,
And grief's dark day come on,
We in our turn would meekly cry,
Father, Thy will be done.

4 Should friends misjudge, or foes defame,
Or brethren faithless prove,
Then, like thine own, be all our aim
To conquer them by love.

5 Kept peaceful in the midst of strife,
Forgiving and forgiven,
O may we lead the pilgrim's life,
And follow thee to heaven!

*John H. Gurney.* 1838.

BROWNELL. L. M. 6 lines. *From Francis Joseph Haydn.* (1732—1809.)


1. The Lord my pasture shall prepare, And feed me with a shepherd's care ; His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye ; My noonday walks he shall attend, And all my midnight hours defend.

## 429

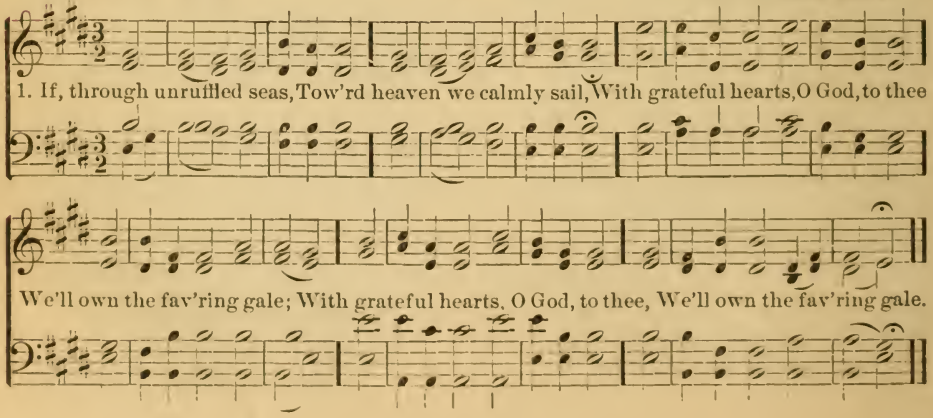
2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
To fertile vales, and dewy meads,
My weary, wandering steps he leads,
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

3 Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord, art with me still:
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me thro' the dreadful shade.

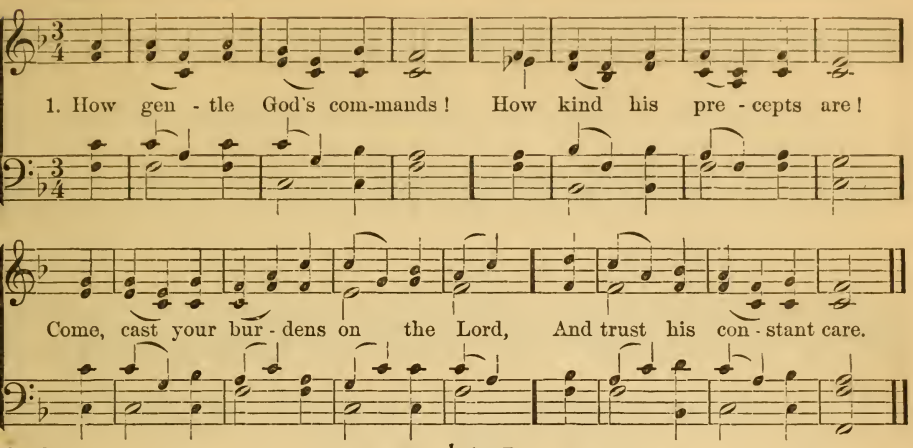
4 Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious, lonely wilds I stray,
Thy bounty shall my pains beguile:
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden greens and herbage crown'd,
And streams shall murmur all around.

*Joseph Addison.* 1712.

SELVIN. S. M *Arr. by Lowell Mason.*


1. If, through unruffled seas, Tow'rd heaven we calmly sail, With grateful hearts, O God, to thee
We'll own the fav'ring gale; With grateful hearts, O God, to thee, We'll own the fav'ring gale.

DENNIS. S. M

*Nägeli. Arr. by William B. Bradbury.* 1849.

## 430

1 How gentle God's commands!
How kind his precepts are!
Come, cast your burdens on the Lord,
And trust his constant care.

2 Beneath his watchful eye
His saints securely dwell;
That hand which bears all nature up
Shall guard his children well.

3 Why should this anxious load
Press down your weary mind?
Haste to your heavenly Father's throne,
And sweet refreshment find.

4 His goodness stands approved,
Unchanged from day to day;
I'll drop my burden at his feet,
And bear a song away.

*Philip Doddridge.* 1755.

## 431

1 "My times are in thy hand:"
My God! I wish them there;
My life, my soul, my all, I leave
Entirely to thy care.

2 "My times are in thy hand;"
Whatever they may be;
Pleasing or painful, dark or bright,
As best may seem to thee.

3 "My times are in thy hand;"
Why should I doubt or fear?
My Father's hand will never cause
His child a needless tear.

4 "My times are in thy hand;"
I'll always trust in thee;
Till I possess the promised land,
And all thy glory see.

*William F. Lloyd.* 1835.

## 432 (SELVIN.)

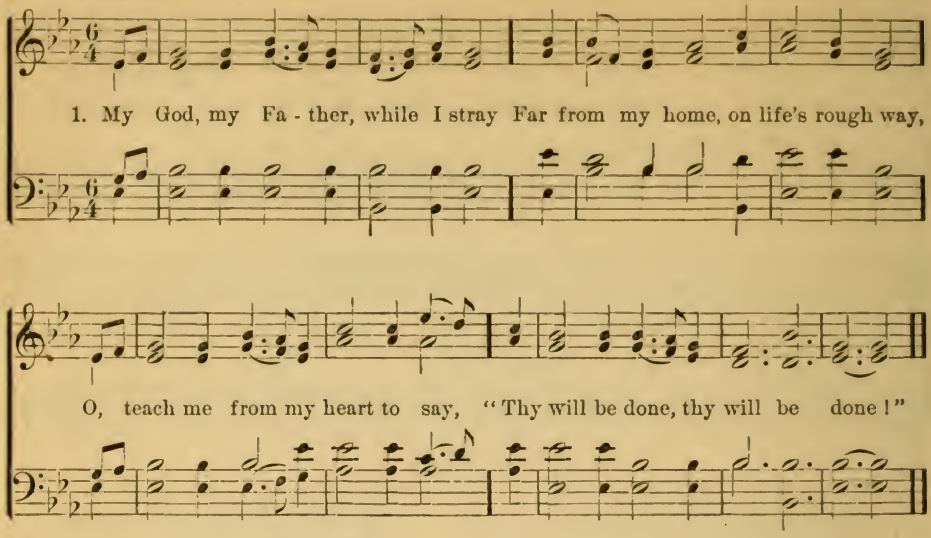
2 But should the surges rise,
And rest delay to come,
Blest be the sorrow—kind the storm,
Which drives us nearer home.

3 Soon shall our doubts and fears
All yield to thy control:
Thy tender mercies shall illume
The midnight of the soul.

4 Teach us, in every state,
To make thy will our own;
And when the joys of sense depart,
To live by faith alone.

*Augustus M. Toplady.* 1776.

WOODWORTH. L. M. *William B. Bradbury.* 1849.


1. My God, my Fa - ther, while I stray Far from my home, on life's rough way,
O, teach me from my heart to say, "Thy will be done, thy will be done!"

## 433

2 What though in lonely grief I sigh
For friends beloved no longer nigh;
Submissive still would I reply,
"Thy will be done, thy will be done!"

3 If but my fainting heart be blest
With thy sweet Spirit for its guest,
My God, to thee I leave the rest;
"Thy will be done, thy will be done!"

4 Renew my will from day to day;
Blend it with thine, and take away
Whate'er now makes it hard to say,
"Thy will be done, thy will be done!"

5 Then when on earth I breathe no more,
The prayer oft mixed with tears before
I'll sing upon a happier shore:
"Thy will be done, thy will be done!"

*Charlotte Elliott.* 1834.

## 434

1 I CANNOT always trace the way
Where thou, Almighty One, dost move;
But I can always, always say,
That God is love, that God is love.

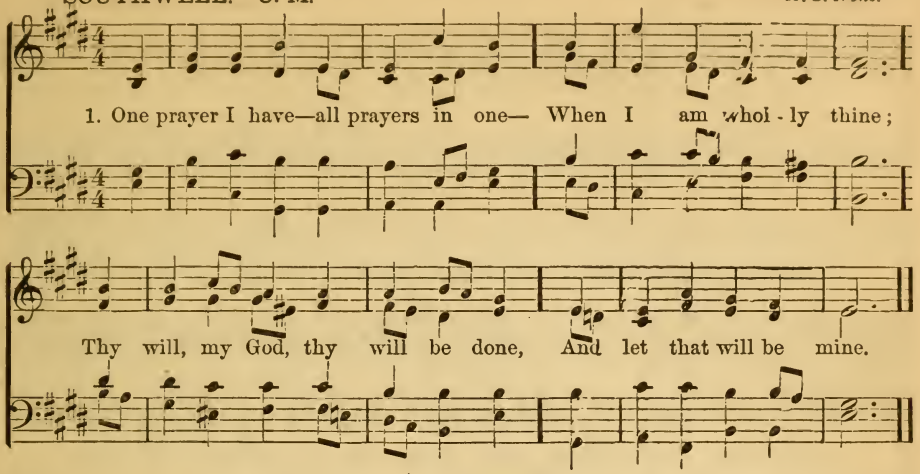
2 When fear her chilling mantle flings
O'er earth, my soul to heaven above,
As to her native home, upsprings,
For God is love, for God is love.

3 When mystery clouds my darkened path,
I'll check my dread, my doubts reprove;
In this my soul sweet comfort hath,
That God is love, that God is love.

4 Yes, God is love;—a thought like this,
Can every gloomy thought remove,
And turn all tears, all woes, to bliss,
For God is love, for God is love.

*John Bowring.*

SOUTHWELL. C. M. *H. S. Irons.*




435

2 All-wise, almighty, and all-good,
In thee I firmly trust;
Thy ways, unknown or understood,
Are merciful and just.

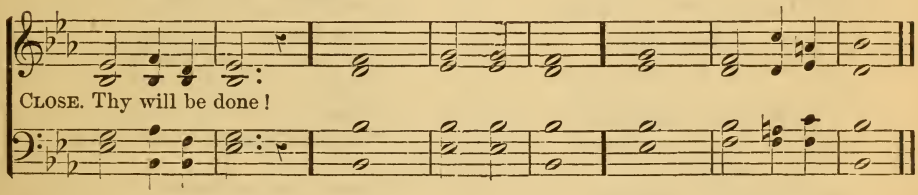
3 May I remember that to thee
Whate'er I have I owe;
And back, in gratitude, from me
May all thy bounties flow.

4 And though thy wisdom takes away,
Shall I arraign thy will?
No, let me bless thy name, and say,
"The Lord is gracious still."

5 A pilgrim through the earth I roam,
Of nothing long possessed;
And all must fail when I go home,
For this is not my rest.

*James Montgomery.*

THY WILL BE DONE. *Lowell Mason.*




436

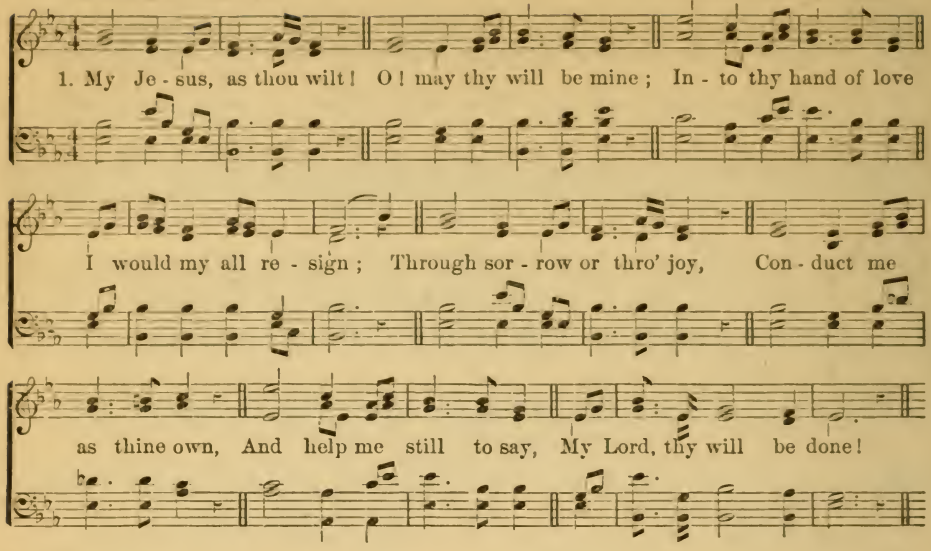
1 "THY will be | done!" ‖ In devious way
The hurrying stream of | life may | run;
Yet still our grateful hearts shall say, |
"Thy will be | done."

2 "Thy will be | done!" ‖ If o'er us shine
A gladdening and a | prosperous | sun, ‖
This prayer will make it more divine — |
"Thy will be | done!"

3 "Thy will be | done!" ‖ Tho' shrouded o'er
Our | path with | gloom, ‖ one comfort—one
Is ours:—to breathe, while we adore, |
"Thy will be | done."

*John Bowring.*

JEWETT. 6s. D. *Carl M. von Weber.* 1820.


1. My Je - sus, as thou wilt! O! may thy will be mine; In - to thy hand of love
I would my all re - sign; Through sor - row or thro' joy, Con - duct me
as thine own, And help me still to say, My Lord, thy will be done!

## 437

2 My Jesus, as thou wilt!
Though seen thro' many a tear,
Let not my star of hope
Grow dim or disappear:
Since thou on earth hast wept
And sorrowed oft alone,
If I must weep with thee,
My Lord, thy will be done!

3 My Jesus, as thou wilt!
All shall be well for me;
Each changing future scene
I gladly trust with thee:
Straight to my home above
I travel calmly on,
And sing, in life or death,
My Lord, thy will be done!

*Benjamin Schmolke.* 1716.
*Tr., Jane Borthwick.* 1853.

## 438

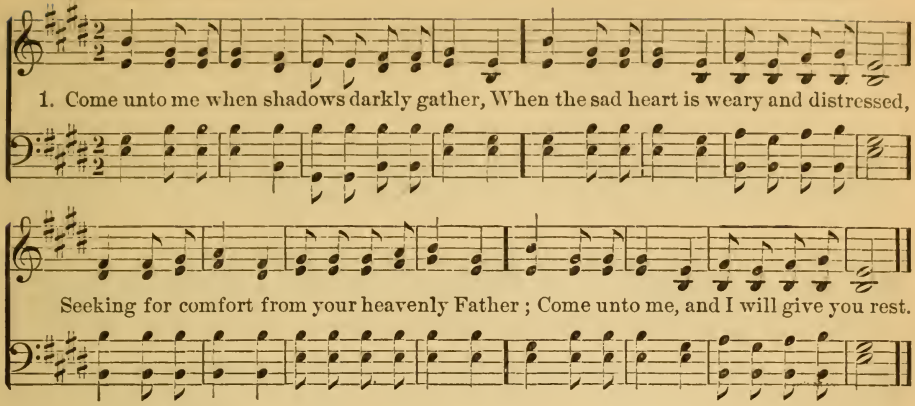
1 Thy way, not mine, O Lord,
However dark it be!
Lead me by thine own hand;
Choose out the path for me.
I dare not choose my lot;
I would not, if I might:
Choose thou for me, my God,
So shall I walk aright.

2 The kingdom that I seek
Is thine; so let the way
That leads to it be thine,
Else I must surely stray.
Take thou my cup, and it
With joy or sorrow fill,
As best to thee may seem;
Choose thou my good and ill.

3 Choose thou for me my friends,
My sickness or my health;
Choose thou my cares for me,
My poverty or wealth.
Not mine, not mine the choice,
In things or great or small;
Be thou my Guide, my Strength,
My Wisdom, and my All.

*Horatius Bonar.* 1857.

HENLEY. 11s & 10s. *Lowell Mason.* 1854.


1. Come unto me when shadows darkly gather, When the sad heart is weary and distressed,
Seeking for comfort from your heavenly Father ; Come unto me, and I will give you rest.

## 439

2 Ye, who have mourned, when the spring flowers were taken,
When the ripe fruit fell richly to the ground,
When the loved slept, in brighter homes to waken,
Where their pale brows with spirit-wreaths are crowned.

3 Large are the mansions in thy Father's dwelling,
Glad are the homes that sorrows never dim;
Sweet are the harps in holy music swelling,
Soft are the tones which raise the heavenly hymn.

4 There, like an Eden blossoming in gladness,
Bloom the fair flowers the earth too rudely pressed:
Come unto me, all ye who droop in sadness,
Come unto me, and I will give you rest! *Anon.* 1846.

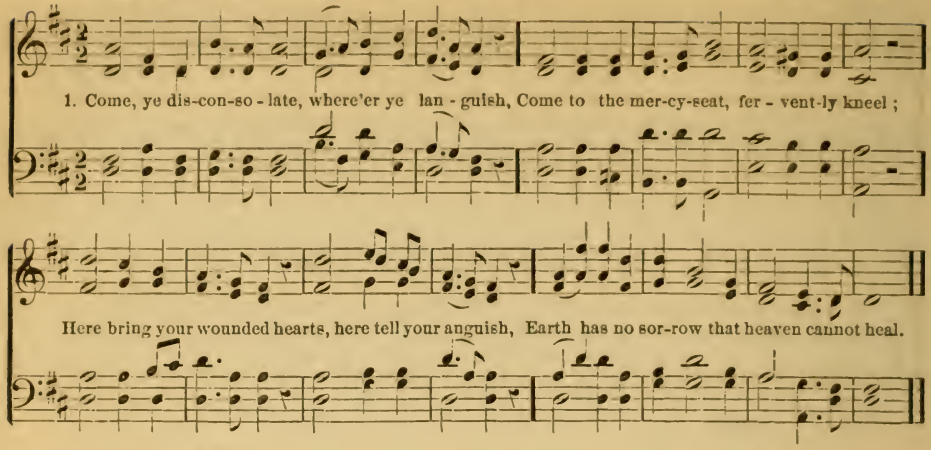
## 440

1 FATHER, in thy mysterious presence kneeling,
Fain would our souls feel all thy kindling love;
For we are weak, and need some deep revealing
Of trust, and strength, and calmness from above.

2 Lord, we have wandered forth through doubt and sorrow,
And thou hast made each step an onward one;
And we will ever trust each unknown morrow;
Thou wilt sustain us till its work is done.

3 Now, Father, now in thy dear presence kneeling,
Our spirits yearn to feel thy kindling love;
Now make us strong; we need thy deep revealing
Of trust, and strength, and calmness from above. *S. Johnson.* 1846.

COME, YE DISCONSOLATE. 11s & 10s. *Samuel Webbe.* 1800.


1. Come, ye dis-con-so - late, where'er ye lan - guish, Come to the mer-cy-seat, fer - vent-ly kneel ;
Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish, Earth has no sor-row that heaven cannot heal.

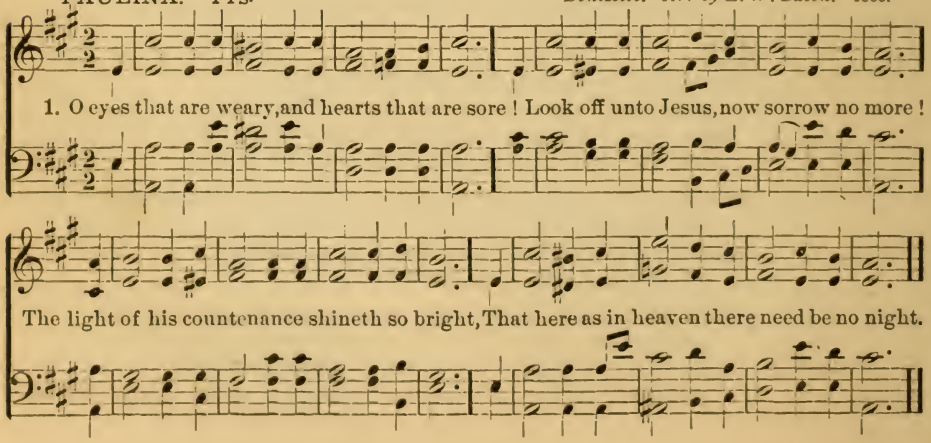
441

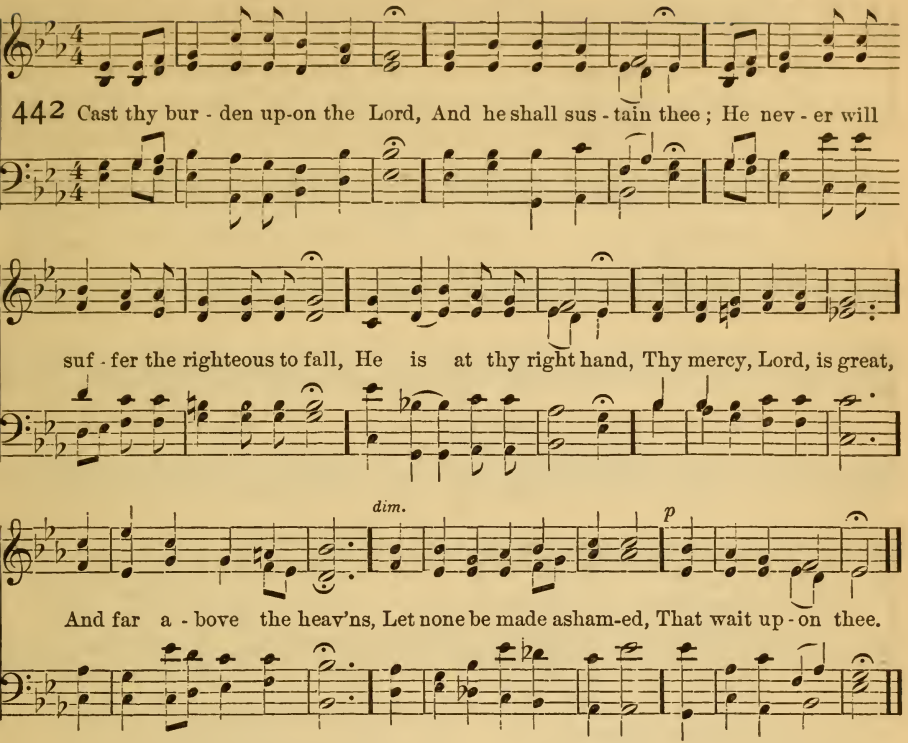
2 Joy of the comfortless, light of the straying,
Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure;
Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly saying—
Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot cure.

3 Here see the Bread of Life; see waters flowing
Forth from the throne of God, pure from above;
Come to the feast of love: come, ever knowing
Earth has no sorrow but heaven can remove.

*Thomas Moore*, vv. 1, 2, 1816. *Thomas Hastings*, v. 3.

PAULINA. 11s. *Donizetti. Arr by L. W. Bacon.* 1866.


1. O eyes that are weary, and hearts that are sore ! Look off unto Jesus, now sorrow no more !
The light of his countenance shineth so bright, That here as in heaven there need be no night.

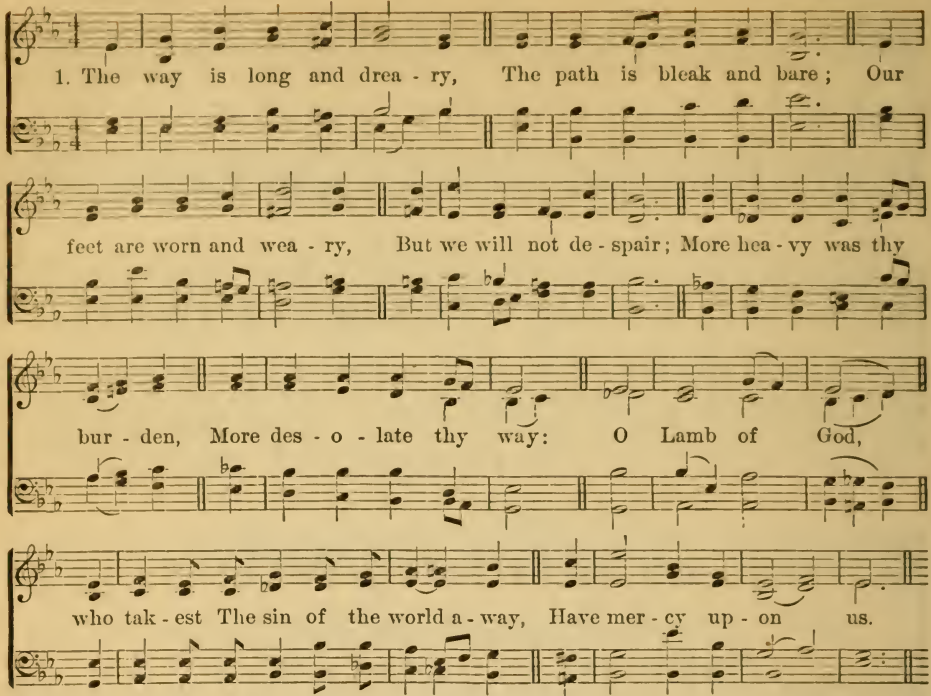
CAST THY BURDEN ON THE LORD. *Mendelssohn.*

442 Cast thy bur - den up-on the Lord, And he shall sus - tain thee; He nev - er will
suf - fer the righteous to fall, He is at thy right hand, Thy mercy, Lord, is great,
dim.
p
And far a - bove the heav'ns, Let none be made asham-ed, That wait up - on thee.

443 (PAULINA.)

2 While looking to Jesus, my heart cannot fear;
I tremble no more when I see Jesus near;
I know that his presence my safeguard will be,
For, "Why are ye troubled?" he saith unto me.

3 Still looking to Jesus, O may I be found,
When Jordan's dark waters encompass me round:
They bear me away in his presence to be,
I see him still nearer whom always I see.

4 Then, then shall I know the full beauty and grace
Of Jesus, my Lord, when I stand face to face;
Shall know how his love went before me each day,
And wonder that ever my eyes turned away.

VIA DOLOROSA. *John B. Dykes.*

1. The way is long and drea - ry, The path is bleak and bare; Our
feet are worn and wea - ry, But we will not de - spair; More hea - vy was thy
bur - den, More des - o - late thy way: O Lamb of God,
who tak - est The sin of the world a - way, Have mer - cy up - on us.

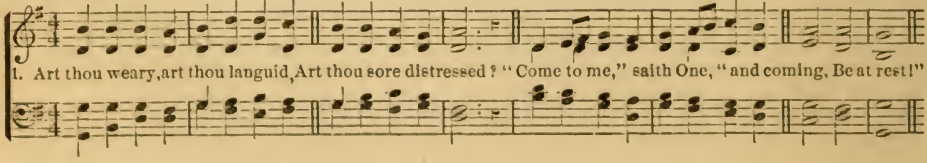
## 444

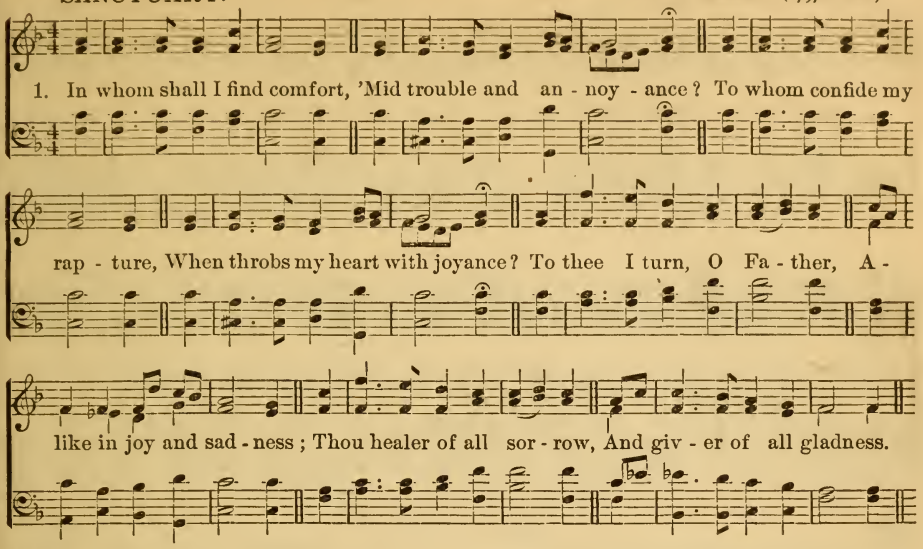
2 The snows lie thick around us
In the dark and gloomy night,
The tempest roars above us,
The stars have hid their light;
But blacker was the darkness
Round Calvary's cross that day:
O Lamb of God! who takest
The sins of the world away,
Have mercy upon us!

3 Our hearts are faint with sorrow,
Heavy and sad to bear;
We dread the bitter morrow,
But we will not despair;
Thou knowest all our anguish,
And thou wilt bid it cease:
O Lamb of God! who takest
The sins of the world away,
O give us thy peace!

*Adelaide A. Proctor.*

STEPHANOS. P. M. *William H. Monk.* 1861.



SANCTUARY. *Franz Schubert.* (1797—1828.)

1. In whom shall I find comfort, 'Mid trouble and an - noy - ance? To whom confide my
rap - ture, When throbs my heart with joyance? To thee I turn, O Fa - ther, A -
like in joy and sad - ness; Thou healer of all sor - row, And giv - er of all gladness.

**445**

2 But may I dare approach thee,
Polluted and unholy?
Yet who on earth before thee
Is free from sin and folly?
Thy child, to thee I hasten,
Whose fond embrace hath won me,
And cast my every burden
In confidence upon thee.

3 Thy loving voice hath sounded:—
"My grace your bonds hath severed;
O come to me, ye weary,
And ye shall be delivered!"
'Tis well! O jubilate!
Sweet peace and pardon knowing,
In thy kind arms I shelter,
My soul with love o'erflowing.

*W. Tidd Matson.*

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**446** (STEPHANOS.)

2 Hath he marks to lead me to him,
If he be my Guide?—
"In his feet and hands are wound-prints,
And his side."

3 Is there diadem, as Monarch,
That his brow adorns?—
"Yea, a crown, in very surety;
But of thorns."

4 If I find him, if I follow,
What his guerdon here?—
"Many a sorrow, many a labor,
Many a tear."

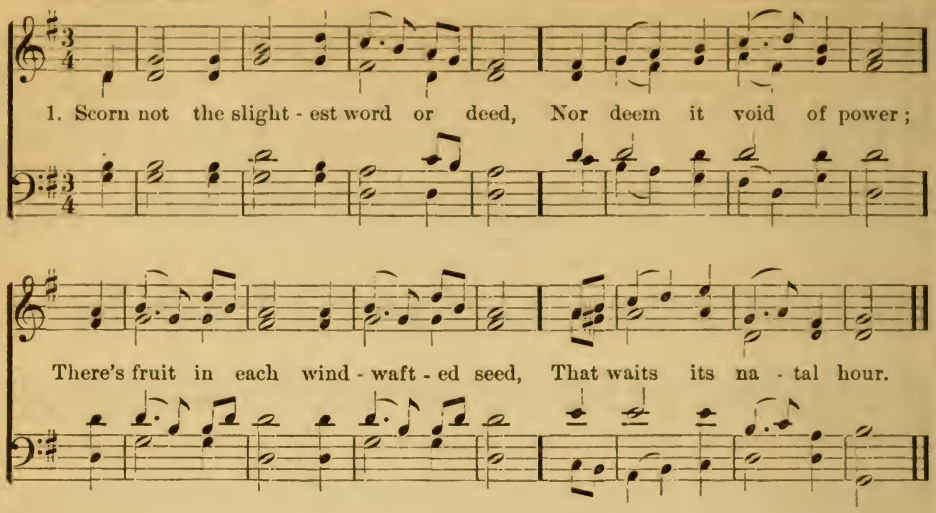
5 If I still hold closely to him,
What hath he at last?—
"Sorrow vanquished, labor ended,
Jordan passed."

6 If I ask him to receive me,
Will he say me nay?
"Not till earth, and not till heaven
Pass away."

7 Finding, following, keeping, struggling,
Is he sure to bless?—
"Saints, apostles, prophets, martyrs,
Answer, Yes."

*Stephen of St. Sabas.* (725–794.)
*Tr., John M. Neale.* 1862.

BRIDGMAN. C. M. *Beethoven. Arr. by George Kingsley.* 1853.


1. Scorn not the slight - est word or deed, Nor deem it void of power;
There's fruit in each wind - waft - ed seed, That waits its na - tal hour.

## 447

2 A whispered word may touch the heart,
And call it back to life;
A look of love bid sin depart,
And still unholy strife.

3 No act falls fruitless; none can tell
How vast its power may be,
Nor what results infolded dwell
Within it silently.

4 Work on, despair not, bring thy mite,
Nor care how small it be;
God is with all that serve the right,
The holy, true, and free.

*Unknown Author.*

## 448

1 O THOU, who hast thy servants taught
That not by words alone,
But by the fruits of holiness,
The life of God is shown;

2 While in thy house of prayer we meet,
And call thee God and Lord,
Give us a heart to follow thee,
Obedient to thy word.

3 Through all the dangerous paths of life
Uphold us as we go,
That with our lips, and in our lives,
Thy glory we may show.

*Henry Alford.*

## 449

1 THE bird let loose in eastern skies,
When hastening fondly home,
Ne'er stoops to earth her wing, nor flies
Where idle warblers roam.

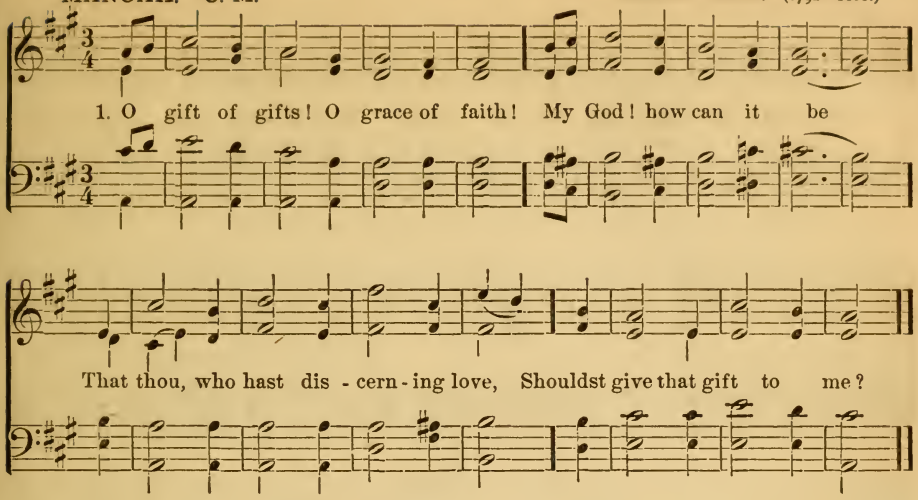
2 But high she shoots, through air and light,
Above all low delay,
Where nothing earthly bounds her flight,
Nor shadow dims her way.

3 So grant me, Lord, from every care
And stain of passion free,
Aloft, through virtue's purer air,
To hold my course to thee.

4 No sin to cloud, no lure to stay
My soul, as home she springs;
Thy sunshine on her joyful way,
Thy freedom in her wings.

*Thomas Moore.* 1816.

MANOAH. C. M. *Fr. Gioacchimo Rossini.* (1792—1868.)




## 450

1 O GIFT of gifts! O grace of faith!
My God! how can it be
That thou, who hast discerning love,
Shouldst give that gift to me?

2 How many hearts thou mightst have had
More innocent than mine!
How many souls more worthy far
Of that sweet touch of thine!

3 Ah, grace! into unlikeliest hearts
It is thy boast to come,
The glory of thy light to find
In darkest spots a home.

4 The crowd of cares, the weightiest cross,
Seem trifles less than light—
Earth looks so little and so low
When faith shines full and bright.

5 O, happy, happy that I am!
If thou canst be, O Faith,
The treasure that thou art in life
What wilt thou be in death!

*Frederic W. Faber.* 1848.

## 451

1 WALK in the light! so shalt thou know
That fellowship of love,
His Spirit only can bestow,
Who reigns in light above.

2 Walk in the light! and thou shalt find
Thy heart made truly his,
Who dwells in cloudless light enshrined,
In whom no darkness is.

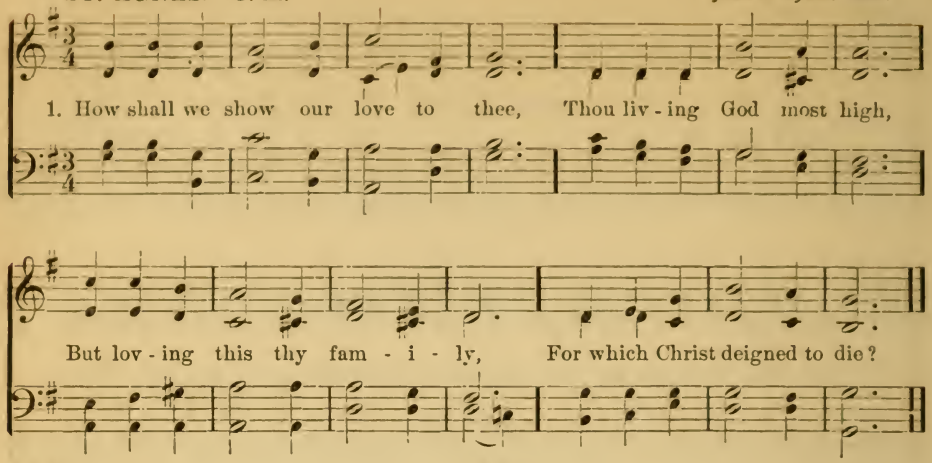
3 Walk in the light! and thou shalt own
Thy darkness passed away,
Because that Light hath on thee shone
In which is perfect day.

4 Walk in the light! and ev'n the tomb
No fearful shade shall wear;
Glory shall chase away its gloom,
For Christ hath conquered there.

5 Walk in the light! and thou shalt see
Thy path, though thorny, bright,
For God by grace shall dwell in thee,
And God himself is Light.

*Bernard Barton.*

ST. AGNES. C. M. *John B. Dykes.* 1868.




452

2 If thou for me such love didst bear,
Shall I not love again?
For all are objects of thy care;
Thy love doth all sustain.

3 If we have love for thee in heaven,
'Tis seen by love on earth:
Love only, love which God hath given,
Doth prove our heavenly birth.

4 Love is of life the only sign,
Love is our vital breath;
Love only shows the child divine,
Love only conquers death.

5 Whate'er we do, where'er we go,
Let love our sonship prove:
Our lives the fire celestial show,
Our thoughts and words be love.

*Isaac Williams.* 1842.

453

1 Happy the home, when God is there,
And love fills every breast;
Where one their wish, and one their prayer,
And one their heavenly rest.

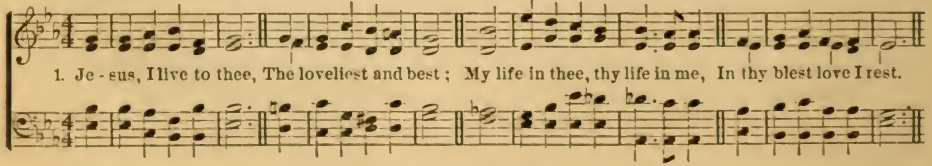
2 Happy the home where Jesus' name
Is sweet to every ear;
Where children early lisp his fame,
And parents hold him dear.

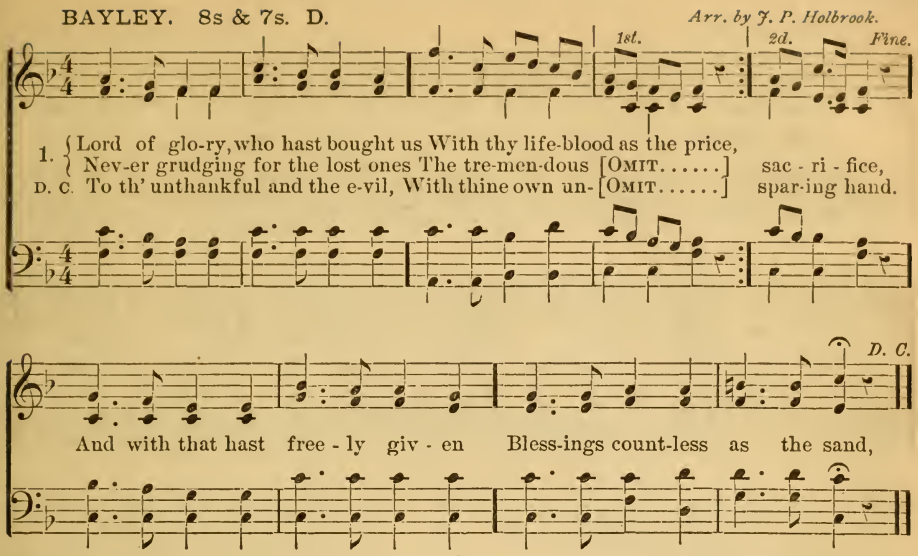
3 Happy the home where prayer is heard,
And praise is wont to rise;
Where parents love the sacred word,
And live but for the skies.

4 Lord! let us in our homes agree
This blessed peace to gain;
Unite our hearts in love to thee,
And love to all will reign.

*Anon.*

BARNBY. S. M. *Joseph Barnby.* 1863.




BAYLEY. 8s & 7s. D.
Arr. by J. P. Holbrook.
1st.
2d.
Fine.
1. Lord of glo-ry, who hast bought us With thy life-blood as the price,
Nev-er grudging for the lost ones The tre-men-dous [OMIT.....] sac - ri - fice,
D. C. To th' unthankful and the e-vil, With thine own un- [OMIT.....] spar-ing hand.
D. C.
And with that hast free - ly giv - en Bless-ings count-less as the sand,

## 454

2 Wondrous honor hast thou given
To our humblest charity;
In thine own mysterious sentence,
"Ye have done it unto me."
Can it be, O gracious Master,
Thou dost deign for alms to sue,
Saying, by thy poor and needy,
"Give, as I have given to you?"

3 Yes; the sorrow and the suffering,
Which on every hand we see,
Channels are for tithes and offerings,
Due by solemn right to thee;
Right of which we may not rob thee;
Debt we may not choose but pay,
Lest that face of love and pity
Turn from us another day.

4 Lord of glory, who hast bought us
With thy life-blood as the price,
Never grudging for the lost ones
That tremendous sacrifice,
Give us faith, to trust thee boldly,
Hope, to stay our souls on thee;
But, O best of all thy graces,
Give us thine own charity.

*Mrs. Alderson.* 1868.

## 455

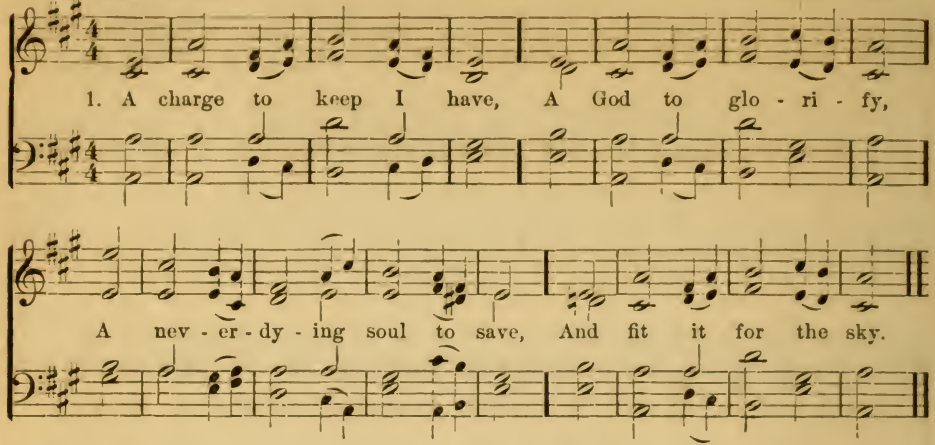
1 JESUS, I live to thee,
The loveliest and best;
My life in thee, thy life in me,
In thy blest love I rest.

2 Jesus, I die to thee,
Whenever death shall come;
To die in thee is life to me
In my eternal home.

3 Whether to live or die,
I know not which is best;
To live in thee is bliss to me,
To die is endless rest.

4 Living or dying, Lord,
I ask but to be thine;
My life in thee, thy life in me,
Makes heaven forever mine.

*Henry Harbaugh.* 1850.

IOWA. S. M. *Aaron Chapin.* 1823.

456

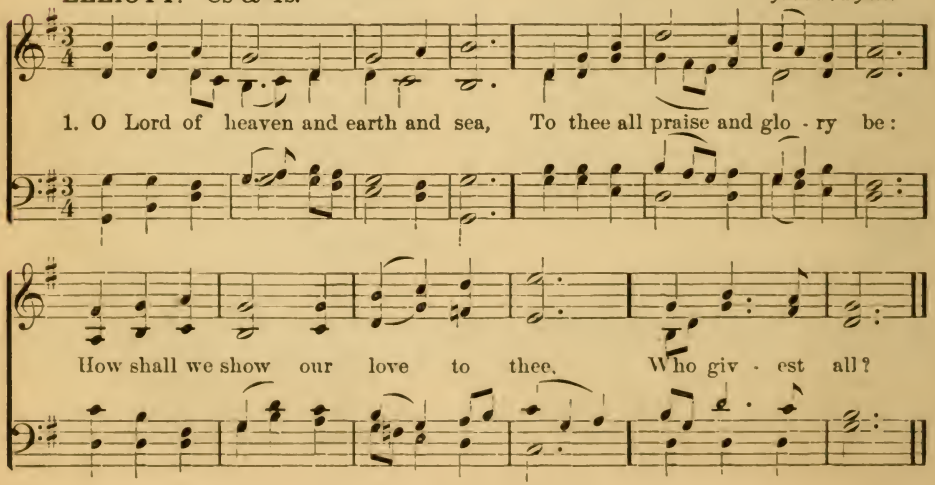
2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfill;
O, may it all my powers engage
To do my Master's will.

3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live;
And O, thy servant, Lord, prepare
A strict account to give.

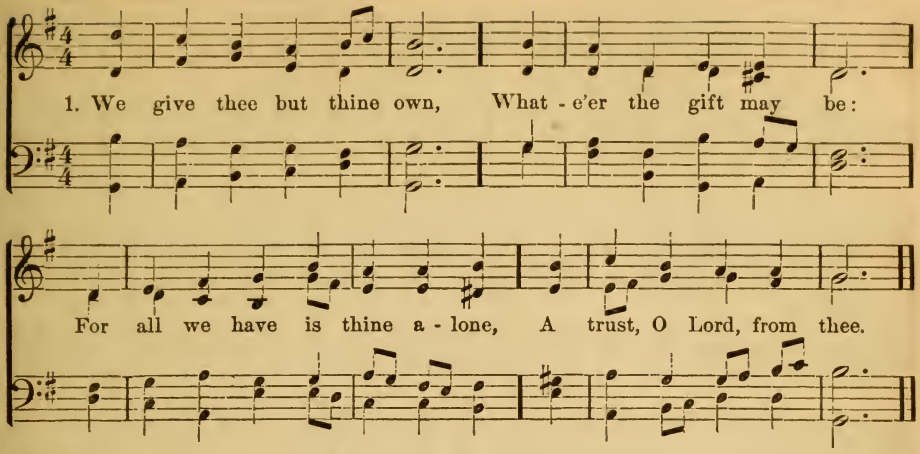
4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyself rely,
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall forever die.

*Charles Wesley.* 1762.

ELLIOTT. 8s & 4s. *John B. Dykes.*



ST. CHRISTOPHER. S. M. *William H. Monk.*




## 457

1 We give thee but thine own,
Whate'er the gift may be:
For all we have is thine alone,
A trust, O Lord, from thee.

2 O, hearts are bruised and dead,
And homes are bare and cold,
And lambs, for whom the Shepherd bled,
Are straying from the fold.

3 To comfort and to bless,
To find a balm for woe,
To tend the lone and fatherless
Is angels' work below.

4 The captive to release,
To God the lost to bring,
To teach the way of life and peace,
It is a Christ-like thing.

5 And we believe thy word,
Though dim our faith may be;
Whate'er for thine we do, O Lord,
We do it unto thee.

*William W. How.* 1854.

## 458

1 O Lord of heaven and earth and sea,
To thee all praise and glory be:
How shall we show our love to thee,
Who givest all?

2 The golden sunshine, vernal air,
Sweet flowers and fruit thy love declare:
When harvests ripen, thou art there,
Who givest all.

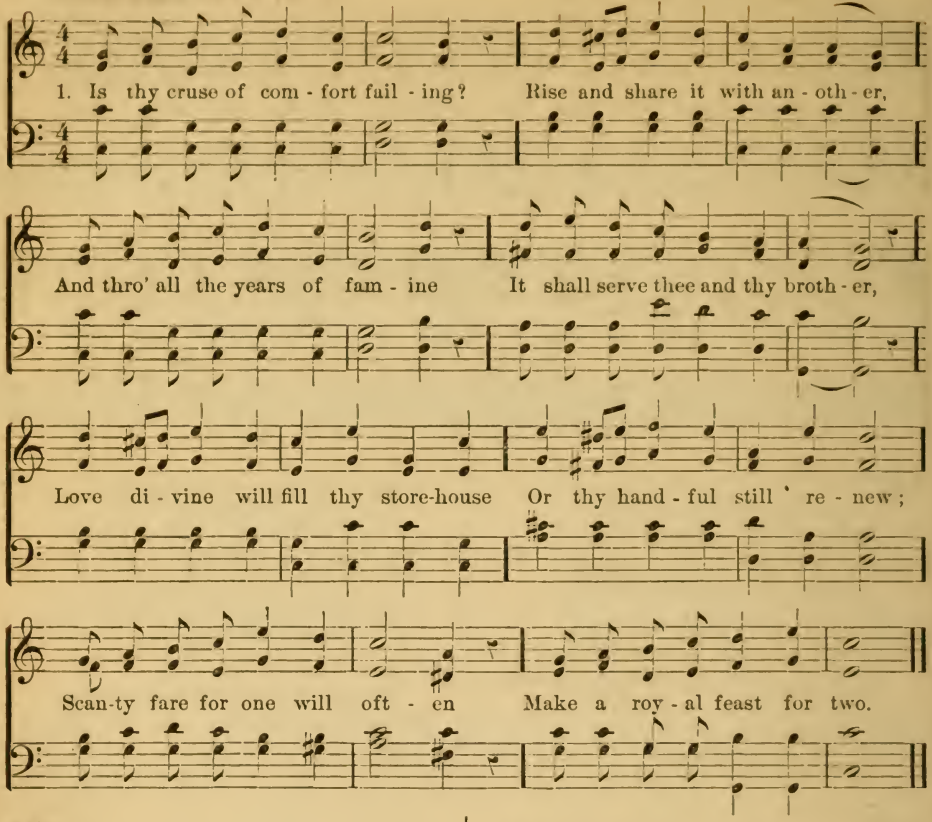
3 For peaceful homes, and healthful days,
For all the blessings earth displays,
We owe thee thankfulness and praise,
Who givest all.

4 For souls redeemed, for sins forgiven,
For means of grace and hopes of heaven,
What can to thee, O Lord, be given,
Who givest all?

5 We lose what on ourselves we spend,
We have as treasure without end
Whatever, Lord, to thee we lend,
Who givest all.

6 Whatever, Lord we lend to thee,
Repaid a thousandfold will be;
Then gladly will we give to thee,
Who givest all.

*Christopher Wordsworth.* 1865.

CARITAS. 8s & 7s. D.

1. Is thy cruse of com - fort fail - ing? Rise and share it with an - oth - er,
And thro' all the years of fam - ine It shall serve thee and thy broth - er,
Love di - vine will fill thy store-house Or thy hand - ful still re - new;
Scan-ty fare for one will oft - en Make a roy - al feast for two.

## 459

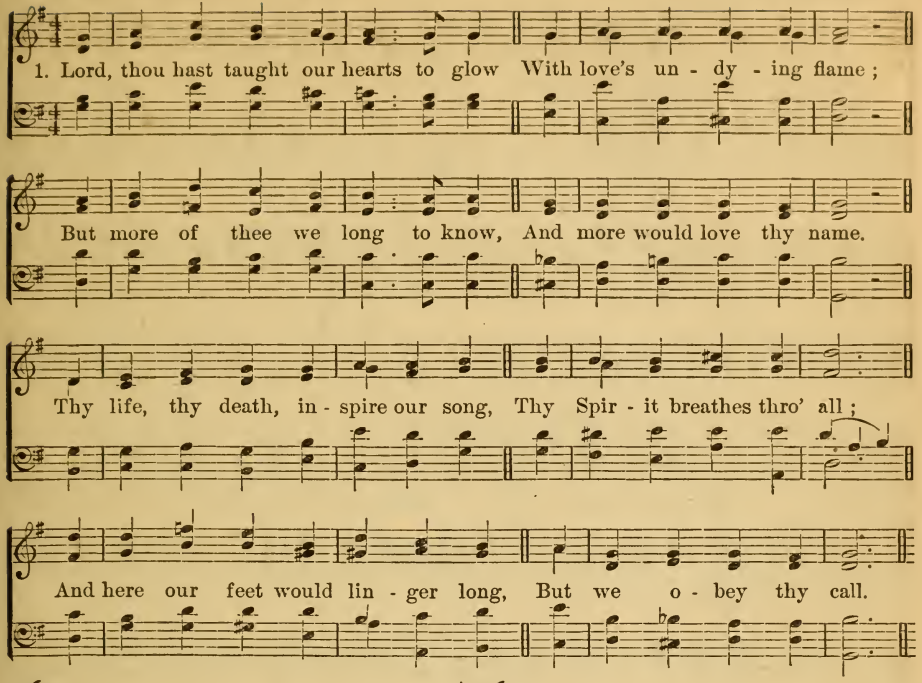
2 For the heart grows rich in giving;
All its wealth is living grain;
Seeds which mildew in the garner,
Scattered, fill with gold the plain.
Is thy burden hard and heavy?
Do thy steps drag wearily?
Help to bear thy brother's burden,
God will bear both it and thee.

3 Numb and weary on the mountains,
Would'st thou sleep amidst the snow?
Chafe that frozen form beside thee,
And together both shall glow.
Art thou stricken in life's battle?
Many wounded round thee moan;
Lavish on their wounds thy balsams,
And that balm shall heal thine own.

4 Is the heart a well left empty?
None but God its void can fill;
Nothing but a ceaseless Fountain
Can its ceaseless longings still.
Is the heart a living power?
Self-entwined, its strength sinks low,
It can only live in loving,
And by serving love will grow.

*Elizabeth Charles.*

ST. LEONARD. C. M. D. *Henry Hiles.*


1. Lord, thou hast taught our hearts to glow With love's un - dy - ing flame ;
But more of thee we long to know, And more would love thy name.
Thy life, thy death, in - spire our song, Thy Spir - it breathes thro' all ;
And here our feet would lin - ger long, But we o - bey thy call.

## 460

2 Thou bid'st us go, with thee to stand
Against hell's marshalled powers;
And heart to heart, and hand to hand,
To make thine honor ours.
With thine own pity, Saviour, see
The thronged and darkening way:
We go to win the lost to thee,
O help us, Lord, we pray.

3 Teach thou our lips of thee to speak,
Of thy sweet love to tell;
Till they who wander far shall seek
And find and serve thee well.
O'er all the world thy Spirit send,
And make thy goodness known,
Till earth and heaven together blend
Their praises at thy throne.

*Ray Palmer.* 1865.

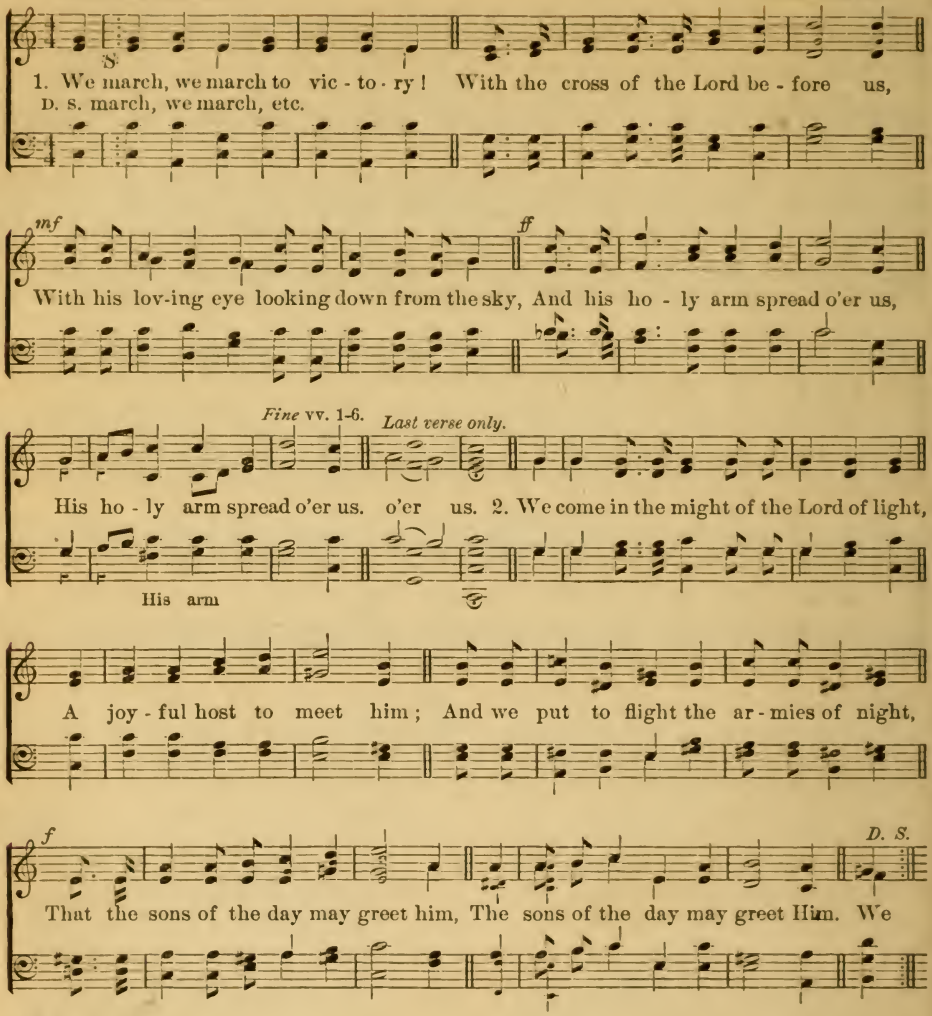
## 461

1 Lord, lead the way the Saviour went,
By lane and cell obscure,
And let our treasures still be spent
Like his, upon the poor;
Like him, thro' scenes of deep distress,
Who bore the world's sad weight,
We, in their crowded loneliness,
Would seek the desolate.

2 For thou hast placed us side by side
In this wide world of ill;
And that thy followers may be tried,
The poor are with us still.
Mean are all offerings we can make;
But thou hast taught us, Lord,
If given for the Saviour's sake,
They lose not their reward.

*William Croswell.* 1831.

GREATHEART. *Joseph Barnby.*


S.
1. We march, we march to vic - to - ry! With the cross of the Lord be - fore us,
D. S. march, we march, etc.
mf
ff
With his lov-ing eye looking down from the sky, And his ho - ly arm spread o'er us,
Fine vv. 1-6.
Last verse only.
His ho - ly arm spread o'er us. o'er us. 2. We come in the might of the Lord of light,
His arm
A joy - ful host to meet him; And we put to flight the ar - mies of night,
f
D. S.
That the sons of the day may greet him, The sons of the day may greet Him. We

## 462

3 The bands of the alien flee away,
And our chant goes up like thunder;
And the van of the Lord, in serried array,
Cleaves Satan's ranks asunder.
We march, we march, etc.

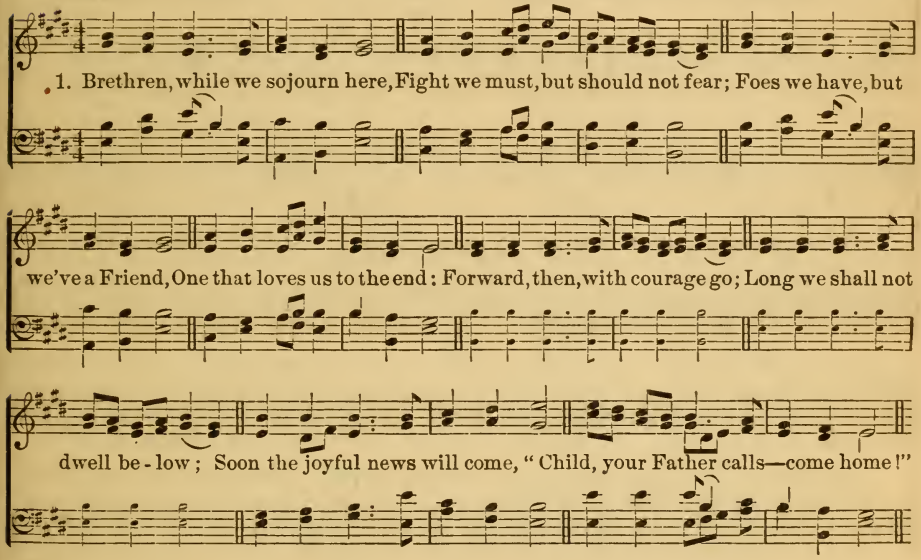
4 Our sword is the Spirit of God on high,
Our helmet is his salvation,
Our banner the Cross of Calvary,
Our watchword—The Incarnation.
We march, we march, etc.

5 We tread in the might of the Lord of Hosts,
And we fear not man nor devil;
For our captain himself guards well our coasts,
To defend his church from evil.
We march, we march, etc.

6 And the choir of angels with song awaits
Our march to the Golden Zion;
For our captain has broken the brazen gates,
And burst the bars of iron.
We march, we march, etc.

7 Then onward we march our arms to prove,
With the banner of Christ before us,
With his eye of love looking down from above
And his holy arm spread o'er us.
We march, we march, etc. *Gerard Moultrie.*

ONIDO. 7s. D. *Ignace Pleyel. Arr. by Lowell Mason.* 1840.


1. Brethren, while we sojourn here, Fight we must, but should not fear; Foes we have, but
we've a Friend, One that loves us to the end: Forward, then, with courage go; Long we shall not
dwell be-low; Soon the joyful news will come, "Child, your Father calls—come home!"

## 463

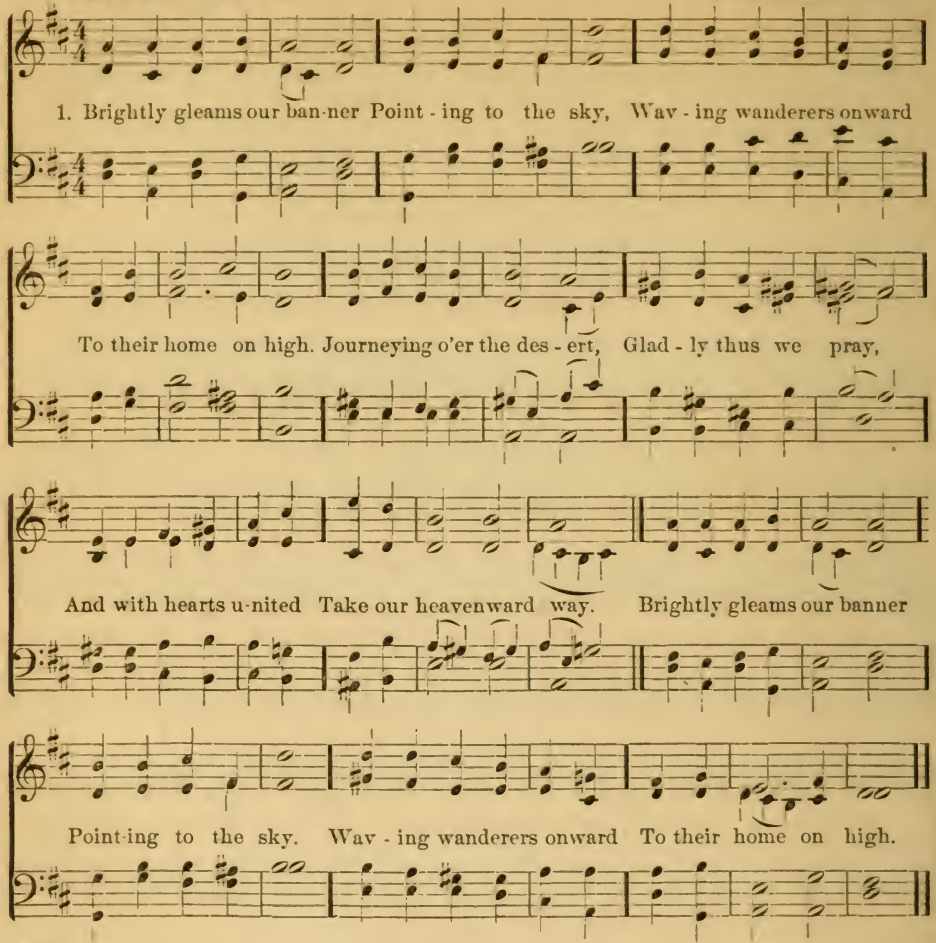
2 In the way a thousand snares
Lie, to take us unawares;
Satan, with malicious art,
Watches each unguarded part:
But, from Satan's malice free,
Saints shall soon victorious be;
Soon the joyful news will come,
"Child, your Father calls—come home!"

3 But of all the foes we meet,
None so oft mislead our feet,
None betray us into sin
Like the foes that dwell within;
Yet let nothing spoil our peace,
Christ shall also conquer these;
Soon the joyful news will come,
"Child, your Father calls—come home!"

*Joseph Swain.* 1792.

BANNER. 6s & 5s

*Joseph Barnby.. 1866.*


1. Brightly gleams our ban-ner Point - ing to the sky, Wav - ing wanderers onward
To their home on high. Journeying o'er the des - ert, Glad - ly thus we pray,
And with hearts u-nited Take our heavenward way. Brightly gleams our banner
Point-ing to the sky. Wav - ing wanderers onward To their home on high.

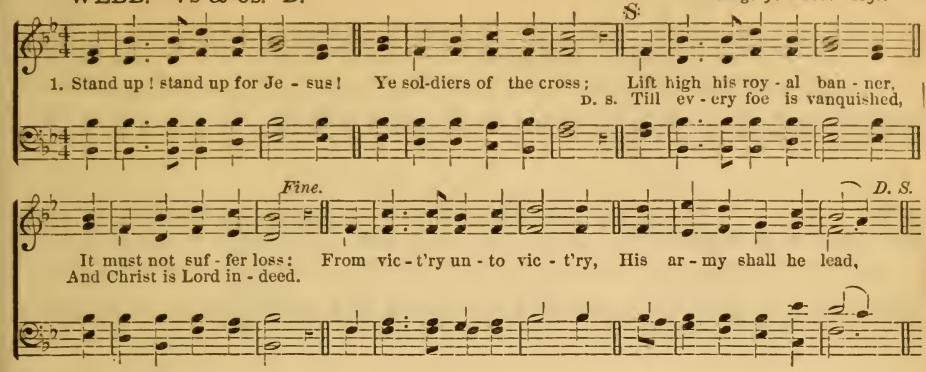
464

2 Jesus, Lord and Master,
At thy sacred feet,
Here with hearts rejoicing
See thy children meet;
Often have we left thee,
Often gone astray;
Keep us, mighty Saviour,
In the narrow way.—REF.

3 All our days direct us
In the way we go;
Lead us on victorious
Over every foe:
Bid thine angels shield us
When the storm-clouds lower,
Pardon thou and save us
In the last dread hour.—REF.

*T. J. Potter.*

WEBB. 7s & 6s. D. *George J. Webb.* 1830.


S.
1. Stand up! stand up for Je - sus! Ye sol-diers of the cross; Lift high his roy - al ban - ner,
D. S. Till ev - ery foe is vanquished,
Fine.
D. S.
It must not suf - fer loss: From vic - t'ry un - to vic - t'ry, His ar - my shall he lead,
And Christ is Lord in - deed.

## 465

2 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
The trumpet call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict,
In this his glorious day:
"Ye that are men, now serve him,"
Against unnumbered foes;
Your courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

3 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
Stand in his strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you,
Ye dare not trust your own:
Put on the gospel armor,
And, watching unto prayer,
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

4 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song:
To him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of Glory
Shall reign eternally!

*George Duffield.* 1858.

## 466

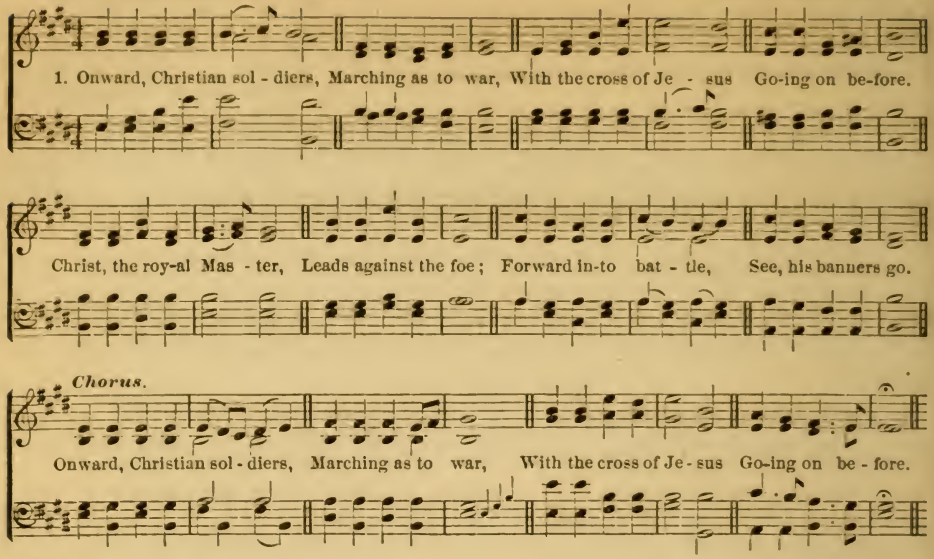
1 Go forward, Christian soldier,
Beneath his banner true:
The Lord himself, thy leader,
Shall all thy foes subdue.
His love foretells thy trials,
He knows thine hourly need;
He can, with bread of heaven,
Thy fainting spirit feed.

2 Go forward, Christian soldier,
Fear not the secret foe:
Far more are o'er thee watching
Than human eyes can know.
Trust only Christ, thy captain,
Cease not to watch and pray;
Heed not the treach'rous voices,
That lure thy soul astray.

3 Go forward, Christian soldier,
Nor dream of peaceful rest,
Till Satan's host is vanquished
And heaven is all possest;
Till Christ himself shall call thee
To lay thine armor by,
And wear, in endless glory,
The crown of victory.

4 Go forward, Christian soldier,
Fear not the gathering night;
The Lord has been thy shelter,
The Lord will be thy light;
When morn his face revealeth,
Thy dangers all are past;
O pray that faith and virtue
May keep thee to the last.

*Lawrence Tuttiett.* 1866.

ST. GERTRUDE. 6s & 5s. *Arthur S. Sullivan.* 1872.

1. Onward, Christian sol - diers, Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go-ing on be-fore.
Christ, the roy-al Mas - ter, Leads against the foe; Forward in-to bat - tle, See, his banners go.
Chorus.
Onward, Christian sol - diers, Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go-ing on be - fore.

## 467

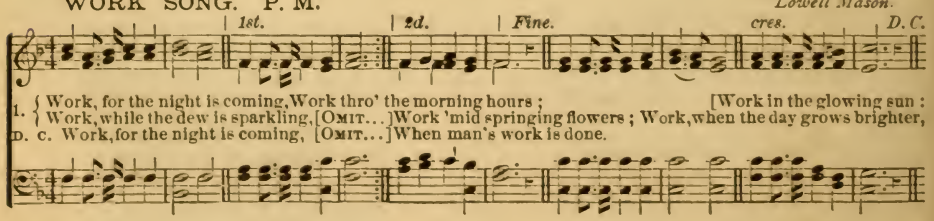
2 Like a mighty army,
Moves the Church of God;
Brothers, we are treading
Where the saints have trod;
We are not divided,
All one body we,
One in hope and doctrine,
One in charity.—Cho.

3 Crowns and thrones may perish,
Kingdoms rise and wane,
But the Church of Jesus
Constant will remain;
Gates of hell can never
'Gainst that Church prevail;
We have Christ's own promise,
And that cannot fail.—Cho.

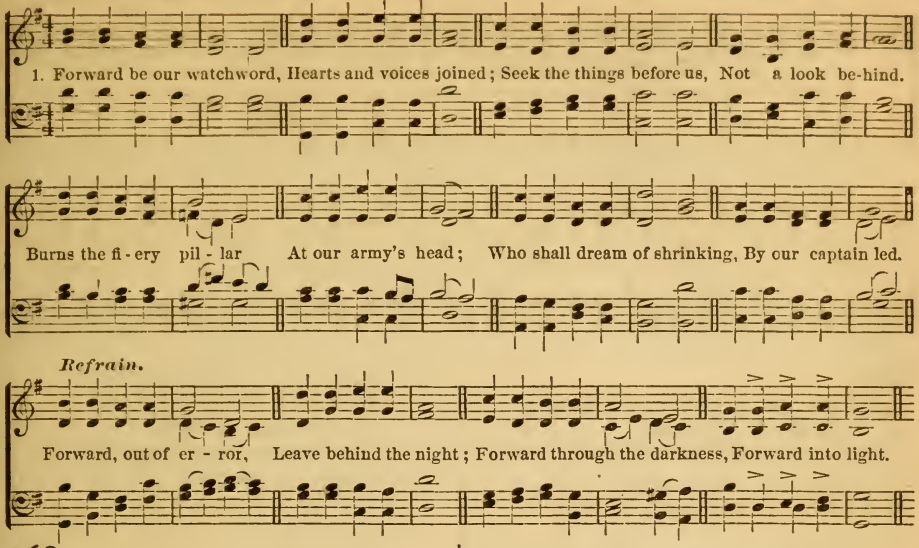
4 Onward, then, ye people,
Join our happy throng;
Blend with ours your voices
In the triumph-song;
Glory, laud, and honor
Unto Christ the King;
This through countless ages,
Men and angels sing.—Cho.

*S. Baring-Gould.* 1865.

WORK SONG. P. M. *Lowell Mason.*


1st.
2d.
Fine.
cres.
D. C.
1. { Work, for the night is coming, Work thro' the morning hours; [Work in the glowing sun:
{ Work, while the dew is sparkling, [Omit...] Work 'mid springing flowers; Work, when the day grows brighter,
D. C. Work, for the night is coming, [Omit...] When man's work is done.

ST. ALBANS. 6s & 5s. *Francis Joseph Haydn.* (1732—1809.)


1. Forward be our watchword, Hearts and voices joined; Seek the things before us, Not a look be-hind.
Burns the fi - ery pil - lar At our army's head; Who shall dream of shrinking, By our captain led.
Refrain.
Forward, out of er - ror, Leave behind the night; Forward through the darkness, Forward into light.

## 468

2 Forward through the desert,
Through the toil and fight;
Jordan flows before us,
Zion beams with light!
Forward, marching eastward
Where the heaven is bright,
Till the veil be lifted,
Till our faith be sight!—REF.

3 Glories upon glories
Hath our God prepared,
By the souls that love Him
One day to be shared:
Eye hath not beheld them,
Ear hath never heard;
Nor of these hath uttered
Thought or speech a word:—REF.

4 Far o'er yon horizon
Rise the city towers,
Where our God abideth;
That fair home is ours:
Thither, onward thither,
In the Spirit's might:
Pilgrims to your country,
Forward into light!—REF.

*Henry Alford.* 1865.

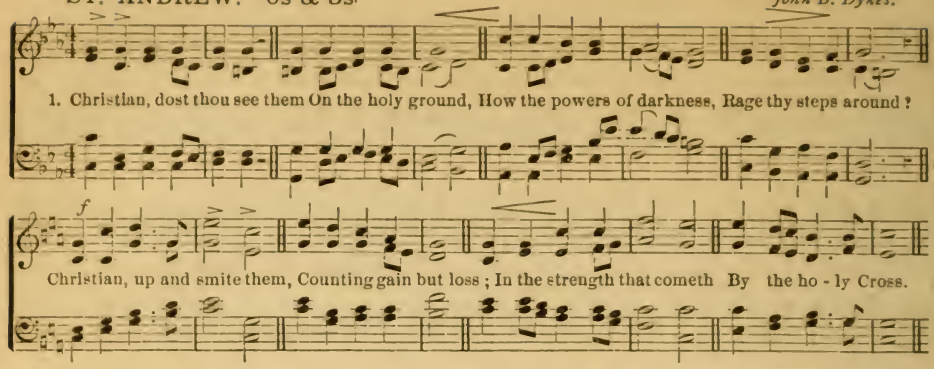
## 469 (WORK SONG.)

2 Work, for the night is coming,
Work through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor,
Rest comes sure and soon.
Give every flying minute
Something to keep in store:
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

3 Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset skies;
While their bright tints are glowing,
Work, for daylight flies.
Work till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more;
Work while the night is darkening,
When man's work is o'er.

*S. Dyer.*

ST. ANDREW. 6s & 5s. *John B. Dykes.*


1. Christian, dost thou see them On the holy ground, How the powers of darkness, Rage thy steps around?
Christian, up and smite them, Counting gain but loss; In the strength that cometh By the ho - ly Cross.

## 470

1 Christian, dost thou see them
On the holy ground,
How the powers of darkness
Rage thy steps around?
Christian, up and smite them,
Counting gain but loss;
In the strength that cometh
By the holy Cross.

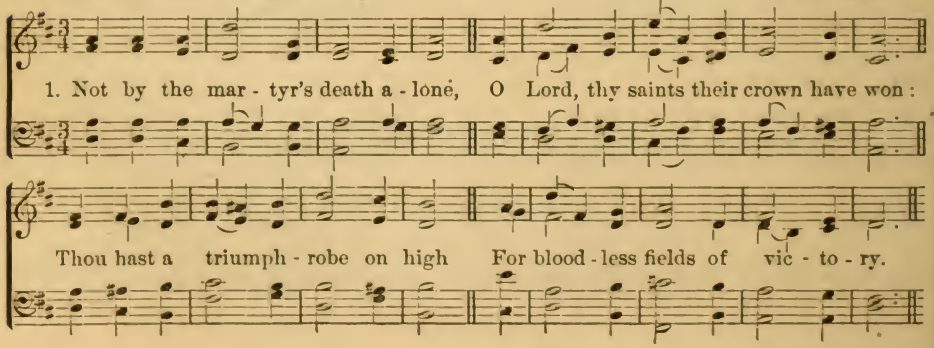
2 Christian, dost thou feel them,
How they work within,
Striving, tempting, luring,
Goading into sin?
Christian, never tremble;
Never be down-cast;
Gird thee for the battle;
Thou shalt win at last.

3 Christian, dost thou hear them,
How they speak thee fair?
"Always fast and vigil?
Always watch and prayer?"
Christian, answer boldly,
"While I breathe I pray:"
Peace shall follow battle,
Night shall end in day.

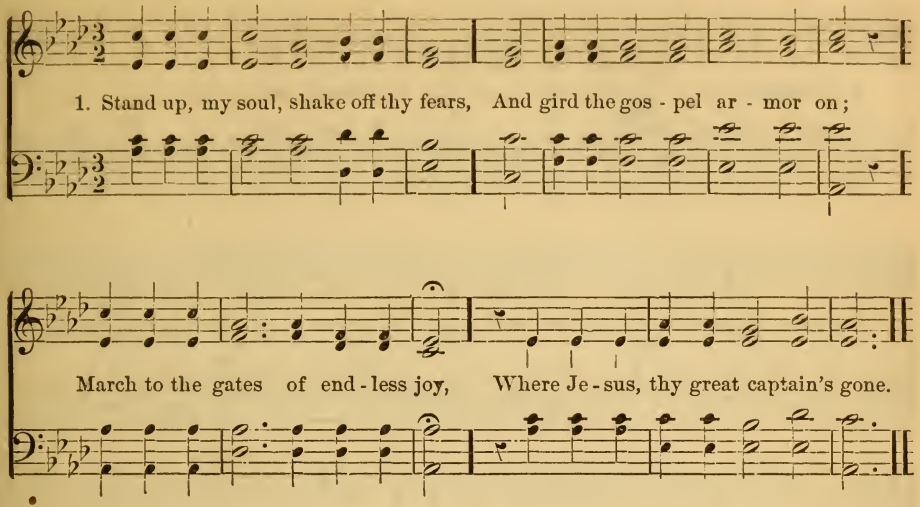
4 "Well I know thy trouble,
O my servant true;
Thou art very weary,
I was weary too;
But that toil shall make thee
Some day all mine own,
And the end of sorrow
Shall be near my throne."

*Andrew of Crete, 8th century.*
*Tr., John M. Neale.*

CRUCIFER. L. M. *F. R. Statham.*


1. Not by the mar - tyr's death a - lone, O Lord, thy saints their crown have won:
Thou hast a triumph - robe on high For blood - less fields of vic - to - ry.

MISSIONARY CHANT. L. M. *Charles Zeuner.* 1832.


1. Stand up, my soul, shake off thy fears, And gird the gos - pel ar - mor on;
March to the gates of end - less joy, Where Je - sus, thy great captain's gone.

## 471

1 Stand up, my soul, shake off thy fears,
And gird the gospel armor on;
March to the gates of endless joy,
Where Jesus, thy great captain's gone.

2 Hell and thy sins resist thy course;
But hell and sin are vanquished foes;
Thy Saviour nailed them to the cross,
And sung the triumph when he rose.

3 Then let my soul march boldly on,—
Press forward to the heavenly gate;
There peace and joy eternal reign,
And glittering robes for conquerors wait.

4 There shall I wear a starry crown,
And triumph in almighty grace,
While all the armies of the skies
Join in my glorious leader's praise.

*Isaac Watts.* 1707.

## 472

1 Not by the martyr's death alone,
O Lord, thy saints their crown have won:
Thou hast a triumph-robe on high
For bloodless fields of victory.

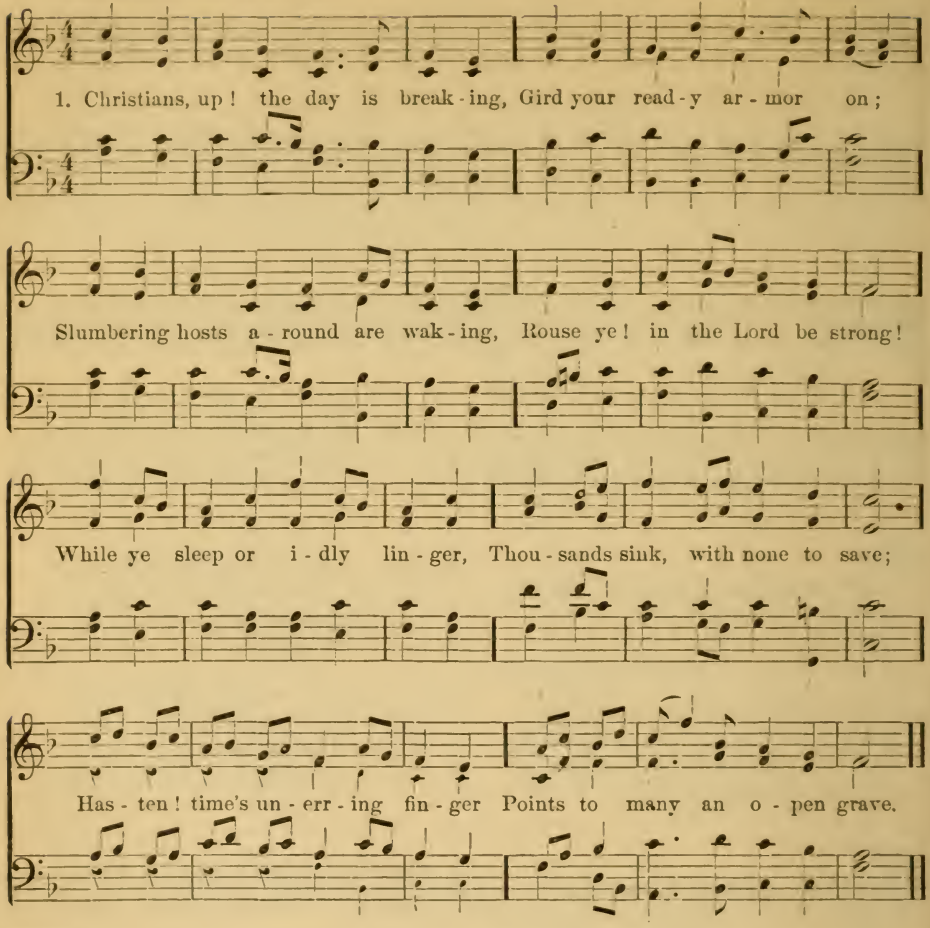
2 What though thy saint escaped the cross,
The flame, the beast, the torturer's force?
Yet self-condemned to sin he died;
The flesh he daily crucified.

3 What though he was not called to feel
The lash, the dungeon, or the wheel,
Nor e'en a martyr's pains to prove?
Thou gavest him a martyr's love.

4 When self-control the flesh subdues,
And faith the wayward soul imbues,
Love, with her torch-light from the skies,
Shall fire the holy sacrifice.

5 Lord, grant us so to thee to turn,
That we to die through life may learn;
And when this fleeting life is o'er
May we live with thee evermore.

*Tr., Isaac Williams.* 1839.

SMYRNA. 8s & 7s. D. *Johann C. W. A. Mozart.* (1756—1791.)

1. Christians, up! the day is break-ing, Gird your read-y ar-mor on;
Slumbering hosts a-round are wak-ing, Rouse ye! in the Lord be strong!
While ye sleep or i-dly lin-ger, Thou-sands sink, with none to save;
Has-ten! time's un-err-ing fin-ger Points to many an o-pen grave.

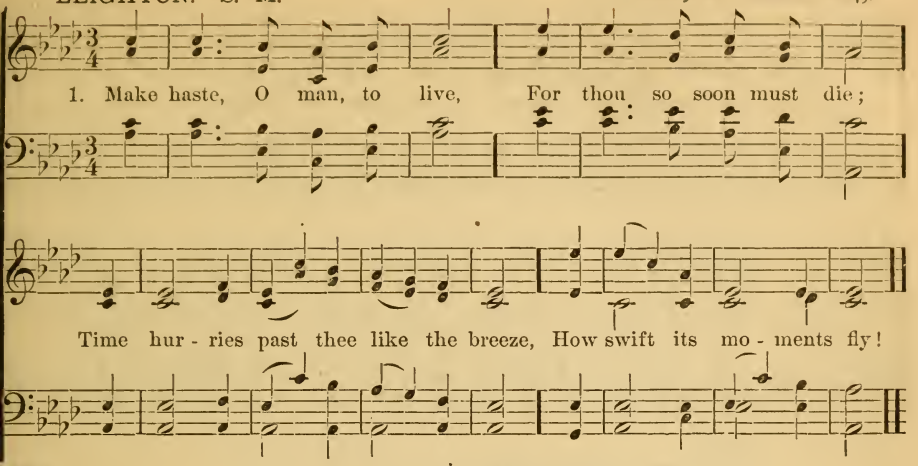
## 473

2 Hark! unnumbered voices crying,
"Save us, or we droop and die!"
Succor bear the faint and dying,
On the wings of mercy fly:
Lead them to the crystal fountain
Gushing with the streams of life;
Guide them to the sheltering mountain,
For the gale with death is rife.

3 See the blest millennial dawning!
Bright the beams of Bethlehem's star;
Eastern lands behold the morning;
Lo! it glimmers from afar:
O'er the mountain-top ascending,
Soon the scattered light shall rise,
Till, in radiant glory blending,
Heaven's high noon shall greet our eyes.

*E. S. Porter.*

LEIGHTON. S. M. *Henry W. Greatorex.* 1849.




474

1 Make haste, O man to live,
For thou so soon must die;
Time hurries past thee like the breeze,
How swift its moments fly!

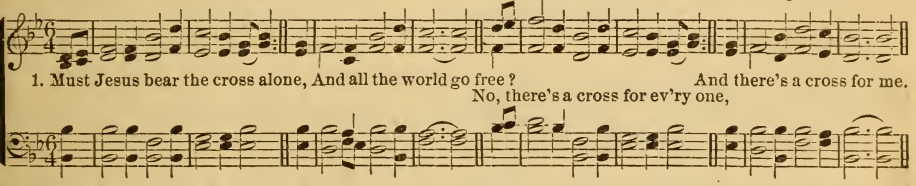
2 To breathe, and wake, and sleep,
To smile, to sigh, to grieve,
To move in idleness through earth—
This, this is not to live.

3 Make haste, O man, to do
Whatever must be done;
Thou hast no time to lose in sloth,
Thy day will soon be gone.

4 Up, then, with speed, and work;
Fling ease and self away—
This is no time for thee to sleep—
Up, watch, and work, and pray!

*Horatius Bonar.* 1857.

MAITLAND. C. M. *Aaron Chapin.* 1820.




475

2 How happy are the saints above,
Who once went sorrowing here!
But now they taste unmingled love,
And joy without a tear.

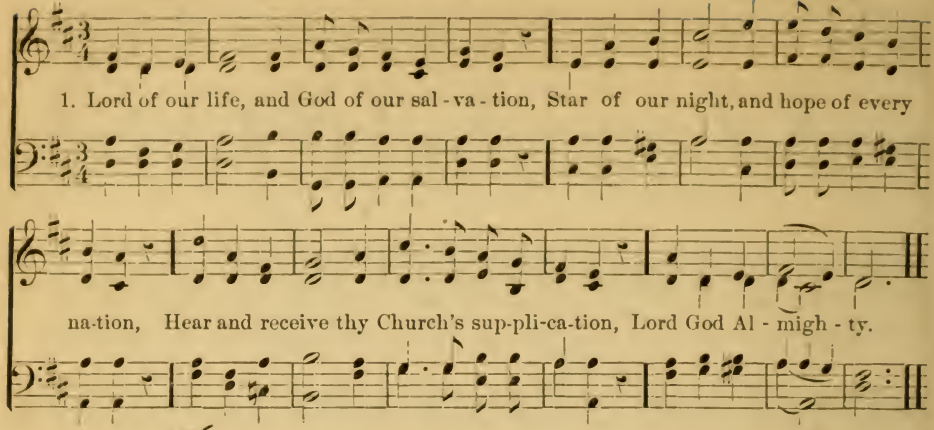
3 The consecrated cross I'll bear,
Till death shall set me free;
And then go home my crown to wear,
For there's a crown for me.

4 Upon the crystal pavement, down
At Jesus' piercéd feet,
Joyful, I'll cast my golden crown,
And his dear name repeat.

5 O precious cross! O glorious crown!
O resurrection day!
Ye angels, from the stars come down,
And bear my soul away.

*G. N. Allen*, vs. 1-3. 1849.

PRAYER FOR PEACE. 11s & 5s. *English.*


1. Lord of our life, and God of our sal - va - tion, Star of our night, and hope of every
na-tion, Hear and receive thy Church's sup-pli-ca-tion, Lord God Al - migh - ty.

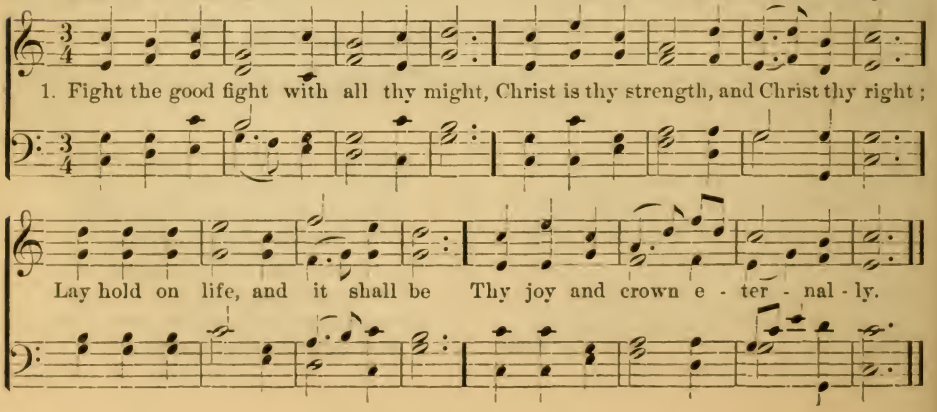
476

2 Lord, thou canst help when earthly armor faileth
Lord, thou canst save when deadly sin assaileth,
Lord, o'er thy rock nor death nor hell prevaileth:
Grant us thy peace, Lord:

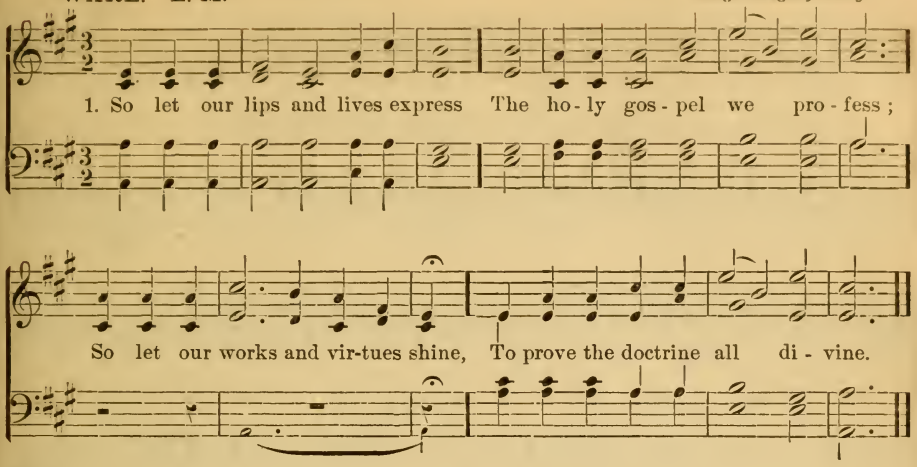
3 Peace in our hearts, our evil thoughts assuaging,
Peace in thy church, where brothers are engaging,
Peace, when the world its busy war is waging;
Calm thy foes raging.

4 Grant us thy help till backward they are driven,
Grant them thy truth, that they may be forgiven,
Grant peace on earth, and after we have striven,
Peace in thy heaven. *8th Century. Tr. Philip Pusey.* 1856.

MENDON. L. M. *German. Arr. by Lowell Mason.* 1832.


1. Fight the good fight with all thy might, Christ is thy strength, and Christ thy right;
Lay hold on life, and it shall be Thy joy and crown e - ter - nal - ly.

WARE. L. M. *George Kingsley.* 1838.


1. So let our lips and lives express The ho-ly gos-pel we pro-fess;
So let our works and vir-tues shine, To prove the doctrine all di-vine.

## 477

2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honors of our Saviour God;
When his salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the power of sin.

3 Religion bears our spirits up,
While we expect that blessed hope,—
The bright appearance of the Lord:
And faith stands leaning on his word.

*Isaac Watts.* 1709.

## 478

1 Fight the good fight with all thy might,
Christ is thy strength, and Christ thy right;
Lay hold on life, and it shall be
Thy joy and crown eternally.

2 Run the straight race thro' God's good grace,
Lift up thine eyes and seek his face,
Life with its way before us lies,
Christ is the path, and Christ the prize.

3 Cast care aside, upon thy guide
Lean, and his mercy will provide;
Lean, and the trusting soul shall prove
Christ is its life, and Christ its love.

4 Faint not nor fear, his arms are near,
He changeth not, and thou art dear:
Only believe, and thou shalt see
That Christ is all in all to thee.

*J. S. B. Monsell.* 1863.

## 479

1 They pray the best who pray and watch,
They watch the best who watch and pray,
They hear Christ's fingers on the latch,
Whether he comes by night, or day.

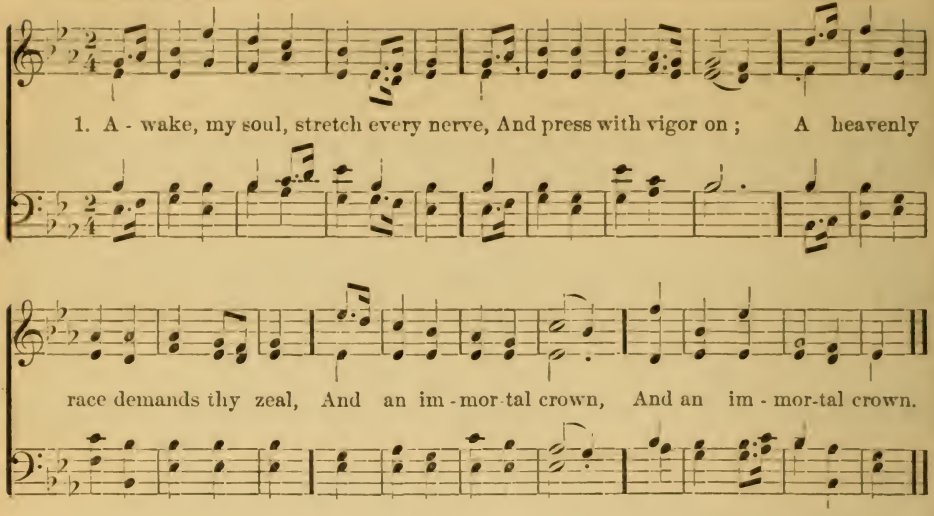
2 Whether they guard the gates and watch,
Or, patient, toil for him and wait,
They hear his fingers on the latch,
If early he doth come, or late.

3 With trembling joy they hail their Lord,
And haste his welcome feet to kiss,
While he, well pleased, doth speak the word
That thrills them with unending bliss:

4 "Well done, my servants, now receive,
For faithful work, reward and rest,
And wreaths which busy angels weave
To crown the men who serve me best."

*Edward Hopper.* 1873.

CHRISTMAS. C. M. *George Frederick Handel.* (1685—1759.)


1. A - wake, my soul, stretch every nerve, And press with vigor on ; A heavenly
race demands thy zeal, And an im - mor - tal crown, And an im - mor-tal crown.

## 480

1 Awake, my soul, stretch every nerve,
And press with vigor on;
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

2 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

3 'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high;
'Tis his own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye.

4 Blest Saviour, introduced by thee,
Have I my race begun;
And, crowned with victory, at thy feet
I'll lay my honors down.

*Philip Doddridge.* 1740.

## 481

1 Am I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb?
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name?

2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?

3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

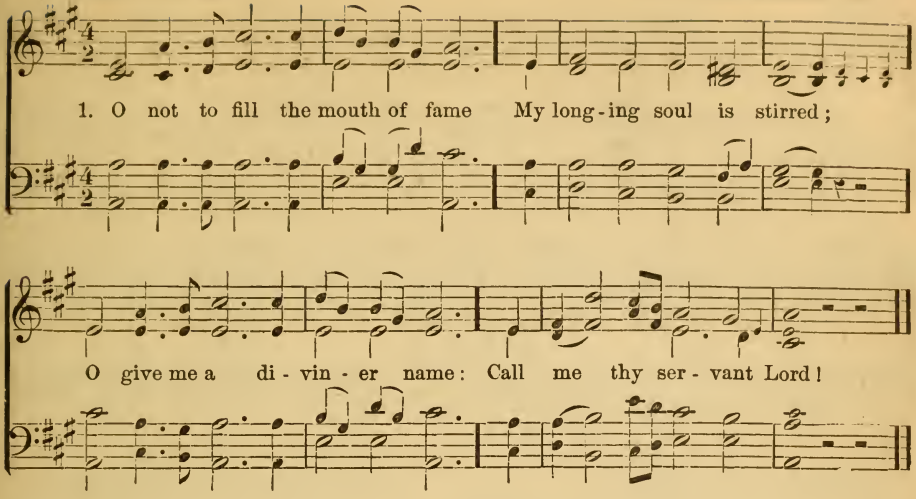
4 Sure I must fight, if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord!
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

5 Thy saints, in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer, though they die;
They view the triumph from afar,
And seize it with their eye.

6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thy armies shine
In robes of victory through the skies,
The glory shall be thine.

*Isaac Watts.* 1723.

HYMN. C. M. *John E. Gould.* 1846.




## 482

1 O, NOT to fill the mouth of fame
My longing soul is stirred;
O, give me a diviner name:
Call me thy servant, Lord!

2 No longer would my soul be known
As self-sustained and free;
O, not mine own, O, not mine own,
Lord, I belong to thee!

3 In each aspiring burst of prayer,
Sweet leave my soul would ask
Thine every burden, Lord, to bear,
To do thine every task.

4 Forever Lord, thy servant choose,—
Nought of thy claim abate!
The glorious name I would not lose,
Nor change the sweet estate.

5 In life, in death, on earth, in heaven,
No other name for me!
The same sweet style and title given
Through all eternity.

*Thomas H. Gill.* 1859.

## 483

1 Do not I love thee, O my Lord?
Behold my heart and see;
And turn the dearest idol out
That dares to rival thee.

2 Is not thy name melodious still
To mine attentive ear?
Doth not each pulse with pleasure bound,
My Saviour's voice to hear?

3 Hast thou a lamb in all thy flock
I would disdain to feed?
Hast thou a foe before whose face
I fear thy cause to plead?

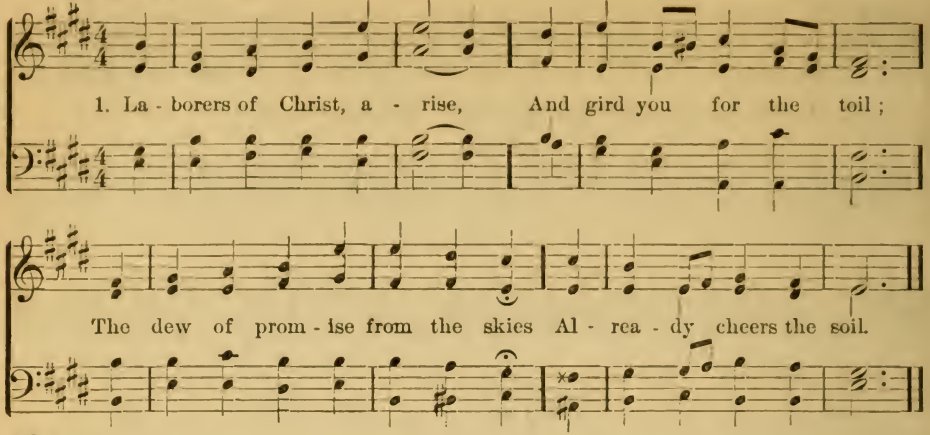
4 Would not my heart pour forth its blood
In honor of thy name?
And challenge the cold hand of death
To damp th' immortal flame?

5 Thou knowest I love thee, dearest Lord;
But O! I long to soar
Far from the sphere of mortal joys,
And learn to love thee more.

*Philip Doddridge.* 1740.

STEIBELT. S. M.

*S. Steibelt.* (1764—1823.)




## 484

1 Laborers of Christ, arise,
And gird you for the toil;
The dew of promise from the skies
Already cheers the soil.

2 Go where the sick recline,
Where mourning hearts deplore;
And where the sons of sorrow pine,
Dispense your hallowed store.

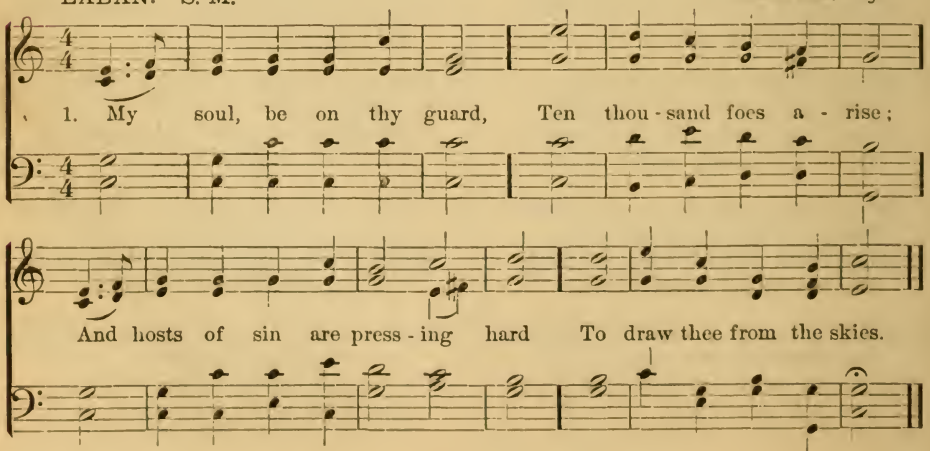
3 Be faith, which looks above,
With prayer, your constant guest,
And wrap the Saviour's changeless love
A mantle round your breast.

4 So shall you share the wealth
That earth may ne'er despoil,
And the blest gospel's saving health
Repay your arduous toil.

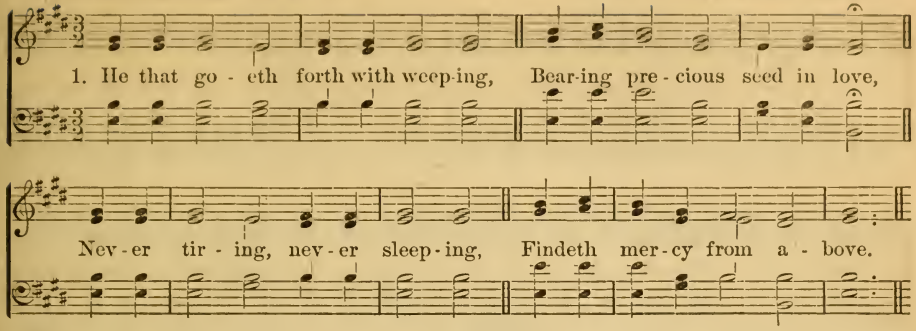
*Lydia H. Sigourney.* 1836.

LABAN. S. M.

*Lowell Mason.* 1830.



DORRNANCE. 8s & 7s. *Isaac B. Woodbury.* 1850.




## 485

2 Soft descend the dews of heaven,
Bright the rays celestial shine;
Precious fruits will thus be given,
Through an influence all divine.

3 Sow thy seed, be never weary,
Let no fears thy soul annoy;
Be the prospect ne'er so dreary,
Thou shalt reap the fruits of joy.

4 Lo, the scene of verdure brightening!
See the rising grain appear;
Look again! the fields are whitening,
For the harvest time is near.

*Thomas Hastings.* 1836.

## 486

1 Like the eagle, upward, onward,
Let my soul in faith be borne:
Calmly gazing, skyward, sunward,
Let my eye unshrinking turn!

2 Where the cross, God's love revealing,
Sets the fettered spirit free,
Where it sheds its wondrous healing,
There, my soul, my rest shall be!

3 O may I, no longer dreaming,
Idly waste my golden day,
But, each precious hour redeeming,
Upward, onward press my way!

*Horatius Bonar*

## 487 (LABAN.)

2 O watch, and fight, and pray!
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And hêlp divine implore.

3 Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor once at ease sit down;
Thy arduous work will not be done
Till thou obtain thy crown.

4 Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God!
He'll take thee at thy parting breath,
Up to his blest abode.

*George Heath.* 1806.

## 488

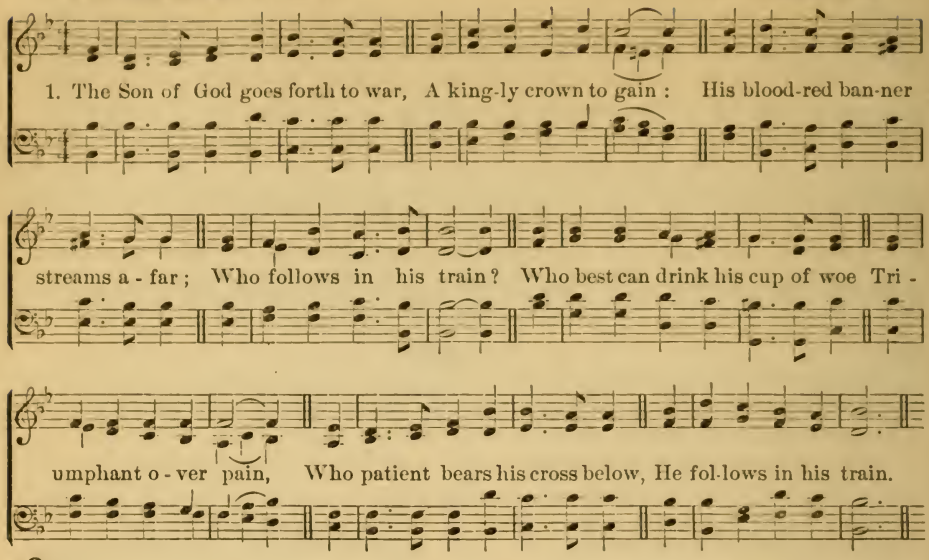
1 Mourn for the thousands slain,
The youthful and the strong;
Mourn for the wine-cup's fearful reign,
And the deluded throng—

2 Mourn for the tarnished gem—
For reason's light divine,
Quenched from the soul's bright diadem,
Where God had bid it shine.

3 Mourn for the lost—but call,
Call to the strong, the free;
Rouse them to shun that dreadful fall,
And to the refuge flee.

4 Mourn for the lost—but pray,
Pray to our God above,
To break the fell destroyer's sway,
And show his saving love.

ALL SAINTS. C. M. D. *Henry Stephens Cutler.*


1. The Son of God goes forth to war, A king-ly crown to gain : His blood-red ban-ner
streams a - far ; Who follows in his train ? Who best can drink his cup of woe Tri -
umphant o - ver pain, Who patient bears his cross below, He fol-lows in his train.

489

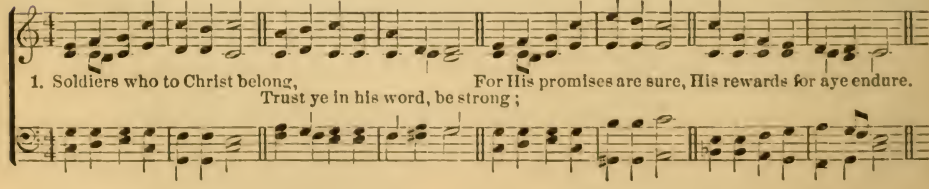
2 The martyr first, whose eagle eye
Could pierce beyond the grave,
Who saw his Master in the sky,
And called on him to save.
Like him, with pardon on his tongue,
In midst of mortal pain,
He prayed for them that did the wrong;
Who follows in his train?

3 A glorious band, the chosen few,
On whom the Spirit came,
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they knew,
And mocked the cross and flame.
They met the tyrant's brandished steel,
The lion's gory mane,
They bowed their necks, the death to feel;
Who follows in their train?

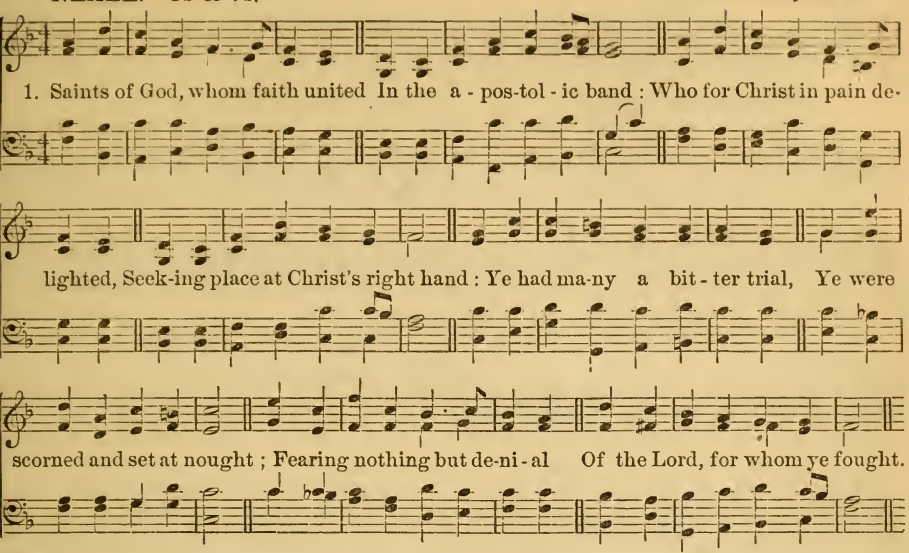
4 A noble army, men and boys,
The matron and the maid,
Around the Saviour's throne rejoice
In robes of light arrayed.
They climbed the steep ascent of heaven
Through peril, toil, and pain:
O God, to us may grace be given
To follow in their train.

*Reginald Heber.* 1827.

CORONA. 7s. *J. Baptiste Calkin.*



NEALE. 8s & 7s. *Henry Smart.*


1. Saints of God, whom faith united In the a - pos-tol - ic band : Who for Christ in pain de-
lighted, Seek-ing place at Christ's right hand : Ye had ma-ny a bit - ter trial, Ye were
scorned and set at nought ; Fearing nothing but de-ni - al Of the Lord, for whom ye fought.

490

2 Called on earth to different stations
In the battle of the Lord,
Ye endured through tribulations,
Faith your shield, and truth your sword:
Far apart, thro' toil and peril,
Passed ye onward to your rest:
In the streets of gold and beryl
Ye together shall be blest.

3 Leaves of autumn tell the story
How our lives must also pass,
And how this world's pomp and glory
Fadeth like the summer grass:
Earthly joys are vain and hollow,
Earthly hopes but poor at best:
Christ's true martyrs, we would follow
In your steps and gain our rest.

4 Him, whose love mankind created,
Him, who came for man to bleed,
Him, who hath regenerated
Us and all his chosen seed;
We, as we are onward pressing
To his glorious home on high,
With his saints and angels blessing,
Now and ever magnify.

*John Mason Neale.*

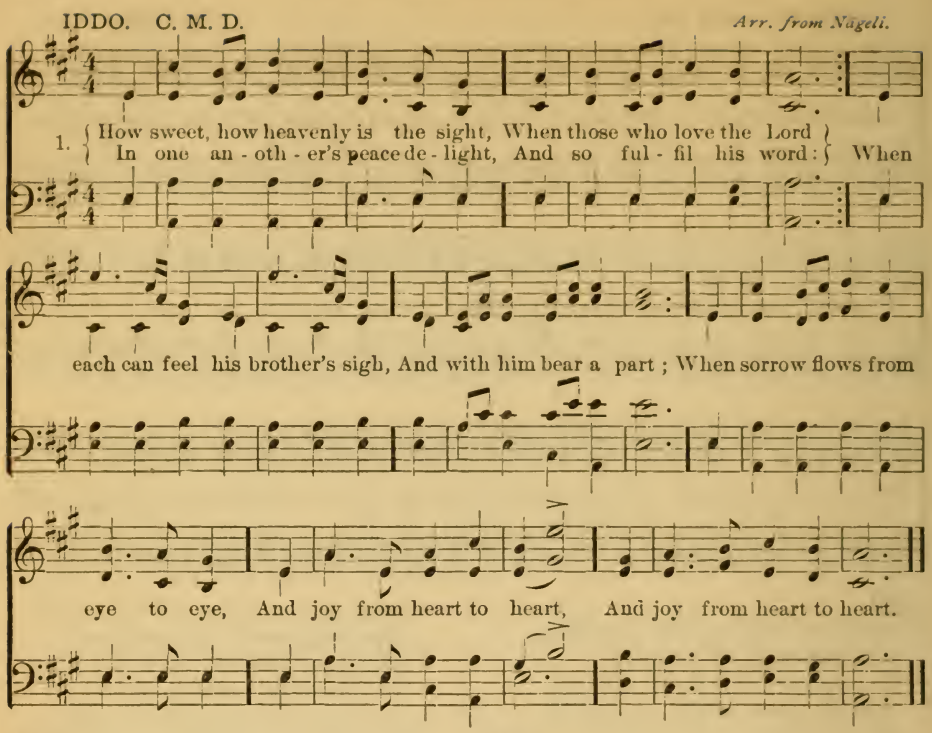
491

1 Soldiers who to Christ belong,
Trust ye in his word, be strong;
For his promises are sure,
His rewards for aye endure.

2 His no crowns that pass away;
His no palm that sees decay;
His the joy that shall not fade:
His the light that knows no shade:
His the home for spirits blest,
Where he gives them peaceful rest,
Far above the starry skies,
In the bliss of Paradise.

4 Here on earth ye can but clasp
Things that perish in the grasp;
Lift your hearts then to the skies:
God himself shall be your prize.

*Tr., Isaac Williams.* 1839.


IDDO. C. M. D.
Arr. from Nägeli.
1. How sweet, how heavenly is the sight, When those who love the Lord
In one an - oth - er's peace de - light, And so ful - fil his word: When
each can feel his brother's sigh, And with him bear a part; When sorrow flows from
eye to eye, And joy from heart to heart, And joy from heart to heart.

## 492

1 How sweet, how heavenly is the sight,
When those who love the Lord
In one another's peace delight,
And so fulfill his word:
When each can feel his brother's sigh,
And with him bear a part;
When sorrow flows from eye to eye,
And joy from heart to heart.

2 When, free from envy, scorn and pride,
Our wishes all above,
Each can his brother's failings hide,
And show a brother's love!
Love is the golden chain that binds
The happy souls above;
And he's an heir of heaven who finds
His bosom glow with love.

*Joseph Swain.* 1792.

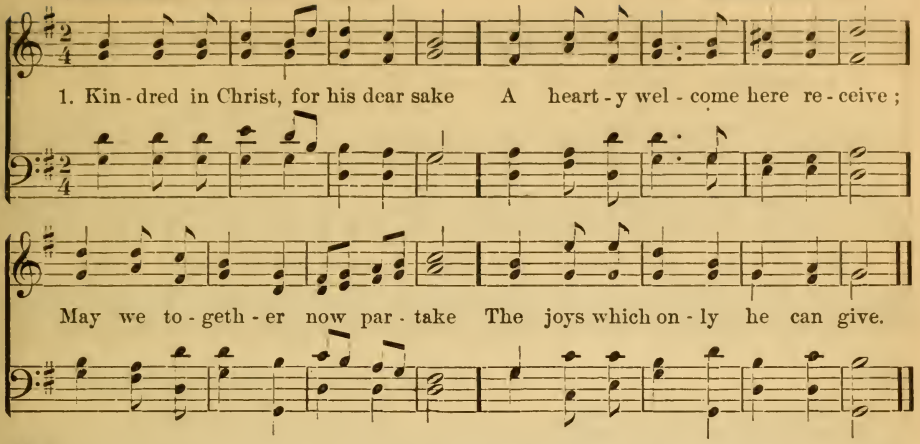
## 493

1 Lord, thou on earth didst love thine own,
Didst love them to the end;
O, still from thy celestial throne,
Let gifts of love descend!
The love the Father bears to thee,
His own eternal Son,
Fill all thy saints, till all shall be
In pure affection one.

2 One blessèd fellowship of love,
Thy living church should stand,
Till, faultless, she at last above
Shall shine at thy right hand.
O glorious day, when she, the Bride,
With her dear Lord appears!
Then robed in beauty at his side,
She shall forget her tears.

*Ray Palmer.*

FEDERAL STREET L. M. *Henry K. Oliver.* 1832.


1. Kin - dred in Christ, for his dear sake A heart - y wel - come here re - ceive ;
May we to - geth - er now par - take The joys which on - ly he can give.

## 494

2 May he, by whose kind care we meet,
Send his good Spirit from above;
Make our communications sweet,
And cause our hearts to burn with love.

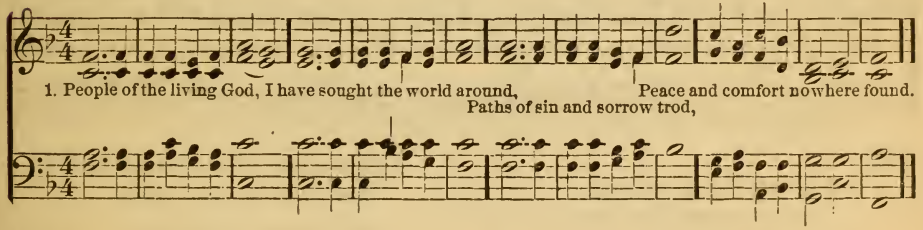
3 Forgotten be each worldly theme,
When Christians meet together thus;
We only wish to speak of him,
Who lived, and died, and reigns, for us.

4 We'll talk of all he did and said,
And suffered for us here below;
The path he marked for us to tread,
And what he's doing for us now.

5 Thus, as the moments pass away,
We'll love, and wonder, and adore:
And hasten on the glorious day,
When we shall meet to part no more.

*John Newton.* 1779.

DIJON. 7s. *German.*




## 495

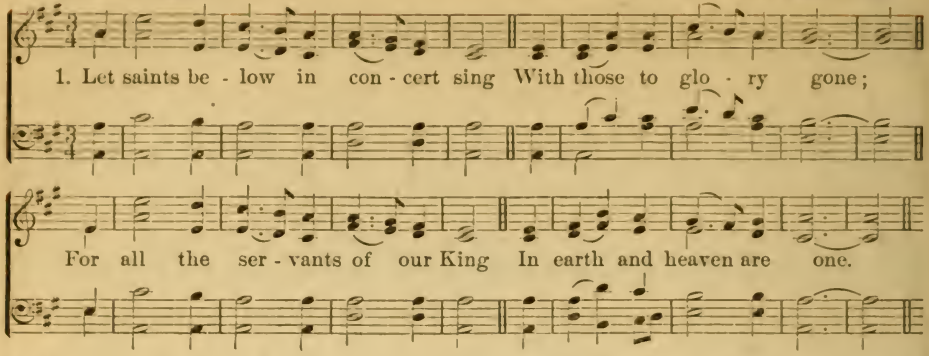
2 Now to you my spirit turns—
Turns, a fugitive unblest;
Brethren, where your altar burns,
O, receive me into rest!

3 Lonely I no longer roam,
Like the cloud, the wind, the wave:
Where you dwell shall be my home,
Where you die shall be my grave;—

4 Mine the God whom you adore,
Your Redeemer shall be mine;
Earth can fill my soul no more,
Every idol I resign.

*James Montgomery.* 1819, 1853.

BOARDMAN. C. M. *Devereux. Arr. by George Kingsley.* 1839.




## 496

2 One family, we dwell in him,
One church above, beneath,
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream of death.

3 One army of the living God,
To his command we bow;
Part of the host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.

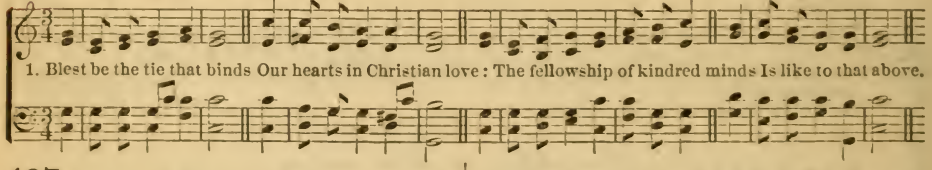
4 E'en now in their eternal home
Some happy spirits fly;
And we are to the margin come,
And soon expect to die.

5 E'en now, by faith, we join our hands
With those that went before,
And greet the ransomed blessed bands
Upon th' eternal shore.

6 Lord Jesus, be our constant guide;
And, when the word is given,
Bid death's cold flood its waves divide,
And land us safe in heaven.

*Charles Wesley.* 1759.

BOYLSTON. S. M. *Lowell Mason.* 1832.




## 497

2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

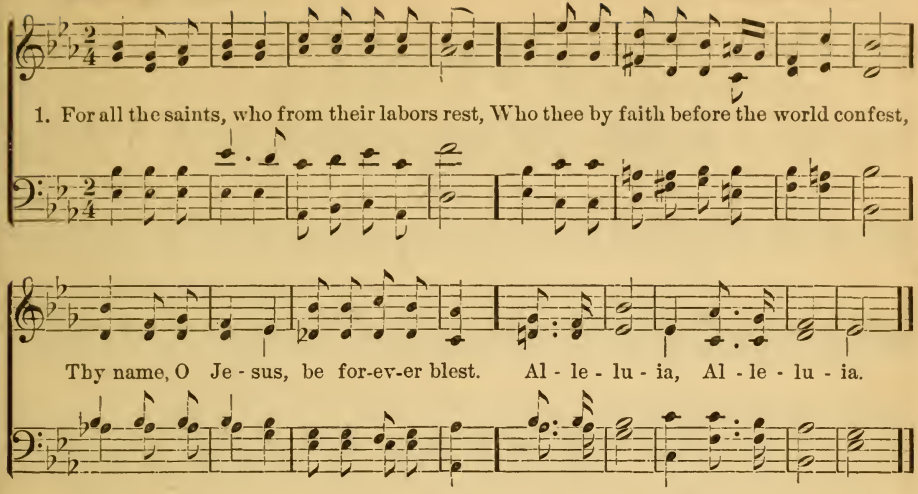
4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

5 This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.

6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin, we shall be free,
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.

*John Fawcett.* 1772.

SARUM. 10s. *Joseph Barnby.* 1868.


1. For all the saints, who from their labors rest, Who thee by faith before the world confest,
Thy name, O Je - sus, be for-ev-er blest. Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia.

## 498

2 Thou wast their Rock, their Fortress and their Light;
Thou, Lord, their Captain in the well-fought fight;
Thou, in the darkness drear, their Light of light. Alleluia.

3 O may thy soldiers, faithful, true, and bold,
Fight as the saints who nobly fought of old,
And win with them the victors' crown of gold. Alleluia.

4 O blest Communion, fellowship divine!
We feebly struggle, they in glory shine;
Yet all are one in thee, for all are thine. Alleluia.

5 And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long,
Steals on the ear the distant triumph-song,
And hearts are brave again, and arms are strong. Alleluia.

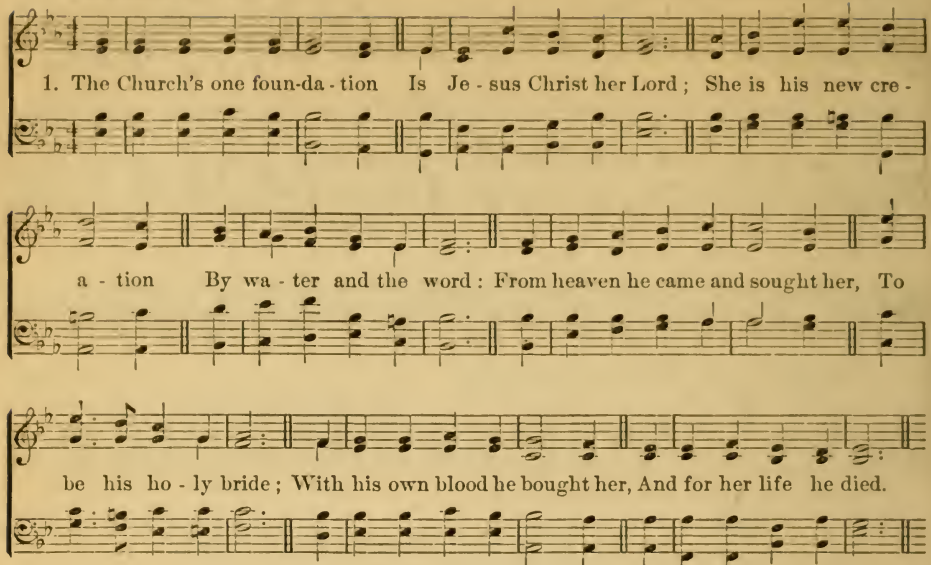
6 The golden evening brightens in the west;
Soon, soon to faithful warriors comes the rest;
Sweet is the calm of Paradise the blest. Alleluia.

7 But lo, there breaks a yet more glorious day;
The saints triumphant rise in bright array;
The King of Glory passes on his way. Alleluia.

8 From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's farthest coast,
Through gates of pearl streams in the countless host,
Singing to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Alleluia.

*William Walsham How.* 1854.

AURELIA. 7s & 6s. D. *Samuel Sebastian Wesley.* 1868.


1. The Church's one foun-da - tion Is Je - sus Christ her Lord; She is his new cre -
a - tion By wa - ter and the word: From heaven he came and sought her, To
be his ho - ly bride; With his own blood he bought her, And for her life he died.

## 499

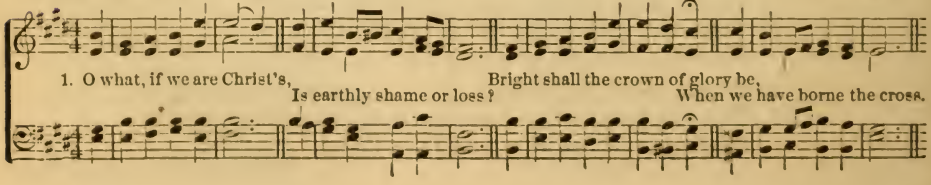
2 Elect from every nation,
Yet one o'er all the earth,
Her charter of salvation
One Lord, one faith, one birth;
One holy name she blesses,
Partakes one holy food,
And to one hope she presses,
With every grace endued.

3 'Mid toil and tribulation
And tumult of her war,
She waits the consummation
Of peace for evermore;
Till with the vision glorious
Her longing eyes are blest,
And the great church victorious
Shall be the church at rest.

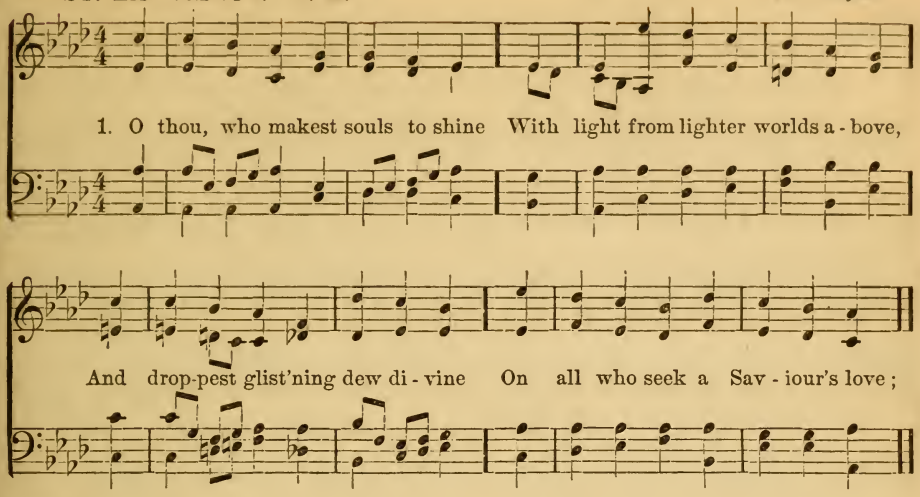
4 The saints their watch are keeping,
Their cry goes up, "How long?"
And soon the night of weeping
Shall be the morn of song.
O happy ones and holy!
Lord, give us grace, that we
Like them, the meek and lowly,
On high may dwell with thee.

*Samuel J. Stone.* 1866.

STEIBELT. S. M. *D. Steibelt.*



ST. LAWRENCE. L. M. *L. G. Hayne.*


1. O thou, who makest souls to shine With light from lighter worlds a - bove,
And drop-pest glist'ning dew di - vine On all who seek a Sav - iour's love;

## 500

2 Do thou thy benedictions give
On all who teach, on all who learn,
That so thy church may holier live,
And every lamp more brightly burn.

3 Give those who teach pure hearts and wise,
Faith, hope, and love, all warmed by prayer;
Themselves first training for the skies,
They best will raise their people there.

4 Give those who learn the willing ear,
The spirit meek, the guileless mind;
Such gifts will make the lowliest here
Far better than a kingdom find.

5 O bless the shepherd; bless the sheep;
That guide and guided both be one,
One in the faithful watch they keep,
Until this hurrying life be done.

6 If thus, good Lord, thy grace be given,
In thee to live, in thee to die,
Before we upward pass to heaven,
We taste our immortality.

*John Mason Neale.*

## 501

1 O WHAT, if we are Christ's,
Is earthly shame or loss?
Bright shall the crown of glory be,
When we have borne the cross.

2 Keen was the trial once,
Bitter the cup of woe,
When martyred saints, baptized in blood,
Christ's sufferings shared below.

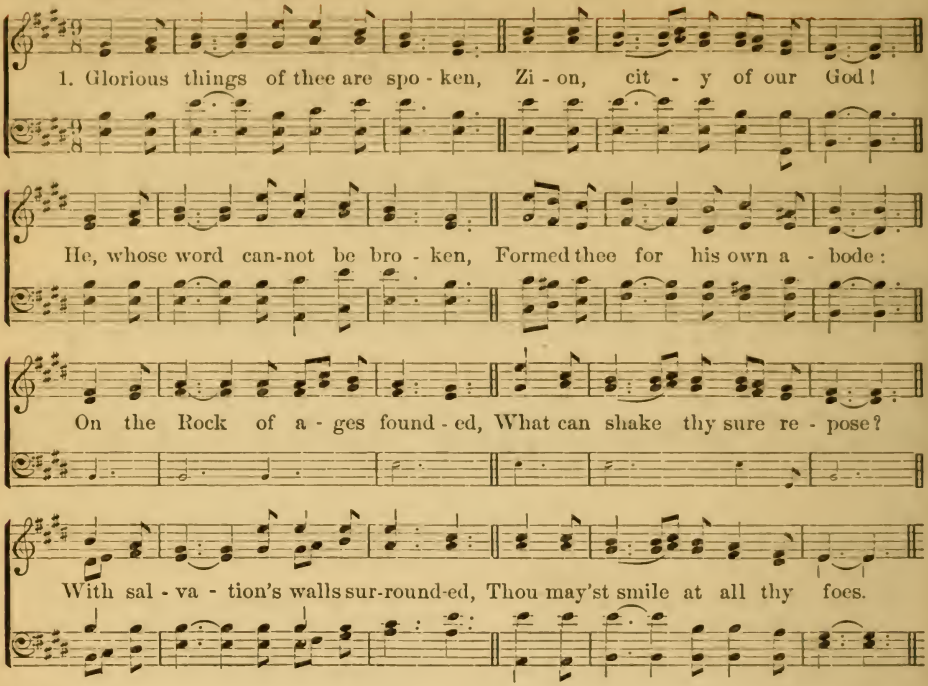
3 Bright is their glory now,
Boundless their joy above,
Where, on the bosom of their God,
They rest in perfect love.

4 Lord, may that grace be ours;
Like them in faith to bear
All that of sorrow, grief, or pain
May be our portion here!

5 Enough, if thou at last
The word of blessing give,
And let us rest beneath thy feet,
Where saints and angels live!

*Henry W. Baker.* 1852.

ECCLESIA. 8s & 7s. D.


1. Glorious things of thee are spo - ken, Zi - on, cit - y of our God!
He, whose word can-not be bro - ken, Formed thee for his own a - bode:
On the Rock of a - ges found - ed, What can shake thy sure re - pose?
With sal - va - tion's walls sur-round-ed, Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

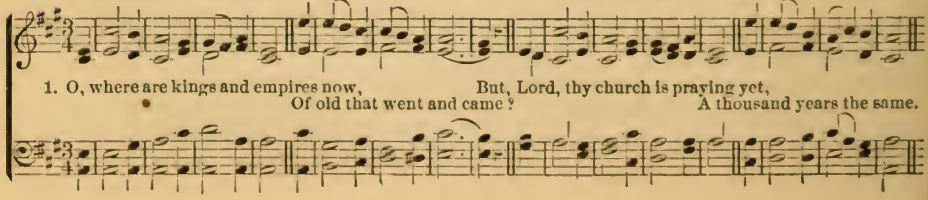
## 502

2 See! the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove:
Who can faint, while such a river
Ever flows their thirst t' assuage?—
Grace which, like the Lord, the giver,
Never fails from age to age.

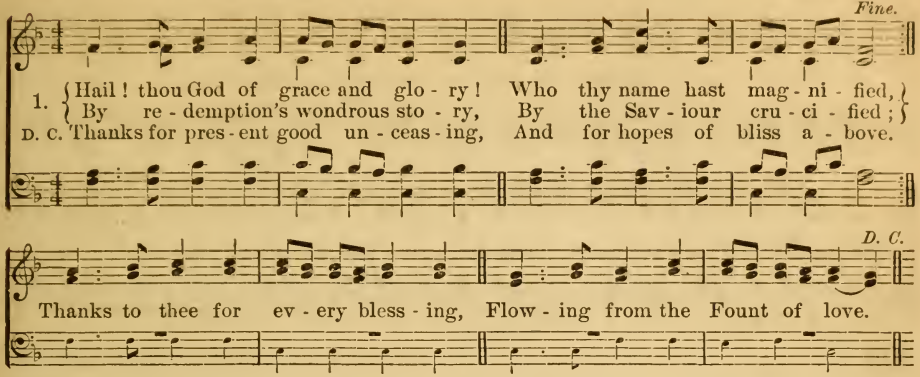
3 Round each habitation hovering,
See the cloud and fire appear,
For a glory and a covering,
Showing that the Lord is near!
Thus deriving from their banner,
Light by night, and shade by day,
Safe they feed upon the manna
Which he gives them when they pray.

*John Newton.* 1779.

BELMONT. C. M. *Johann C. W. A. Mozart.* (1756—1791.)



MIDDLETON. 8s & 7s. D. *English Air.*


Fine.
1. { Hail! thou God of grace and glo - ry! Who thy name hast mag - ni - fied, }
{ By re - demption's wondrous sto - ry, By the Sav - iour cru - ci - fied; }
D. C. Thanks for pres - ent good un - ceas - ing, And for hopes of bliss a - bove.
D. C.
Thanks to thee for ev - ery bless - ing, Flow - ing from the Fount of love.

## 503

2 Hear us, as thus bending lowly,
Near thy bright and burning throne;
We invoke thee, God most holy!
Through thy well-belovéd Son;
Send the baptism of thy Spirit,
Shed the pentecostal fire;
Let us all thy grace inherit,
Waken, crown each good desire.

3 Bind thy people, Lord! in union,
With the sevenfold cord of love;
Breathe a spirit of communion
With the glorious hosts above;
Let thy work be seen progressing;
Bow each heart, and bend each knee;
Till the world, thy truth possessing,
Celebrates its jubilee.

*Thomas W. Aveling.* 1844.

## 504 (BELMONT.)

2 We mark her goodly battlements,
And her foundations strong;
We hear within the solemn voice
Of her unending song.

3 For, not like kingdoms of the world,
Thy holy church, O God;
Tho' earthquake shocks are threatening her,
And tempests are abroad;

4 Unshaken as eternal hills,
Immovable she stands,
A mountain that shall fill the earth,
A house not made by hands.

*Arthur Cleveland Coxe.* 1839.

## 505

1 CHURCH of the ever-living God,
The Father's gracious choice,
Amid the voices of this earth
How feeble is thy voice!

2 A little flock!—so calls he thee
Who bought thee with his blood;
A little flock, disowned of men,
But owned and loved of God.

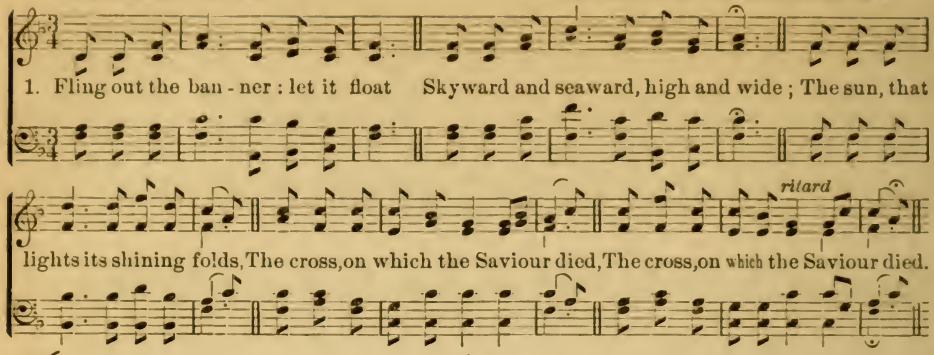
3 But the chief Shepherd comes at length;
Their feeble days are o'er,
No more a handful in the earth,
A little flock no more.

4 No more a lily among thorns,
Weary and faint and few;
But countless as the stars of heaven,
Or as the early dew.

5 Then entering th' eternal halls,
In robes of victory,
That mighty multitude shall keep
The joyous jubilee.

*Horatius Bonar.* 1857.

ANVERN. L. M. *German. Arr. by Lowell Mason.* 1840.


1. Fling out the ban - ner : let it float Skyward and seaward, high and wide ; The sun, that
ritard
lights its shining folds, The cross, on which the Saviour died, The cross, on which the Saviour died.

## 506

2 Fling out the banner: angels bend
In anxious silence o'er the sign,
And vainly seek to comprehend
The wonder of the Love Divine.

3 Fling out the banner: heathen lands
Shall see from far the glorious sight;
And nations, crowding to be born,
Baptize their spirits in its light.

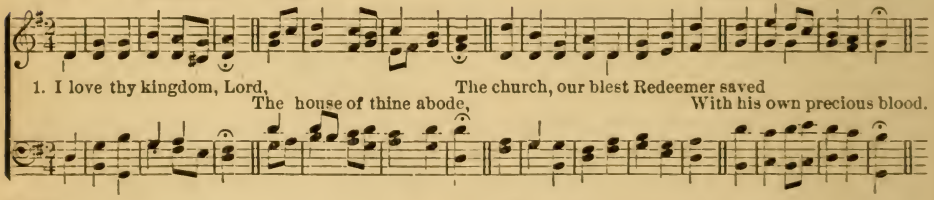
4 Fling out the banner: sin-sick souls,
That sink and perish in the strife,
Shall touch in faith its radiant hem,
And spring immortal into life.

5 Fling out the banner: let it float
Skyward and seaward, high and wide:
Our glory only in the cross,
Our only hope, the Crucified.

6 Fling out the banner: wide and high,
Seaward and skyward let it shine;
Nor skill, nor might, nor merit ours:
We conquer only in that sign.

*George Washington Doane.* 1848.

ST. THOMAS. S. M. *William Tansur.* 1768.




## 507

2 I love thy church, O God!
Her walls before thee stand,
Dear as the apple of thine eye,
And graven on thy hand.

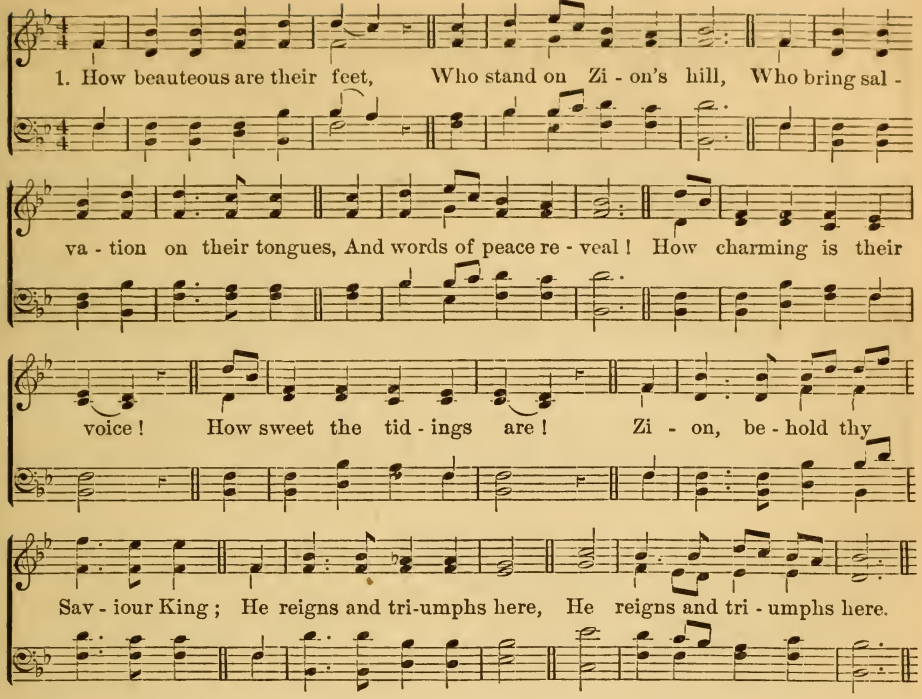
3 For her my tears shall fall,
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

4 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

5 Jesus, thou Friend divine,
Our Saviour and our King!
Thy hand, from every snare and foe
Shall great deliverance bring.

6 Sure as thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

*Timothy Dwight.* 1800.

FURTH. S. M. D. *Francis Joseph Haydn.* (1732—1809.)

1. How beauteous are their feet, Who stand on Zi - on's hill, Who bring sal -
va - tion on their tongues, And words of peace re - veal! How charming is their
voice! How sweet the tid - ings are! Zi - on, be - hold thy
Sav - iour King; He reigns and tri-umphs here, He reigns and tri - umphs here.

## 508

2 How happy are our ears,
That hear this joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found!
How blessed are our eyes,
That see this heavenly light!
Prophets and kings desired it long,
But died without the sight.

3 The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.
The Lord makes bare his arm
Through all the earth abroad;
Let every nation now behold
Their Saviour, and their God.

*Isaac Watts.* 1707.

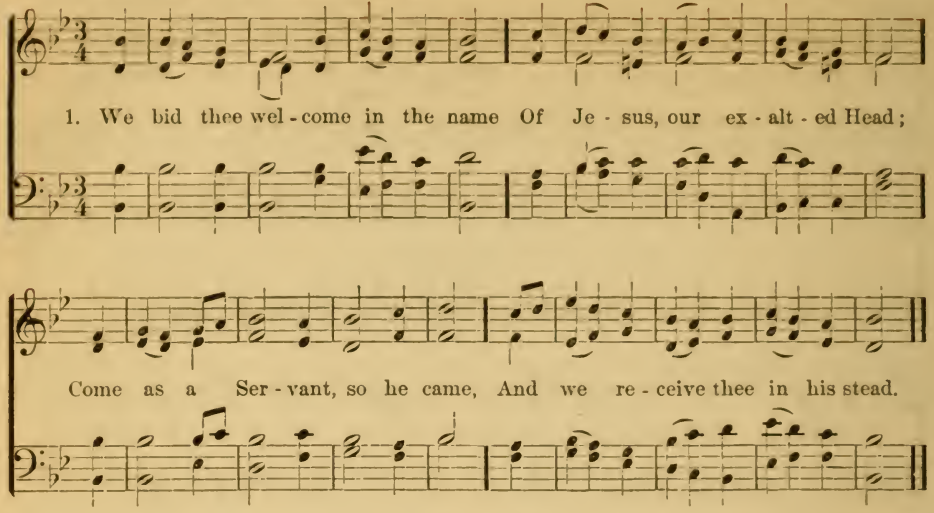
## 509

1 Come, kingdom of our God,
Sweet reign of light and love!
Shed peace and hope and joy abroad,
And wisdom from above.
Over our spirits first
Extend thy healing reign;
There raise and quench the sacred thirst
That never pains again.

2 Come, kingdom of our God!
And make the broad earth thine;
Stretch o'er her lands and isles the rod
That flowers with grace divine.
Soon may all tribes be blest
With fruit from life's glad tree;
And in its shade like brothers rest,
Sons of one family.

*John Johns.* 1837.

WAREHAM (All Saints). L. M. *Wm. Knapp.* 1760.




## 510

2 Come as a Shepherd; guard and keep
This fold from hell, and earth, and sin;
Nourish the lambs, and feed the sheep,
The wounded heal, the lost bring in.

3 Come as a Watchman; take thy stand
Upon thy tower amidst the sky,
And when the sword comes on the land
Call us to fight, or warn to fly.

4 Come as an Angel, hence to guide
A band of pilgrims on their way,
That, safely walking at thy side,
We fail not, faint not, turn, nor stray.

5 Come as a Teacher, sent from God,
Charged his whole counsel to declare;
Lift o'er our ranks the prophet's rod,
While we uphold thy hands with prayer.

6 Come as a Messenger of peace,
Filled with the Spirit, fired with love;
Live to behold our large increase,
And die to meet us all above.

*James Montgomery.* 1825.

## 511

1 The perfect world, by Adam trod,
Was the first temple built to God;
His fiat laid the corner-stone,
And heaved its pillars one by one.

2 He hung its starry roof on high—
The broad, illimitable sky;
He spread its pavement, green and bright,
And curtained it with morning light.

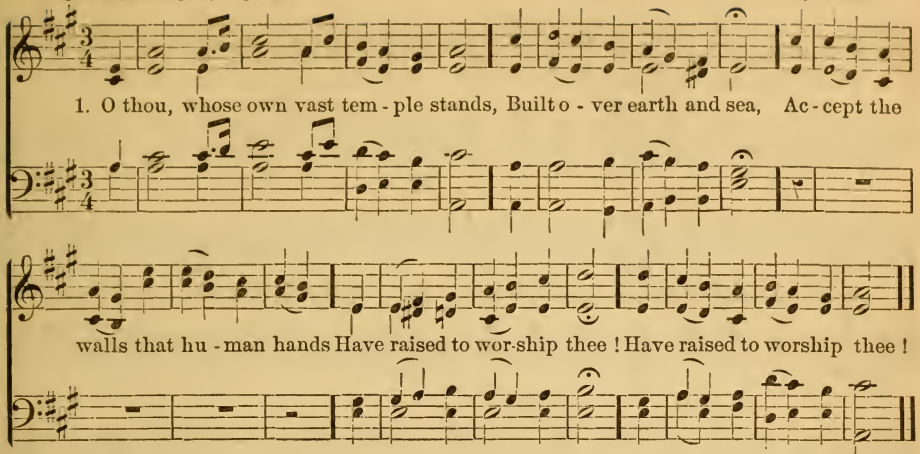
3 The mountains in their places stood,
The sea, the sky, and "all was good;"
And when its first few praises rang,
The "morning stars together sang."

4 Lord, 'tis not ours to make the sea,
And earth, and sky, a house for thee;
But in thy sight our offering stands,
An humbler temple, "made with hands."

5 We cannot bid the morning star
To sing how bright thy glories are;
But, Lord, if thou wilt meet us here,
Thy praise shall be the Christian's tear.

*Nathaniel P. Willis.* 1825.

SWANWICK. C. M. *J. Lucas.*


1. O thou, whose own vast tem - ple stands, Built o - ver earth and sea, Ac - cept the
walls that hu - man hands Have raised to wor-ship thee ! Have raised to worship thee !

512

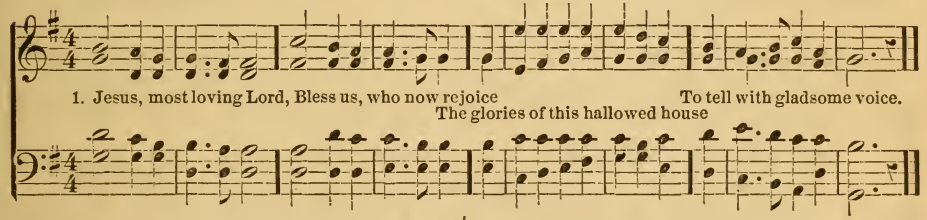
2 Lord, from thine inmost glory send,
Within these courts to bide,
The peace that dwelleth without end,
Serenely by thy side!

3 May erring minds that worship here
Be taught the better way;
And they who mourn, and they who fear,
Be strengthened as they pray.

4 May faith grow firm, and love grow warm,
And pure devotion rise,
While round these hallowed walls the storm
Of earth-born passion dies.

*William Cullen Bryant.* 1835.

TABERNACLE. S. M. *J. Baptiste Calkin.*




513

2 Here are the healing streams
To cleanse the sin-defiled:
Here God the Spirit with his strength
Endows the new-born child.

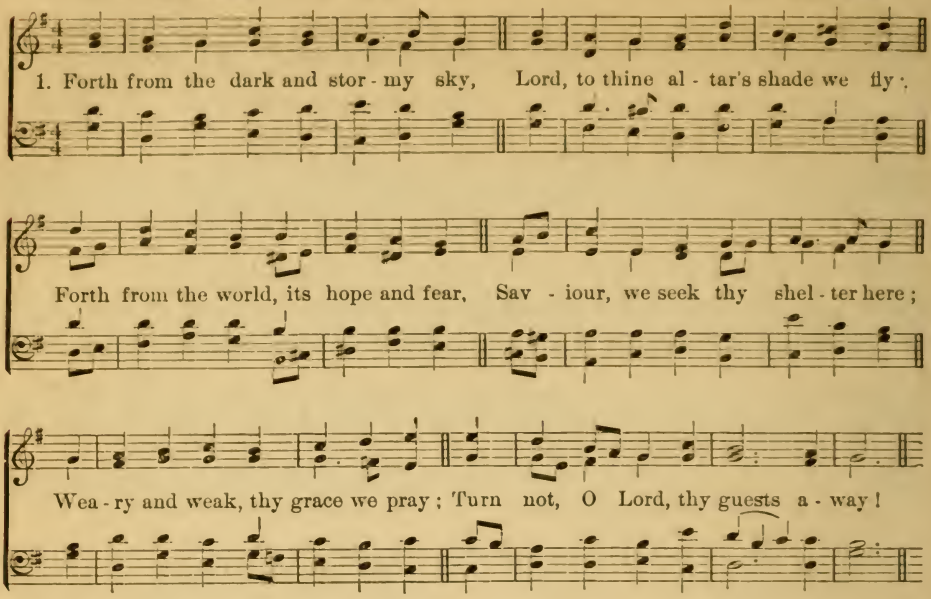
3 Here Jesus to his own
His body gives for food;
And stays their thirst with draughts divine
Of his most precious blood.

4 For sick and guilty souls
Sure mercies here abound:
The Judge in tenderness acquits;
Grace heals the deadly wound.

5 Yea, God, whose throne is heaven,
Deigns here to dwell, and train
The souls that worship him, and strive
His home above to gain.

*Isaac Williams.* 1844.

ST. MATTHIAS. L. M. 6 lines. *William H. Monk.*

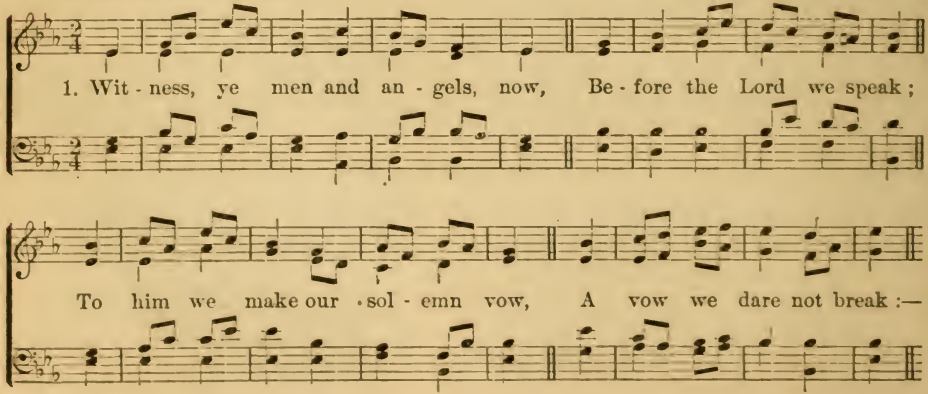

1. Forth from the dark and stor - my sky, Lord, to thine al - tar's shade we fly;
Forth from the world, its hope and fear, Sav - iour, we seek thy shel - ter here;
Wea - ry and weak, thy grace we pray; Turn not, O Lord, thy guests a - way!

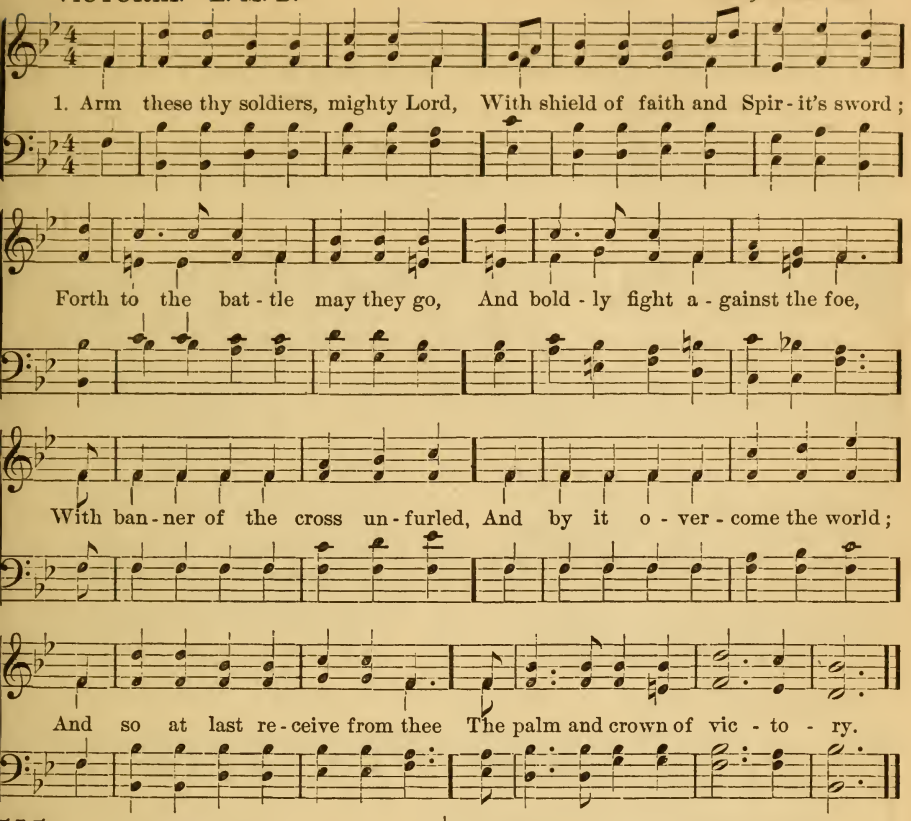
514

2 Long have we roamed in want and pain,
Long have we sought thy rest in vain;
Wildered in doubt, in darkness lost,
Long have our souls been tempest-tost:
Low at thy feet our sins we lay,
Turn not, O Lord, Thy guests away!

*Reginald Heber.* 1827.

WARWICK. C. M. *Samuel Stanley.* 1810.



VICTORIA. L. M. D. *Henry Lahee.* 1861.

1. Arm these thy soldiers, mighty Lord, With shield of faith and Spir - it's sword;
Forth to the bat - tle may they go, And bold - ly fight a - gainst the foe,
With ban - ner of the cross un - furled, And by it o - ver - come the world;
And so at last re - ceive from thee The palm and crown of vic - to - ry.

515

2 Come, ever-blessed Spirit, come,
And make thy servants' hearts thy home;
May each a living temple be,
Hallowed forever, Lord, to thee;
Enrich that temple's holy shrine
With sevenfold gifts of grace divine;
With wisdom, light, and knowledge bless,
Strength, counsel, fear, and godliness.

*Christopher Wordsworth.* 1863

516 (WARWICK.)

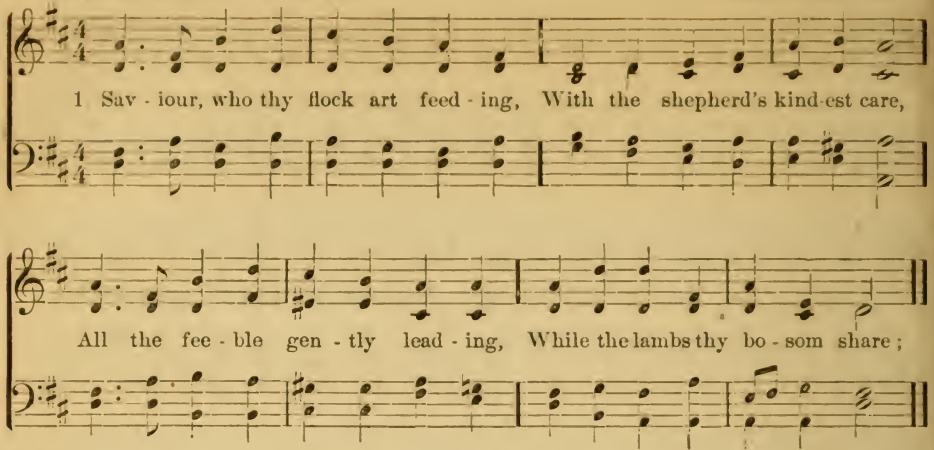
2 That long as life itself shall last,
Ourselves to Christ we yield;
Nor from his cause will we depart,
Or ever quit the field.

3 We trust not in our native strength,
But on his grace rely,
That, with returning wants, the Lord
Will all our need supply.

4 O guide our doubtful feet aright,
And keep us in thy ways;
And, while we turn our vows to prayers,
Turn thou our prayers to praise.

*Benjamin Beddome.* 1818.

ST. OSWALD. 8s & 7s. *John B. Dykes.* 1861.


1 Sav - iour, who thy flock art feed - ing, With the shepherd's kind-est care,
All the fee - ble gen - tly lead - ing, While the lambs thy bo - som share;

## 517

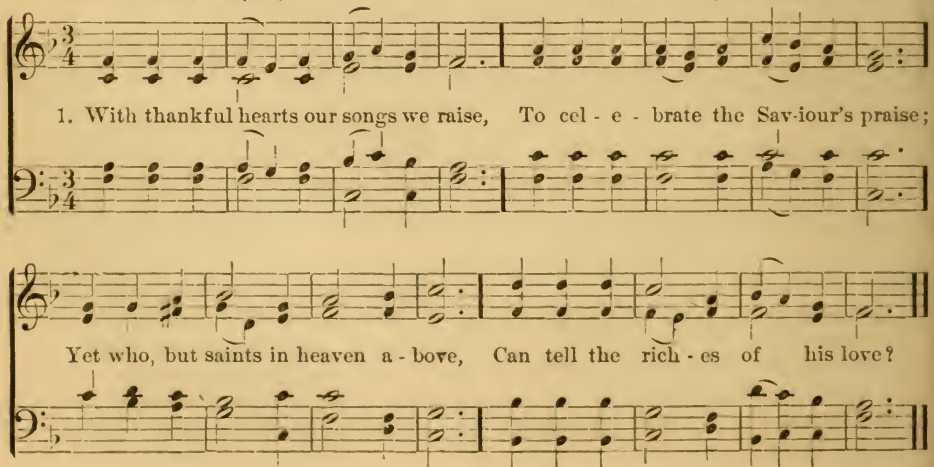
2 Now, these little ones receiving,
Fold them in thy gracious arm;
There, we know, thy word believing,
Only there, secure from harm.

3 Never, from thy pasture roving,
Let them be the lion's prey;
Let thy tenderness, so loving,
Keep them all life's dangerous way.

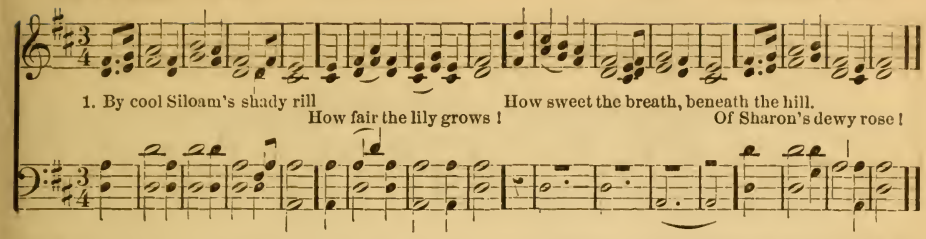
4 Then, within thy fold eternal,
Let them find a resting-place;
Feed in pastures ever vernal,
Drink the rivers of thy grace.

*William Augustus Muhlenburg.* 1826.

HURSLEY. L. M. *Haydn. Arr. by W. H. Monk.* 1801.


1. With thankful hearts our songs we raise, To cel - e - brate the Sav-iour's praise;
Yet who, but saints in heaven a - bove, Can tell the rich - es of his love?

SILOAM. C. M. *I. B. Woodbury.*




## 518

2 Lo! such the child whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod;
Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,
Is upward drawn to God.

3 By cool Siloam's shady rill
The lily must decay;
The rose that blooms beneath the hill
Must shortly fade away.

4 And soon, too soon, the wintry hour
Of man's maturer age
May shake the soul with sorrow's power
And stormy passion's rage.

5 O thou, who givest life and breath,
We seek thy grace alone
In childhood, manhood, age and death,
To keep us still thine own.

*Reginald Heber.* 1812.

## 519

1 See Israel's gentle Shepherd stands,
With all engaging charms!
Hark! how he calls the tender lambs,
And folds them in his arms!

2 "Permit them to approach," he cries,
"Nor scorn their humble name;
For 'twas to bless such souls as these,
The Lord of angels came."

3 We bring them, Lord, in thankful hands,
And yield them up to thee;
Joyful that we ourselves are thine,—
Thine let our offspring be.

*Philip Doddridge.* 1740.

## 520

1 With thankful hearts our songs we raise,
To celebrate the Saviour's praise;
Yet who, but saints in heaven above,
Can tell the riches of his love?

2 He, the good Shepherd, kindly leads
The wanderer, and the hungry feeds;
Deigns in his arms the lambs to bear,
And makes them his peculiar care.

3 Jesus, to thy protecting wing,
Our helpless little ones we bring;
O grant them grace and strength, that they
May find and keep the heavenward way.

*John Bickersteth.* 1832.

## 521

1 Dear Saviour, if these lambs should stray
From thy secure inclosure's bound,
And, lured by worldly joys away,
Among the thoughtless crowd be found;

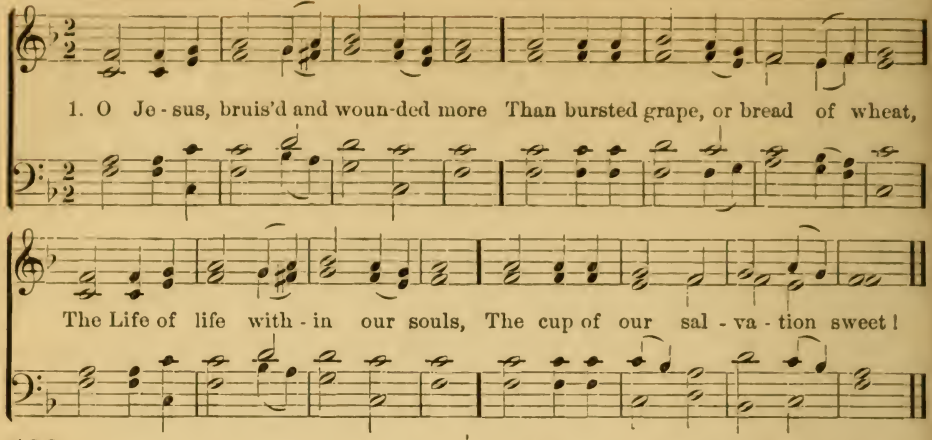
2 Remember still that they are thine,
That thy dear sacred name they bear;
Think that the seal of love divine,
The sign of covenant grace they wear.

3 In all their erring, sinful years,
O let them ne'er forgotten be;
Remember all the prayers and tears
Which made them consecrate to thee.

4 And when these lips no more can pray,
These eyes can weep for them no more,
Turn thou their feet from folly's way;
The wand'rers to thy fold restore.

*Ann B. Hyde.* 1824.

HAMBURG. L. M. *Gregorian Chant. Arr. by Lowell Mason.* 1825.


1. O Je - sus, bruis'd and woun-ded more Than bursted grape, or bread of wheat,
The Life of life with - in our souls, The cup of our sal - va - tion sweet!

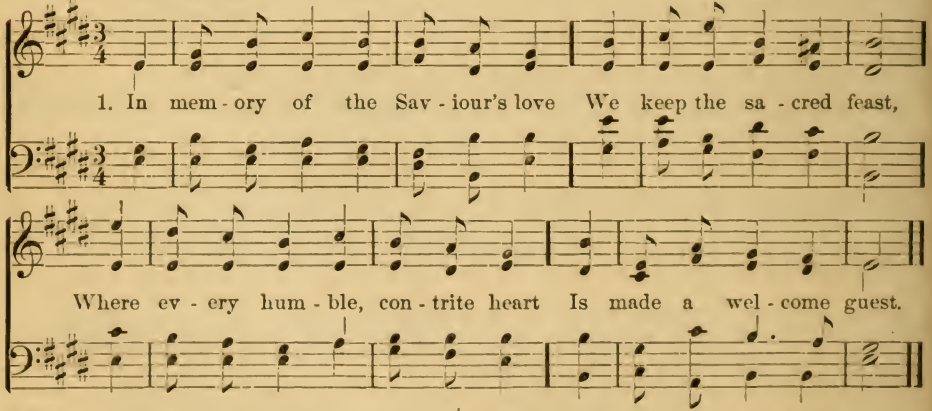
**522**

2 We come to show thy dying hour,
Thy streaming vein, thy broken flesh;
And still that blood is warm to save,
And still thy fragrant wounds are fresh.

3 O Heart, that with a double tide
Of blood and water, maketh pure!
O Flesh, once offered on the cross,
The gift that makes our pardon sure!

4 Let nevermore our sinful souls
The anguish of thy cross renew;
Nor forge again the cruel nails
That pierced thy victim body through!

*Mrs. Cecil Frances Alexander.* 1859.

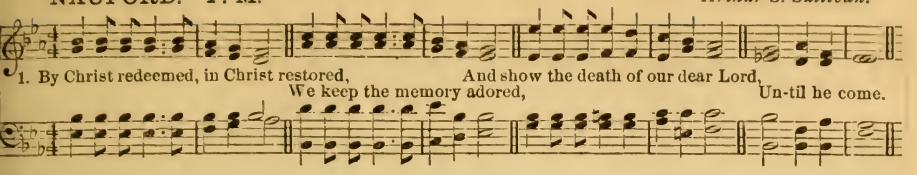
DOWNS. C. M. *Lowell Mason.* 1832.

**523**

2 By faith we take the Bread of Life,
With which our souls are fed;
The Cup, in token of his Blood,
That was for sinners shed.

3 Under his banner thus we sing,
The wonders of his love;
And thus anticipate by faith,
The heavenly feast above.

*Thomas Cotterill.* 1810.

NAUFORD. P. M. *Arthur S. Sullivan.*




524

2 His body broken in our stead
Is here, in this memorial bread;
And so our feeble love is fed,
Until he come.

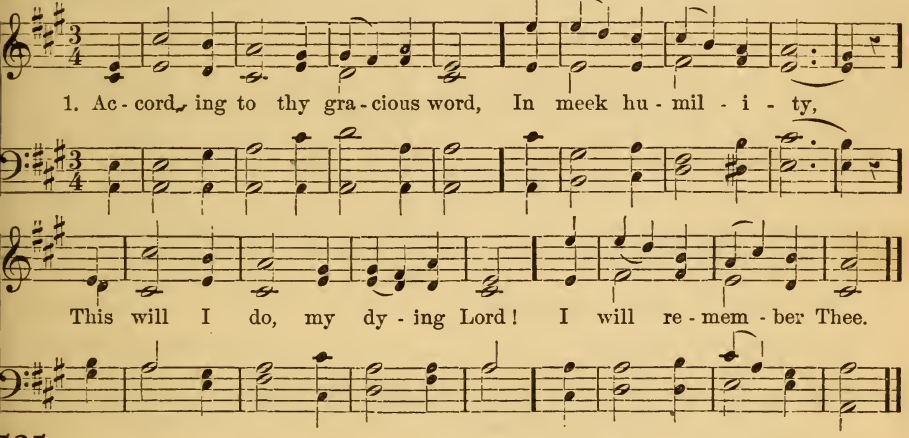
3 His fearful drops of agony,
His life-blood shed for us we see:
The cup shall tell the mystery,
Until he come.

4 And thus that dark betrayal night,
With the last advent we unite—
The shame, the glory, by this rite,
Until he come.

5 O, blesséd hope! with this elate,
Let not our hearts be desolate,
But, strong in faith, in patience wait,
Until he come!

*G. Rawson.*

BELMONT. C. M. *Johann C. W. A. Mozart.* (1756—1791.)




525

2 The body, broken for my sake,
My bread from heaven shall be;
Thy testamental cup I take,
And thus remember thee.

3 Gethsemane can I forget?
Or there thy conflict see,
Thine agony and bloody sweat,
And not remember thee?

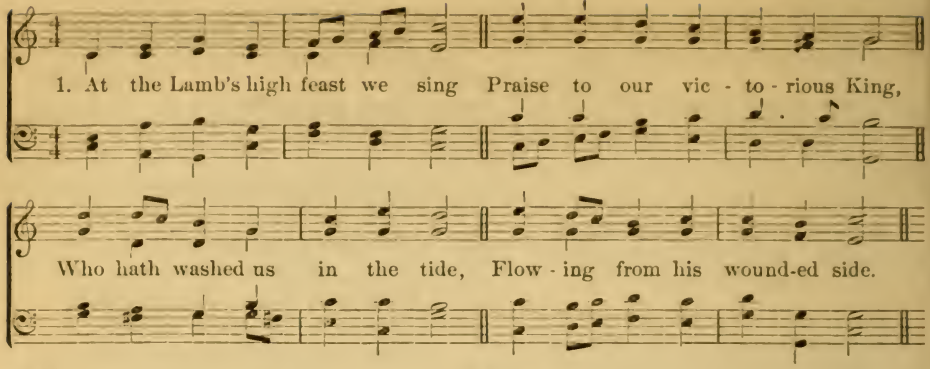
4 When to the cross I turn mine eyes,
And rest on Calvary,
O Lamb of God, my sacrifice!
I must remember thee:—

5 Remember thee, and all thy pains,
And all thy love to me!—
Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains,
Will I remember thee.

6 And when these failing lips grow dumb,
And mind and mem'ry flee;
When thou shalt in thy kingdom come,
Jesus, remember me.

*James Montgomery.* 1825.

MONKLAND. 7s. *John B. Wilkes.*


1. At the Lamb's high feast we sing Praise to our vic - to - rious King,
Who hath washed us in the tide, Flow - ing from his wound-ed side.

## 526

2 Where the Paschal blood is poured,
Death's dark angel sheathes his sword;
Israel's hosts triumphant go
Through the wave that drowns the foe.

3 Christ, our Paschal Lamb, is slain,
Holy victim, without stain;
Death and hell defeated lie,
Heaven unfolds its gates on high.

4 Hymns of glory and of praise,
Father, unto thee we raise;
Risen Lord, all praise to thee,
With the Spirit ever be.

*Roman Breviary. Tr., Robert Campbell.* 1850.

## 527

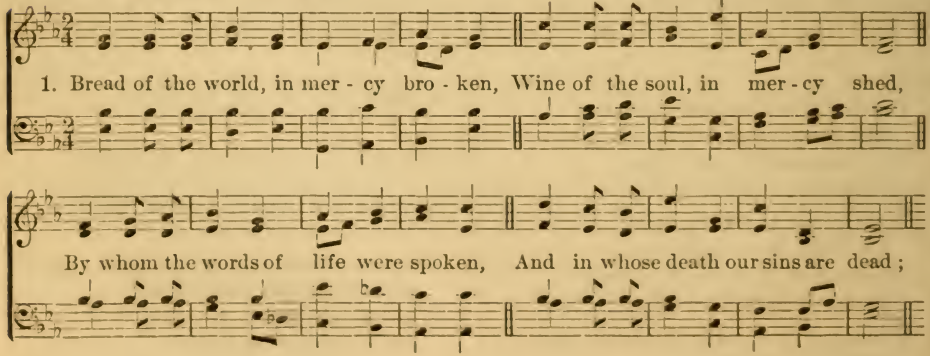
1 Bread of heaven! on thee we feed,
For thy flesh is meat indeed:
Ever let our souls be fed
With this true and living bread!

2 Vine of heaven! thy blood supplies
This blest cup of sacrifice:
Lord! thy wounds our healing give,
To thy cross we look and live.

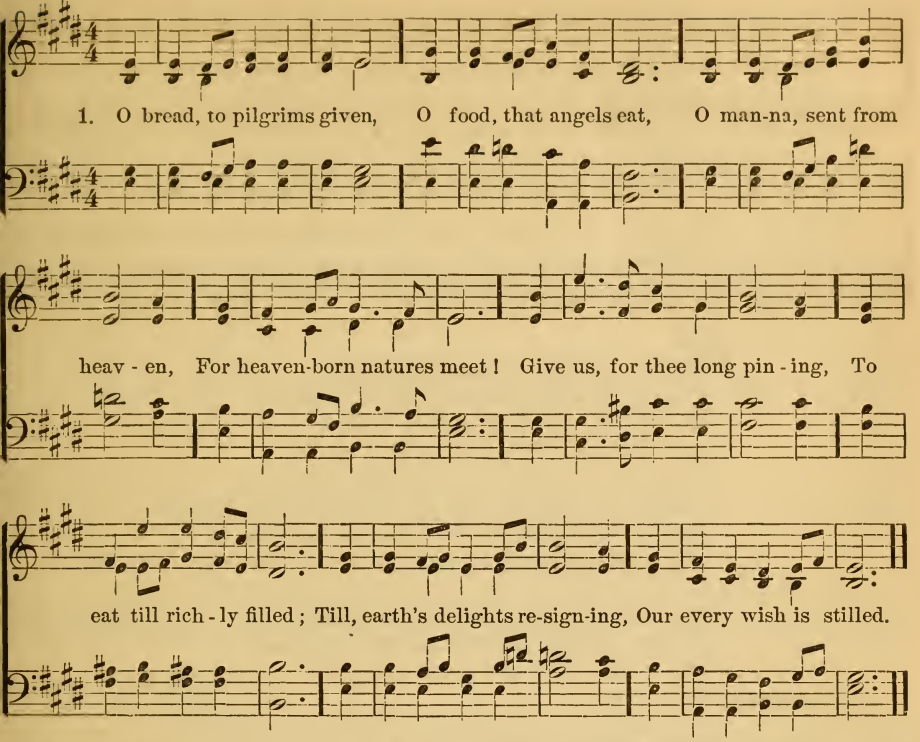
3 Day by day, with strength supplied,
Through the life of him who died:
Lord of life! O, let us be,
Rooted, grafted, built on thee!

*Josiah Conder.* 1824.

SACRAMENT. 9s & 8s. *Edward J. Hopkins.* (1818—).


1. Bread of the world, in mer - cy bro - ken, Wine of the soul, in mer - cy shed,
By whom the words of life were spoken, And in whose death our sins are dead;

ST. HILDA. 7s & 6s. D. *E. Husband.*


1. O bread, to pilgrims given, O food, that angels eat, O man-na, sent from
heav - en, For heaven-born natures meet! Give us, for thee long pin - ing, To
eat till rich - ly filled; Till, earth's delights re-sign-ing, Our every wish is stilled.

## 528

2 O Water, life-bestowing,
From out the Saviour's heart!
A fountain purely flowing,
A fount of love thou art;
O let us, freely tasting,
Our burning thirst assuage!
Thy sweetness, never wasting,
Avails from age to age.

3 Jesus! this feast receiving,
We thee unseen adore;
Thy faithful word believing,
We take, and doubt no more;
Give us, thou true and loving!
On earth to live in thee;
Then, death the vail removing,
Thy glorious face to see.

*Unknown Mediæval Author.*
*Tr., Ray Palmer.* 1858.

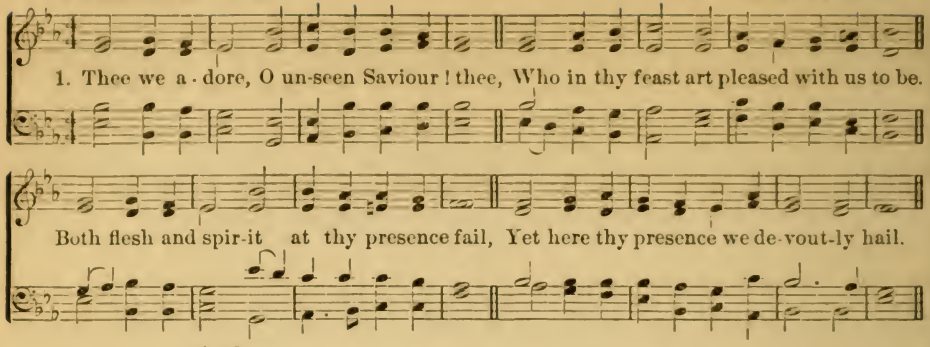
## 529

1 Bread of the world, in mercy broken,
Wine of the soul, in mercy shed,
By whom the words of life were spoken,
And in whose death our sins are dead;

2 Look on the heart by sorrow broken,
Look on the tears by sinners shed;
And be thy feast to us the token
That by thy grace our souls are fed.

*Reginald Heber.* 1827.

EVENTIDE. 10s. *William H. Monk.* 1861.


1. Thee we a - dore, O un-seen Saviour! thee, Who in thy feast art pleased with us to be.
Both flesh and spir-it at thy presence fail, Yet here thy presence we de-vout-ly hail.

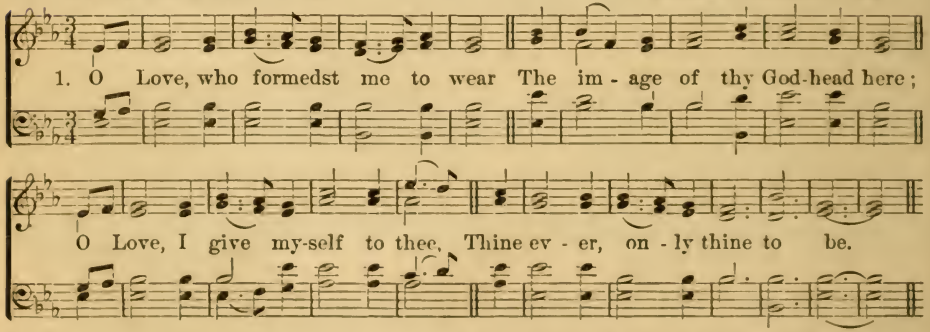
## 530

2 O blest memorial of our dying Lord,
Who living bread to men doth here afford!
O may our souls forever feed on thee,
And thou, O Christ, forever precious be!

3 O fount of goodness! in thy healing flood
Cleanse us, unclean, with thy most cleansing blood;
Increase our faith and love, that we may know
The hope and peace which from thy presence flow.

4 O Christ, whom now beneath a veil we see,
May what we thirst for soon our portion be;
To gaze on thee unveiled, and see thy face,
The vision of thy glory and thy grace. *J. R. Woodford.*

WOODWORTH. L. M. *William B. Bradbury.* 1849.



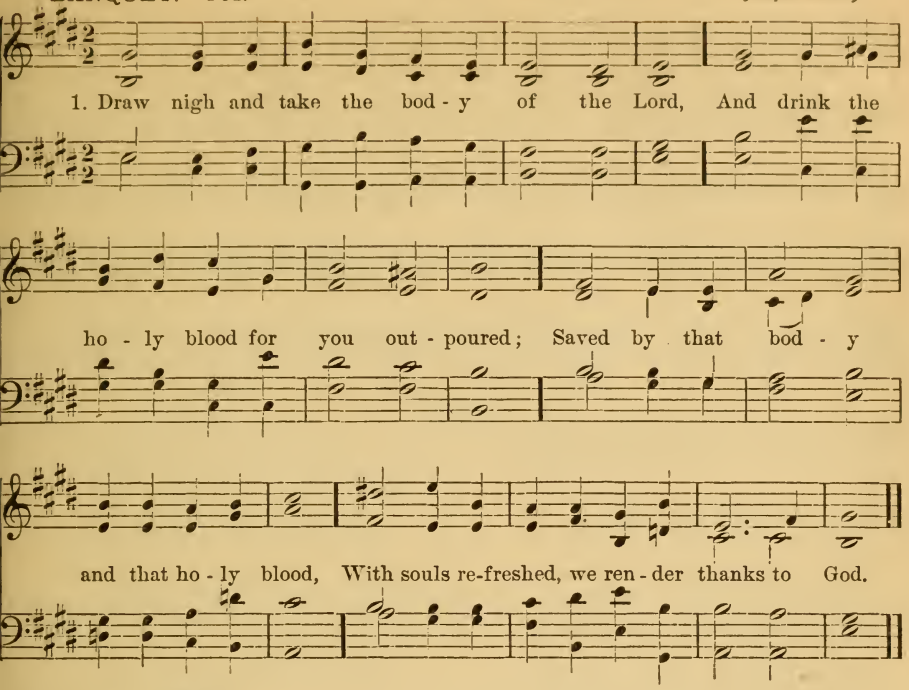

## 531

1 O Love, who formedst me to wear
The image of thy Godhead here;
O Love, I give myself to thee,
Thine ever, only thine to be.

2 O Love, of whom is truth and light,
Whose heart was bared to them that smite;
O Love, I give myself to thee,
Thine ever, only thine to be.

*Johann Angelus Silesius.* 1657.
*Tr., Catherine Winkworth.* 1858.

BANQUET. 10s. *Joseph Barnby.*


1. Draw nigh and take the bod - y of the Lord, And drink the
ho - ly blood for you out - poured; Saved by that bod - y
and that ho - ly blood, With souls re-freshed, we ren - der thanks to God.

## 532

1 Draw nigh and take the body of the Lord,
And drink the holy blood for you outpoured;
Saved by that body and that holy blood,
With souls refreshed, we render thanks to God.

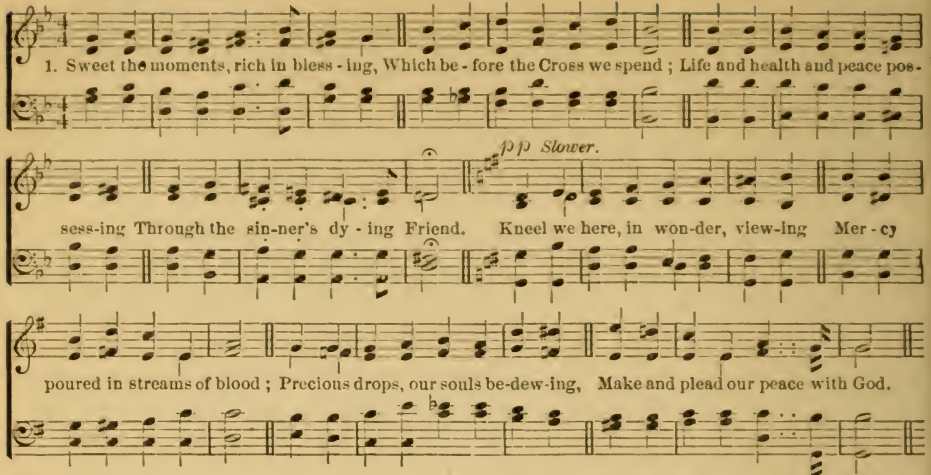
2 Salvation's giver, Christ, God's only Son,
By his dear cross and blood the victory won;
Offered was he for greatest and for least,
Himself the victim and himself the priest.

3 He, ransomer from death, and light from shade,
Now gives his holy grace his saints to aid;
With heavenly bread makes them that hunger whole,
Gives living waters to the thirsting soul.

4 Approach ye then with faithful hearts sincere,
And take the safeguard of salvation here:
He, that in this world rules his saints and shields,
To all believers life eternal yields.

*7th Century, Tr. John Mason Neale.* 1851.

SWEET THE MOMENTS. 8s & 7s. D. *Joseph Barnby.*


1. Sweet the moments, rich in bless - ing, Which be - fore the Cross we spend; Life and health and peace pos-
pp Slower.
sess-ing From the sin-ner's dy - ing Friend. Kneel we here, in won-der, view-ing Mer - cy
poured in streams of blood; Precious drops, our souls be-dew-ing, Make and plead our peace with God.

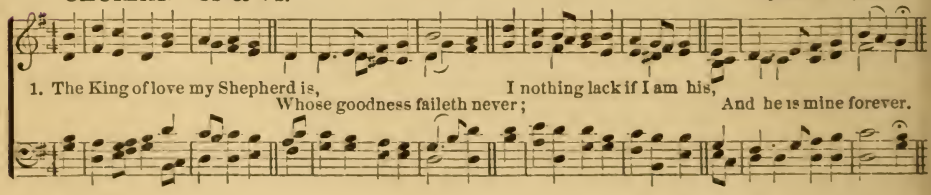
## 533

2 Truly blesséd is the station,
Low before his cross to lie,
While we see divine compassion
Beaming in his gracious eye.
Lord, in ceaseless contemplation
Fix our hearts and eyes on thee,
Till we taste thy whole salvation,
And thine unveiled glories see.

3 For thy sorrows we adore thee,
For the pains that wrought our peace;
Gracious Saviour, we implore thee,
In our hearts thy love increase.
Here we feel our sins forgiven,
While upon the Lamb we gaze;
And our thoughts are all of heaven,
And our lips o'erflow with praise.

*James Allen.* 1757.
*Walter Shirley.* 1774.

CECILIA. 8s & 7s. *John B. Dykes.*




## 534

2 Where streams of living water flow,
My ransomed soul he leadeth,
And, where the verdant pastures grow,
With food celestial feedeth.

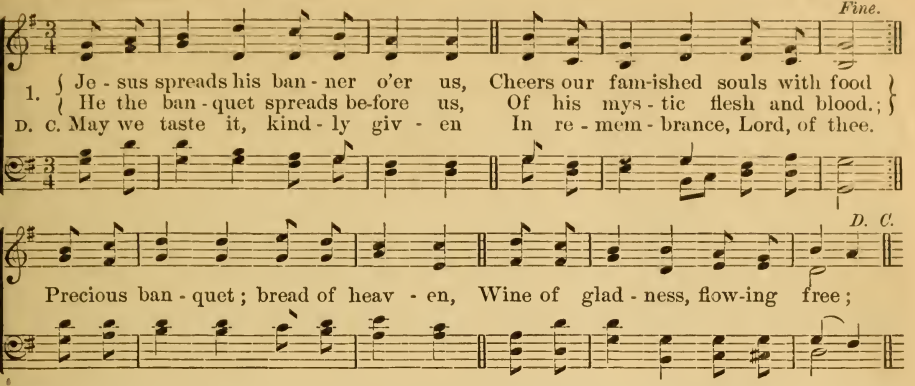
3 Perverse and foolish oft I strayed,
But yet in love he sought me,
And on his shoulder gently laid,
And home, rejoicing, brought me.

4 In death's dark vale I fear no ill
With thee, dear Lord, beside me;
Thy rod and staff my comfort still,
Thy cross before to guide me.

5 And so through all the length of days,
Thy goodness faileth never;
Good Shepherd, may I sing thy praise
Within thy house forever.

*Henry W. Baker.*

BAVARIA. 8s & 7s. D.

*German Melody.*

Fine.
1. Je - sus spreads his ban - ner o'er us, Cheers our fam-ished souls with food
He the ban - quet spreads be-fore us, Of his mys - tic flesh and blood.
D. C. May we taste it, kind - ly giv - en In re - mem - brance, Lord, of thee.
D. C.
Precious ban - quet; bread of heav - en, Wine of glad - ness, flow-ing free;

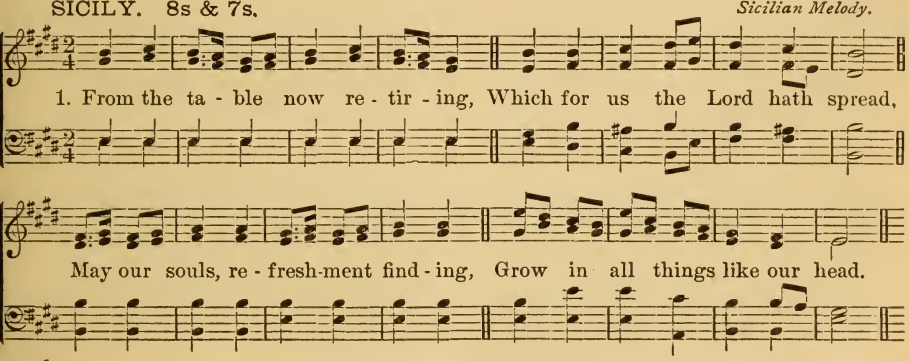
535

2 In thy holy incarnation,
When the angels sang thy birth;
In thy fasting and temptation;
In thy labors on the earth;
In thy trial and rejection;
In thy sufferings on the tree;
In thy glorious resurrection;
May we, Lord, remember thee.

*Roswell Park.* 1836.

SICILY. 8s & 7s.

*Sicilian Melody.*


1. From the ta - ble now re - tir - ing, Which for us the Lord hath spread,
May our souls, re - fresh-ment find - ing, Grow in all things like our head.

536

1 From the table now retiring
Which for us the Lord hath spread,
May our souls, refreshment finding,
Grow in all things like our head!

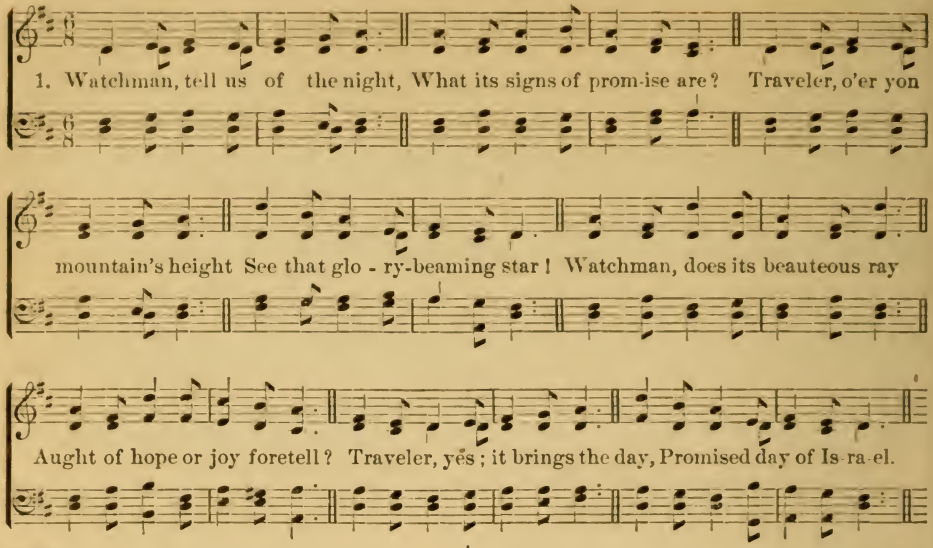
2 His example while beholding,
May our lives his image bear;
Him our Lord and Master calling,
His commands may we revere.

3 Love to God and man displaying,
Walking steadfast in his way,
Joy attend us in believing,
Peace from God, through endless day.

4 Praise and honor to the Father,
Praise and honor to the Son,
Praise and honor to the Spirit,
Ever Three and ever One.

*J. Rowe.* 1812.

WATCHMAN, TELL US OF THE NIGHT. 7s. D. *Lowell Mason.* 1830.


1. Watchman, tell us of the night, What its signs of prom-ise are? Traveler, o'er yon
mountain's height See that glo - ry-beaming star! Watchman, does its beauteous ray
Aught of hope or joy foretell? Traveler, yes; it brings the day, Promised day of Is-ra-el.

## 537

2 Watchman, tell us of the night;
Higher yet that star ascends;
Traveler, blessedness and light,
Peace and truth its course portends;
Watchman, will its beams alone
Gild the spot that gave them birth
Traveler, ages are its own;
See, it bursts o'er all the earth!

3 Watchman, tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to dawn;
Traveler, darkness takes its flight,
Doubt and terror are withdrawn;
Watchman, let thy wanderings cease;
Hie thee to thy quiet home!
Traveler, lo! the Prince of peace,
Lo! the Son of God, is come!

*John Bowring.* 1825.

## 538

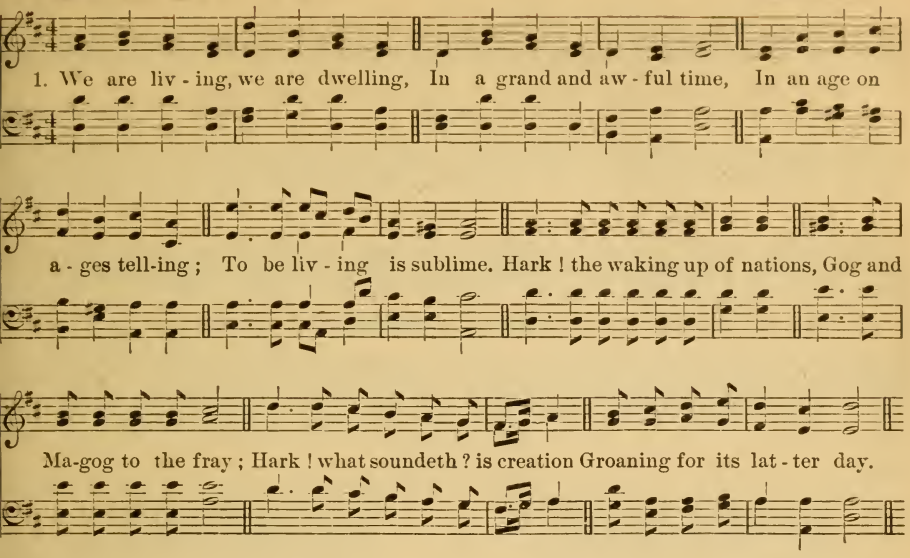
1 Go, ye messengers of God,
Like the beams of morning fly;
Take the wonder-working rod,
Wave the banner-cross on high:
Where the lofty minaret
Gleams along the morning skies,
Wave it till the crescent set,
And the "Star of Jacob" rise.

2 Go to many a tropic isle,
In the bosom of the deep,
Where the skies forever smile,
And th' oppressed forever weep.
O'er the negro's night of care
Pour the living light of heaven;
Chase away the fiend despair,
Bid him hope to be forgiven.

3 Where the golden gates of day
Open on the palmy East,
Wide the bleeding cross display,
Spread the gospel's richest feast.
Bear the tidings round the ball,
Visit every soil and sea;
Preach the cross of Christ to all,
Christ, whose love is full and free.

*Joshua Marsden.* 1812.

LATTER DAY. 8s & 7s. *John Zundel.*


1. We are liv - ing, we are dwelling, In a grand and aw - ful time, In an age on
a - ges tell-ing; To be liv - ing is sublime. Hark! the waking up of nations, Gog and
Ma-gog to the fray; Hark! what soundeth? is creation Groaning for its lat - ter day.

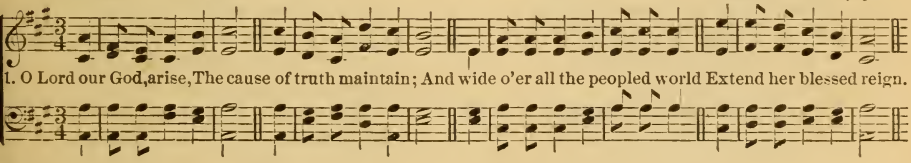
539

2 Worlds are charging, heaven bĕholding,
Thou hast but an hour to fight;
Now the blazoned cross unfolding,
On, right onward, for the right!

On! let all the soul within you
For the truth's sake go abroad;
Strike, let every nerve and sinew
Tell on ages, tell for God.

*Arthur Cleveland Coxe.* 1840.

LISBON. S. M. *Daniel Read.* 1785.




540

1 O Lord our God, arise,
The cause of truth maintain;
And wide o'er all the peopled world
Extend her blessed reign.

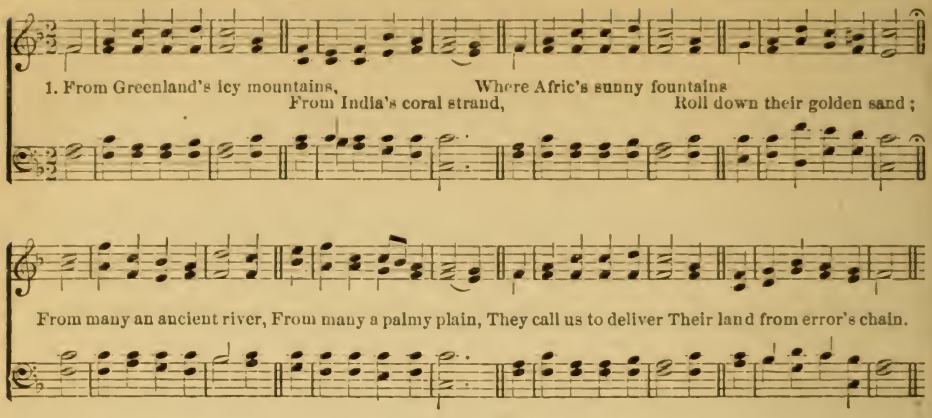
2 Thou Prince of life, arise,
Nor let thy glory cease;
Far spread the conquests of thy grace,
And bless the earth with peace.

3 Thou Holy Ghost, arise,
Expand thy quickening wing,
And o'er a dark and ruined world
Let light and order spring.

4 All on the earth, arise,
To God the Saviour sing;
From shore to shore, from earth to heaven,
Let echoing anthems ring.

*Ralph Wardlaw.* 1803.

MISSIONARY HYMN. 7s & 6s. D. *Lowell Mason.* 1824.


1. From Greenland's icy mountains, Where Afric's sunny fountains
From India's coral strand, Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river, From many a palmy plain, They call us to deliver Their land from error's chain.

541

2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile:
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown,
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Can we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Can we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation, O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learnt Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransomed nature,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

*Reginald Heber.* 1819.

542

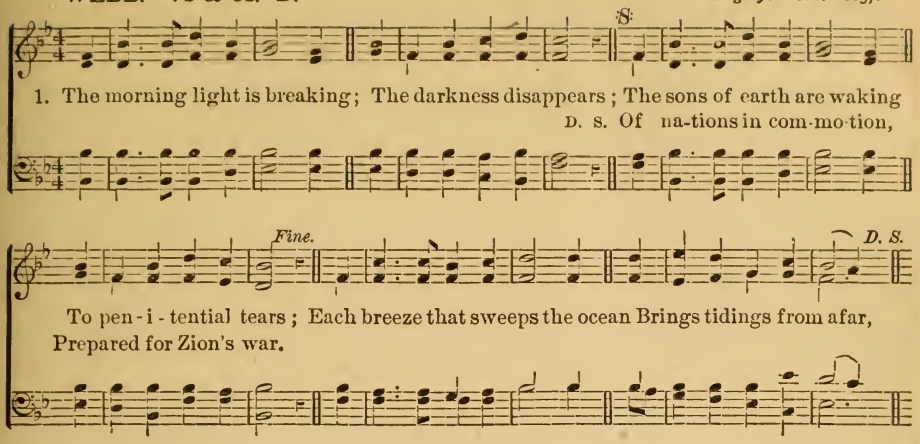
1 Now be the Gospel banner
In every land unfurled,
And be the shout, "Hosanna!"
Re-echoed through the world:
Till every isle and nation,
Till every tribe and tongue,
Receive the great salvation,
And join the happy throng.

2 What though th' embattled legions
Of earth and hell combine?
His power, throughout their regions,
Shall soon resplendent shine;
Ride on, O Lord, victorious,
Immanuel, Prince of peace;
Thy triumph shall be glorious,
Thine empire still increase.

3 Yes, thou shalt reign forever,
O Jesus, King of kings:
Thy light, thy love, thy favor,
Each ransomed captive sings:
The isles for Thee are waiting,
The deserts learn thy praise,
The hills and valleys greeting,
The song responsive raise.

*Thomas Hastings.* 1830

WEBB. 7s & 6s. D. *George J. Webb.* 1837.


1. The morning light is breaking; The darkness disappears; The sons of earth are waking
D. S. Of na-tions in com-mo-tion,
Fine.
D. S.
To pen-i-tential tears; Each breeze that sweeps the ocean Brings tidings from afar,
Prepared for Zion's war.

## 543

1 The morning light is breaking;
The darkness disappears;
The sons of earth are waking
To penitential tears;
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings from afar,
Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Zion's war.

2 See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners, now confessing,
The gospel call obey,
And seek the Saviour's blessing,—
A nation in a day.

3 Blest river of salvation!
Pursue thine onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay:
Stay not till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home;
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim—"The Lord is come!"

*Samuel F. Smith.* 1831.

## 544

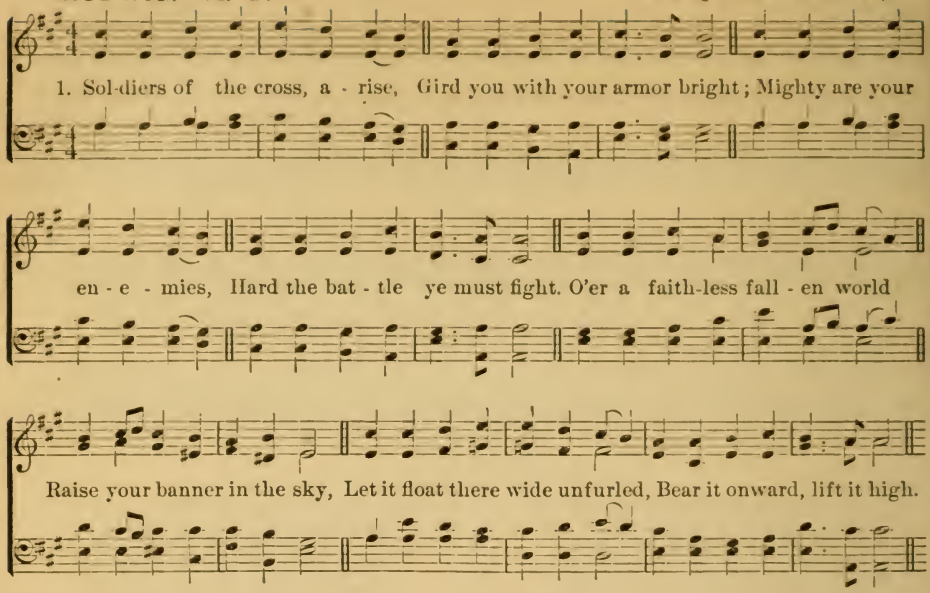
1 Awake, awake, O Zion,
Put on thy strength divine,
Thy garments bright in beauty,
The bridal dress be thine:
Jerusalem the holy,
To purity restored;
Meek Bride, all fair and lowly,
Go forth to meet thy Lord.

2 The Lamb who bore our sorrows
Comes down to earth again·
No Sufferer now, but Victor,
For evermore to reign;
To reign in every nation,
To rule in every zone:
O wide-world coronation,
In every heart a throne.

3 Awake, awake, O Zion,
The bridal day draws nigh,
The day of signs and wonders,
And marvels from on high:
Thy sun uprises slowly,
But keep thou watch and ward;
Fair Bride, all pure and lowly,
Go forth to meet thy Lord.

*Benjamin Gough.* 1865

LUDWIG. 7s. D. *Ludwig von Beethoven.* 1824.


1. Sol-diers of the cross, a - rise, Gird you with your armor bright; Mighty are your
en - e - mies, Hard the bat - tle ye must fight. O'er a faith-less fall - en world
Raise your banner in the sky, Let it float there wide unfurled, Bear it onward, lift it high.

## 545

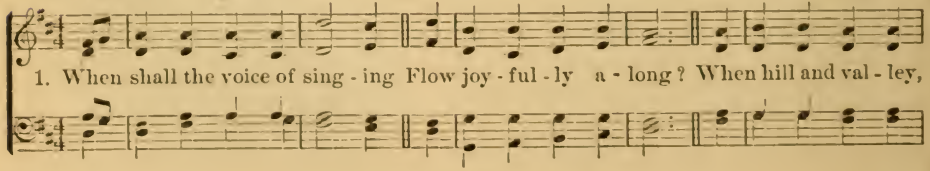
1 Soldiers of the cross, arise,
Gird you with your armor bright;
Mighty are your enemies,
Hard the battle ye must fight.
O'er a faithless fallen world
Raise your banner in the sky,
Let it float there wide unfurled,
Bear it onward, lift it high.

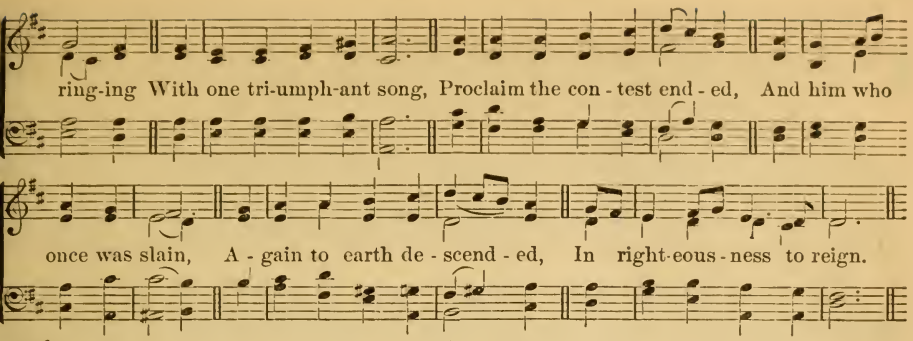
2 'Mid the homes of want and woe,
Strangers to the living Word,
Let the Saviour's herald go,
Let the voice of hope be heard.
Where the shadows deepest lie,
Carry truth's unsullied ray;
Where are crimes of blackest dye,
There the saving sign display.

3 To the weary and the worn
Tell of realms where sorrows cease;
To the outcast and forlorn
Speak of mercy and of peace.
Be the banner still unfurled,
Bear it bravely still abroad,
Till the kingdoms of the world
Are the kingdoms of the Lord.

*William Walsham How.* 1854.

OXFORD. 7s & 6s. *J. S. Sidebotham.*



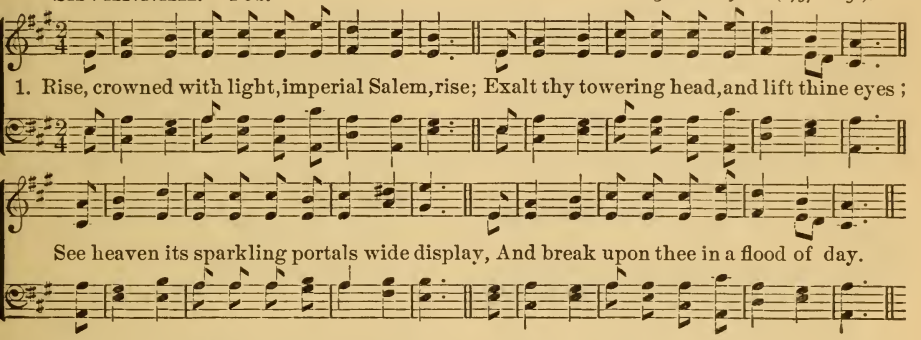

ring-ing With one tri-umph-ant song, Proclaim the con - test end - ed, And him who
once was slain, A - gain to earth de - scend - ed, In right-eous - ness to reign.

546

2 Then from the craggy mountains
The sacred shout shall fly;
And shady vales and fountains
Shall echo the reply:
High tower and lowly dwelling
Shall send the chorus round,
All hallelujah swelling
In one eternal sound.

*James Edmeston.* 1822.

SAVANNAH. 10s. *Ignace Pleyel.* (1757—1831).


1. Rise, crowned with light, imperial Salem, rise; Exalt thy towering head, and lift thine eyes;
See heaven its sparkling portals wide display, And break upon thee in a flood of day.

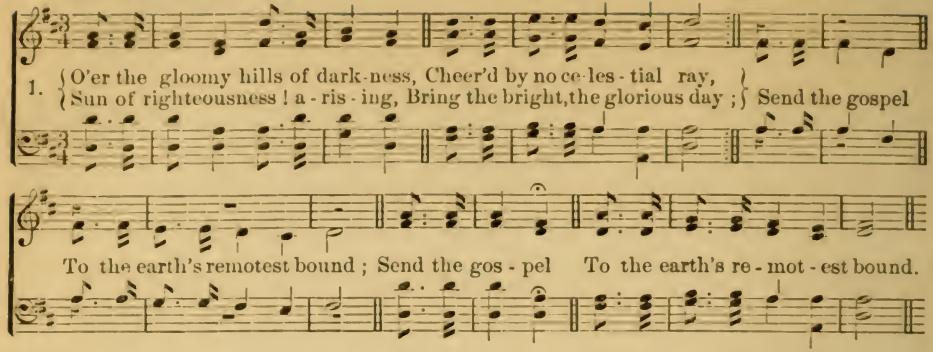
547

2 See a long race thy spacious courts adorn,
See future sons and daughters yet unborn
In crowding ranks on every side arise,
Demanding life, impatient for the skies.

3 See barbarous nations at thy gates attend,
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend;
See thy bright altars thronged with prostrate kings,
While every land its joyful tribute brings.

4 The seas shall waste, the skies to smoke decay,
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away;
But fixed his word, his saving power remains;
Thy realm shall last, thy own Messiah reigns. *Alexander Pope.* 1712.

ZION. 8s, 7s & 4s. *Thomas Hastings.* 1830.


1. O'er the gloomy hills of dark-ness, Cheer'd by no ce-les-tial ray,
Sun of righteousness! a-ris-ing, Bring the bright, the glorious day; Send the gospel
To the earth's remotest bound; Send the gos-pel To the earth's re-mot-est bound.

548

2 Kingdoms wide that sit in darkness,
Grant them, Lord, the glorious light;
And, from eastern coast to western,
May the morning chase the night;
And redemption,
Freely purchased, win the day.

3 Fly abroad, thou mighty gospel!
Win and conquer, never cease;
May thy lasting, wide dominions,
Multiply and still increase;
Sway thy sceptre,
Saviour, all the world around!

*W. Williams.* 1772.

549

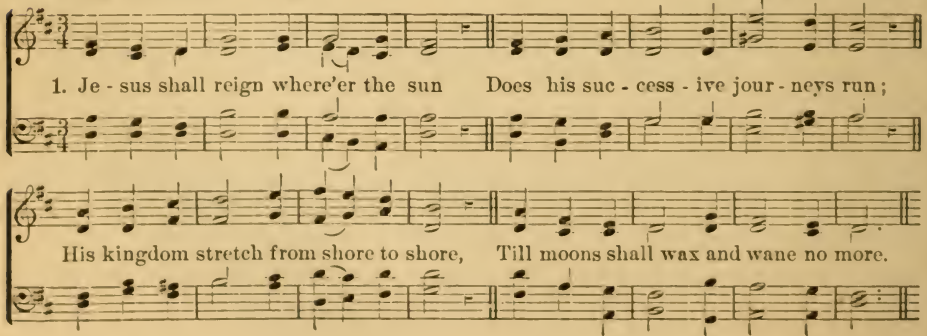
1 Men of God, go take your stations,
Darkness reigns throughout the earth;
Go, proclaim among the nations
Joyful news of heavenly birth:
Bear the tidings
Of the Saviour's matchless worth.

2 Of his gospel not ashaméd,
As the power of God to save,
Go where Christ was never naméd,
Publish freedom to the slave:
Blesséd freedom,
Freedom Zion's children have.

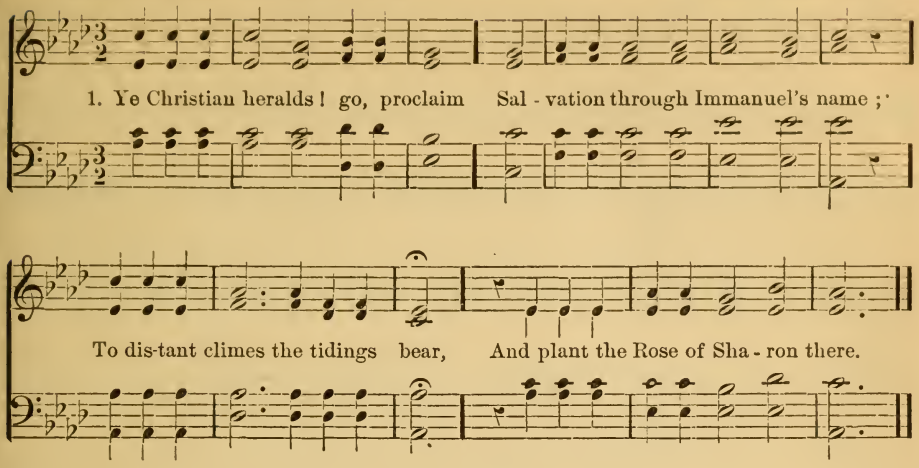
3 When exposed to fearful dangers,
Jesus will his own defend;
Borne afar 'mid foes and strangers,
Jesus will appear your Friend
And his presence
Shall be with you to the end.

*Thomas Kelly.* 1806.

GLADSTONE. L. M. *W. H. Gladstone.*


1. Je-sus shall reign where'er the sun Does his suc-cess-ive jour-neys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

MISSIONARY CHANT. L. M. *Charles Zeuner.* 1832.


1. Ye Christian heralds! go, proclaim Sal - vation through Immanuel's name;
To dis-tant climes the tidings bear, And plant the Rose of Sha - ron there.

## 550

1 Ye Christian heralds! go, proclaim
Salvation through Immanuel's name;
To distant climes the tidings bear,
And plant the Rose of Sharon there.

2 He'll shield you with a wall of fire,
With flaming zeal your breast inspire,
Bid raging winds their fury cease,
And hush the tempest into peace.

3 And when our labors all are o'er,
Then we shall meet to part no more,—
Meet with the blood-bought throng, to fall,
And crown our Jesus—Lord of all!

*Winchell's Coll.* 1817.

## 551

1 Soon may the last glad song arise
Through all the millions of the skies,
That song of triumph, which records,
That all the earth is now the Lord's.

2 Let thrones, and powers, and kingdoms be
Obedient, mighty God! to thee;
And, over land, and stream, and main,
Wave thou the sceptre of thy reign.

3 O that the anthem now might swell,
And host to host the triumph tell,
That not one rebel heart remains,
But over all the Saviour reigns.

*Anon.* 1829.

## 552 (GLADSTONE.)

2 For him shall endless prayer be made,
And endless praises crown his head;
His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
With every morning-sacrifice.

3 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on his love, with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.

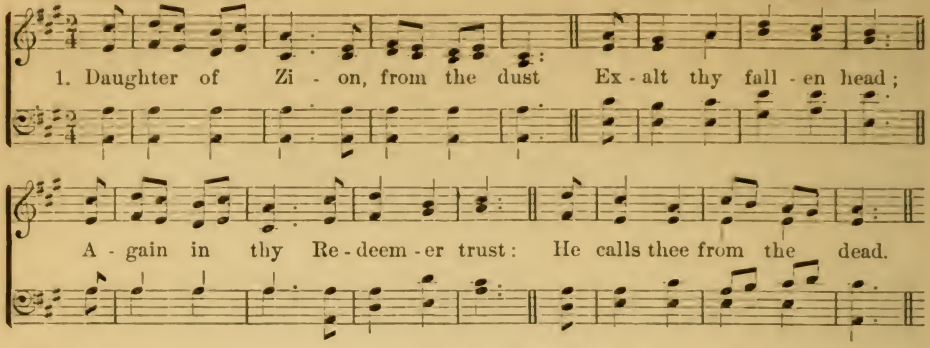
4 Blessings abound where'er he reigns;
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

5 Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honors to our king;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen!

*Isaac Watts.* 1719.

CLIFFORD. C. M.

*Henry W. Greatorex.* 1851.




553

2 Awake, awake, put on thy strength,
Thy beautiful array;
The day of freedom dawns at length,
The Lord's appointed day.

3 Rebuild thy walls, thy bounds enlarge,
And send thy heralds forth;
Say to the south—"Give up thy charge,
And keep not back, O north!"

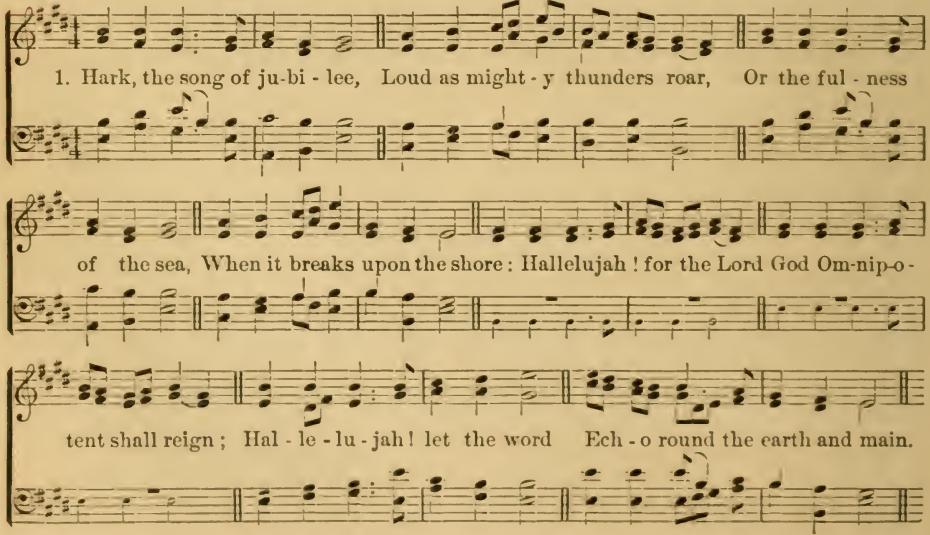
4 They come, they come;—thine exiled bands,
Where'er they rest or roam,
Have heard thy voice in distant lands,
And hasten to their home.

5 Thus, though the universe shall burn,
And God his works destroy,
With songs thy ransomed shall return,
And everlasting joy.

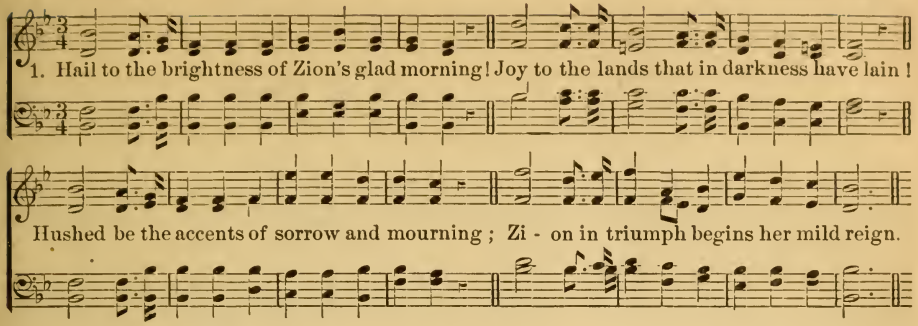
*James Montgomery.* 1825.

ONIDO. 7s. D.

*Pleyel. Adapted by Lowell Mason.* 1840.


1. Hark, the song of ju-bi - lee, Loud as might - y thunders roar, Or the ful - ness
of the sea, When it breaks upon the shore: Hallelujah! for the Lord God Om-nip-o -
tent shall reign; Hal - le - lu - jah! let the word Ech - o round the earth and main.

WESLEY. 11s & 10s. *Lowell Mason.* 1830.


1. Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning! Joy to the lands that in darkness have lain!
Hushed be the accents of sorrow and mourning; Zi - on in triumph begins her mild reign.

## 554

2 Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning,
Long by the prophets of Israel foretold;
Hail to the millions from bondage returning,
Gentiles and Jews the blest vision behold.

3 Lo, in the desert rich flowers are springing;
Streams ever copious are gliding along;
Loud from the mountain tops echoes are ringing;
Wastes rise in verdure, and mingle in song.

4 See, from all lands, from the isles of the ocean,
Praise to Jehovah ascending on high;
Fallen are the engines of war and commotion;
Shouts of salvation are rending the sky. *Thomas Hastings.* 1830.

## 555 (ONIDO.)

2 Hallelujah! hark, the sound,
From the centre to the skies,
Wakes above, beneath, around,
All creation's harmonies.
See Jehovah's banners furled,
Sheathed his sword: he speaks; 'tis done,
And the kingdoms of this world
Are the kingdoms of his Son.

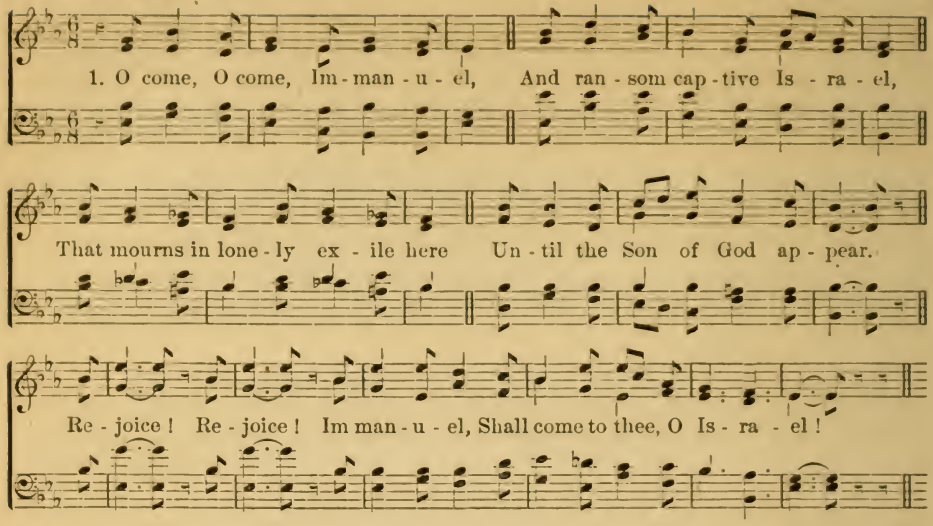
3 He shall reign from pole to pole
With illimitable sway;
He shall reign, when like a scroll
Yonder heavens have passed away:
Then the end; beneath his rod
Man's last enemy shall fall:
Hallelujah! Christ in God,
God in Christ, is All in all.
*James Montgomery.* 1819.

## 556

1 WAKE the song of jubilee,
Let it echo o'er the sea;
Now is come the promised hour;
Jesus reigns with glorious power.
All ye nations, join and sing,
Praise your Saviour, praise your King;
Let it sound from shore to shore,
"Jesus reigns for evermore!"

2 Hark! the desert lands rejoice,
And the islands join their voice;
Joy! the whole creation sings,
"Jesus is the King of kings!"
Praise the name of God most high,
Praise him, all below the sky,
Praise him, all ye heavenly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.
*Leonard Bacon.* 1823.

ADVENT. 8s. *Charles Gounod.*


1. O come, O come, Im - man - u - el, And ran - som cap - tive Is - ra - el,
That mourns in lone - ly ex - ile here Un - til the Son of God ap - pear.
Re - joice! Re - joice! Im man - u - el, Shall come to thee, O Is - ra - el!

## 557

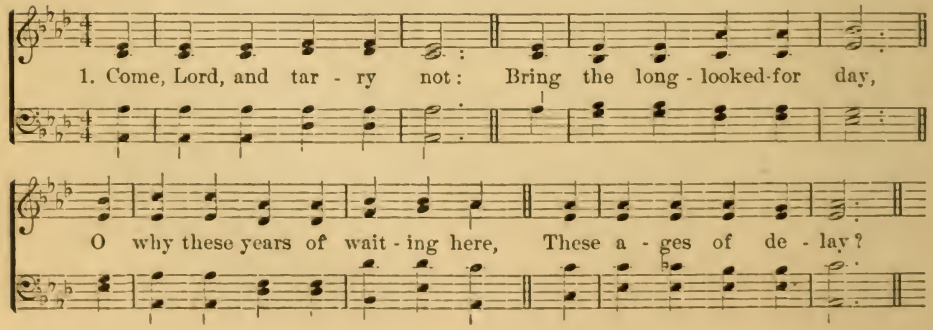
2 O come, thou Dayspring, come and cheer
Our spirits by thine advent here;
Disperse the gloomy clouds of night,
And death's dark shadows put to flight.
Rejoice! Rejoice! Immanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel!

3 O come, thou key of David, come,
And open wide our heavenly home;
Make safe the way that leads on high,
And close the path to misery.
Rejoice! Rejoice! Immanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel!

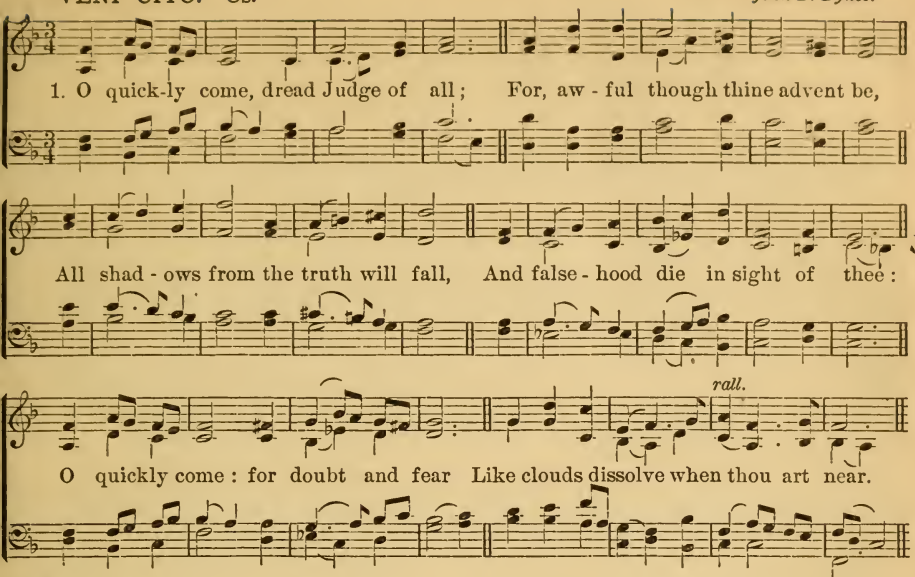
4 O come, O come, thou Lord of might,
Who once from Sinai's flaming height
In ancient times didst give the law,
In cloud, and majesty, and awe.
Rejoice! Rejoice! Immanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel!

*12th century. Tr. John M. Neale.*

GORTON. S. M. *Ludwig von Beethoven.* (1770—1827.)



VENI CITO. 8s. *John B. Dykes.*


1. O quick-ly come, dread Judge of all; For, aw - ful though thine advent be,
All shad - ows from the truth will fall, And false - hood die in sight of thee:
rall.
O quickly come: for doubt and fear Like clouds dissolve when thou art near.

## 558

2 O quickly come, great King of all;
Reign all around us, and within;
Let sin no more our souls enthrall,
Let pain and sorrow die with sin:
O quickly come: for thou alone
Canst make thy scattered people one.

3 O quickly come, true life of all;
For death is mighty all around:
On every home his shadows fall,
On every heart his mark is found;
O quickly come: for grief and pain
Can never cloud thy glorious reign.

4 O quickly come, sure light of all,
For gloomy night broods o'er our way:
And weakly souls begin to fall
With weary watching for the day;
O quickly come: for round thy throne
No eye is blind, no night is known.

*Lawrence Tuttiett.* 1868.

## 559 (GORTON.)

2 Come, for creation groans,
Impatient of thy stay,
Worn out with these long years of ill,
These ages of delay.

3 Come, for the corn is ripe,
Put in thy sickle now;
Reap the great harvest of the earth,
Sower and reaper, thou.

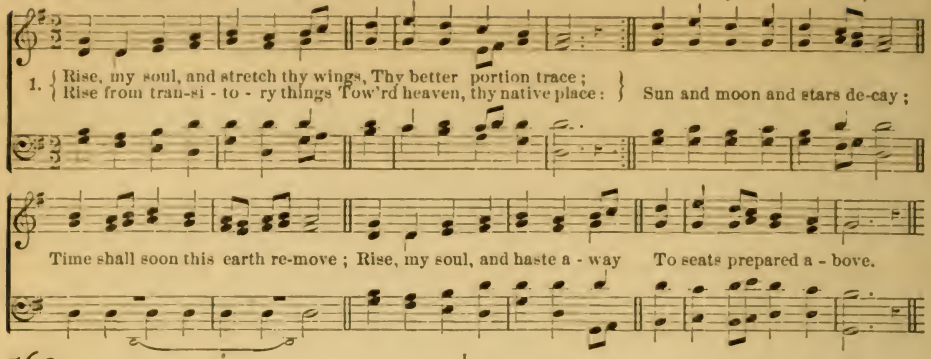
4 Come in thy glorious might,
Come with the iron rod,
Scattering thy foes before thy face,
Most mighty Son of God.

5 Come, and make all things new;
Build up this ruined earth;
Restore our faded Paradise,
Creation's second birth.

6 Come, and begin thy reign
Of everlasting peace;
Come, take the kingdom to thyself,
Great King of righteousness.

*Horatius Bonar.* 1857.

AMSTERDAM. 7s & 6s. D. *James Nares.* 1780.


1. Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings, Thy better portion trace;
Rise from tran-si - to - ry things Tow'rd heaven, thy native place:
Sun and moon and stars de-cay;
Time shall soon this earth re-move; Rise, my soul, and haste a - way To seats prepared a - bove.

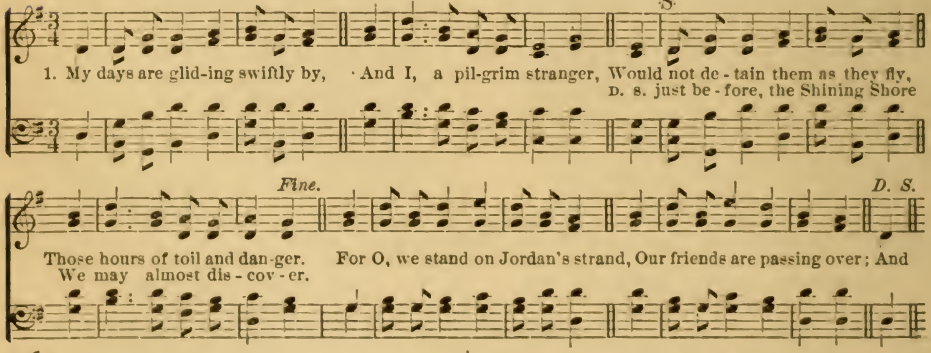
560

2 Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course;
Fire ascending seeks the sun;
Both speed them to their source:
So a soul that's born of God,
Pants to view his glorious face;
Upward tends to his abode,
To rest in his embrace.

3 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn,
Press onward to the prize;
Soon our Saviour will return
Triumphant in the skies:
Yet a season,—and you know
Happy entrance will be given,
All our sorrows left below,
And earth exchanged for heaven.

*Robert Seagrave.* 1748.

SHINING SHORE. P. M. *George F. Root.* 1859.


S.
1. My days are glid-ing swiftly by, And I, a pil-grim stranger, Would not de - tain them as they fly,
D. S. just be - fore, the Shining Shore
Fine.
D. S.
Those hours of toil and dan-ger. For O, we stand on Jordan's strand, Our friends are passing over; And
We may almost dis - cov - er.

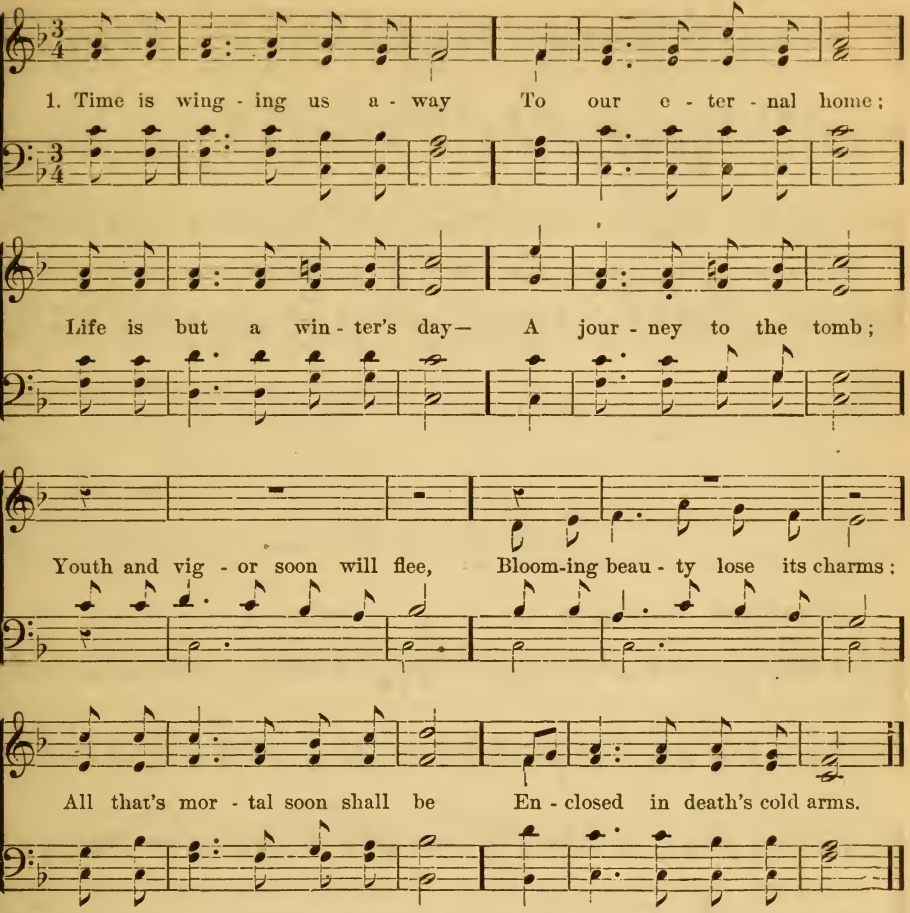
561

2 We'll gird our loins, my brethren dear,
Our heavenly home discerning;
Our absent Lord has left us word,
Let every lamp be burning.—Ref.

3 Should coming days be cold and dark,
We need not cease our singing;
That perfect rest naught can molest,
Where golden harps are ringing.—Ref.

4 Let sorrow's rudest tempest blow,
Each cord on earth to sever;
Our King says Come, and there's our home
For ever, O, for ever!—Ref.

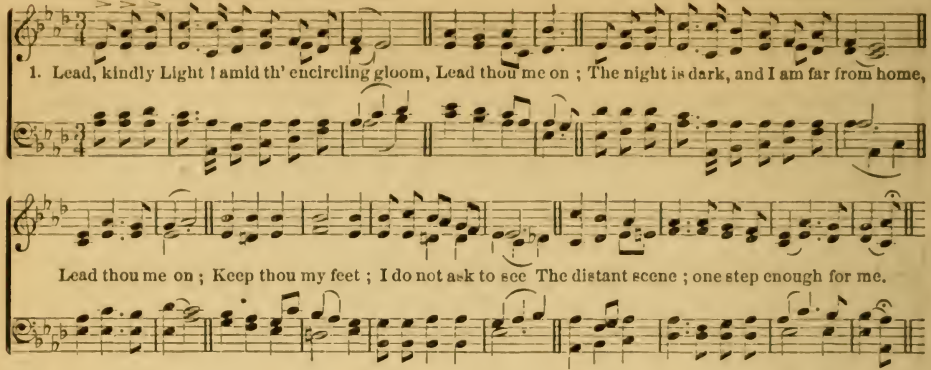
*David Nelson.* 1835.

PROSPECT 7s & 6s. D. *George F. Root.* 1872.

1. Time is wing - ing us a - way To our e - ter - nal home;
Life is but a win - ter's day— A jour - ney to the tomb;
Youth and vig - or soon will flee, Bloom-ing beau - ty lose its charms;
All that's mor - tal soon shall be En - closed in death's cold arms.

## 562

2 Time is winging us away
To our eternal home;
Life is but a winter's day—
A journey to the tomb;
But the Christian shall enjoy
Health and beauty, soon, above,
Far beyond the world's alloy,
Secure in Jesus' love. *J. Burton.* 1815.

LUX BENIGNA. 10s & 4s. *John B. Dykes.* 1861.

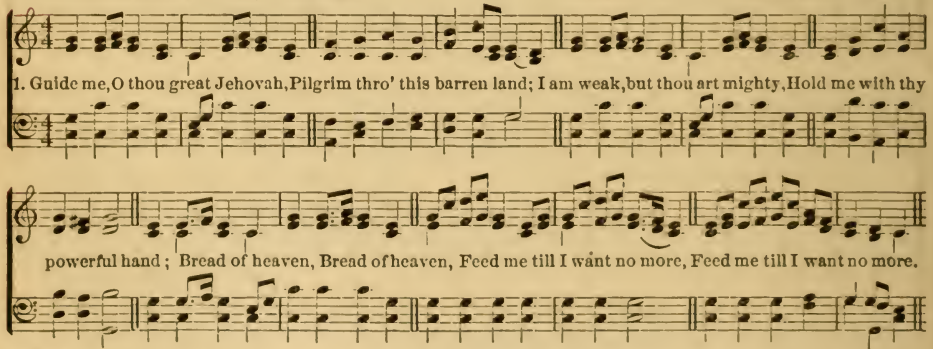

1. Lead, kindly Light ! amid th' encircling gloom, Lead thou me on ; The night is dark, and I am far from home,
Lead thou me on ; Keep thou my feet ; I do not ask to see The distant scene ; one step enough for me.

## 563

2 I was not ever thus, nor prayed that
Shouldst lead me on ; [thou
I loved to choose and see my path ; but
Lead thou me on : [now
I loved the garish day, and spite of
fears, [past years.
Pride ruled my will. Remember not

3 So long thy power has blest me, sure it
Will lead me on [still
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and tor-
The night is gone ; [rent, till
And with the morn those angel faces
smile [awhile !
Which I have loved long since, and lost

*John Henry Newman.* 1833

OLIPHANT. 8s, 7s & 4s. *Baillot. Arr. by Lowell Mason.* 1832.

1. Guide me, O thou great Jehovah, Pilgrim thro' this barren land; I am weak, but thou art mighty, Hold me with thy
powerful hand ; Bread of heaven, Bread of heaven, Feed me till I want no more, Feed me till I want no more.

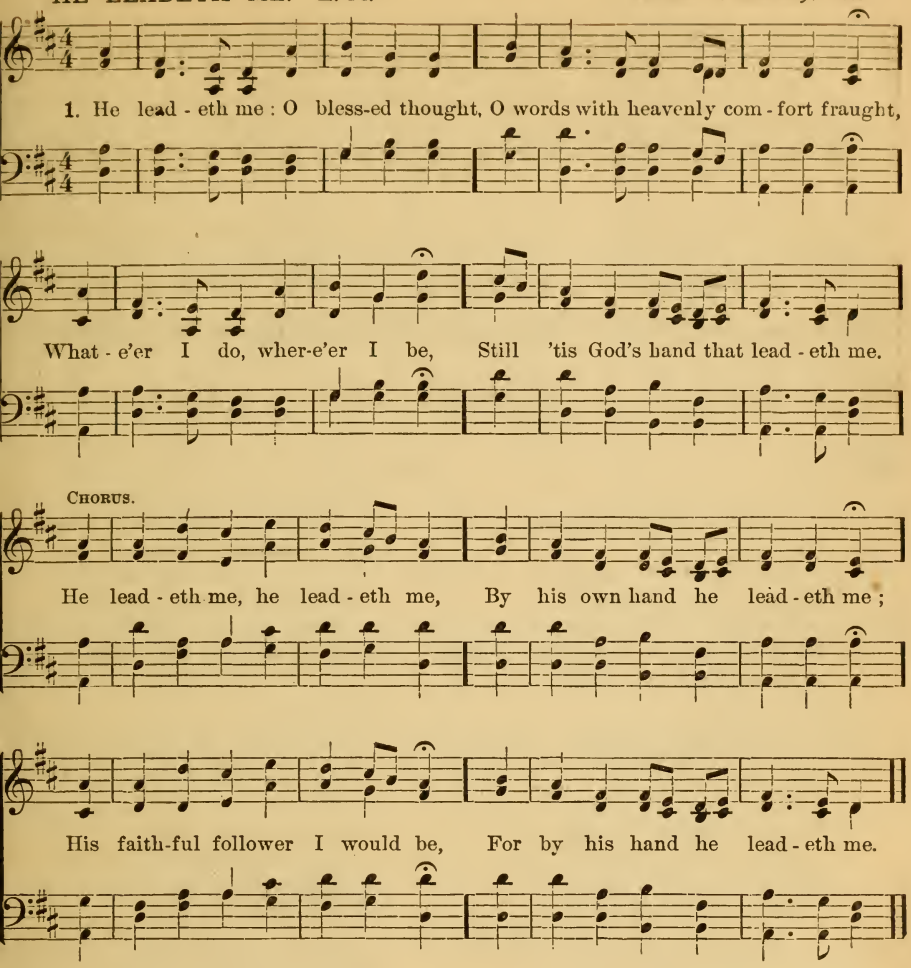
## 564

2 Open thou the crystal fountain
Whence the healing streams do flow ;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through ;
Strong Deliverer,
Be thou still my Strength and Shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside ;
Death of death ! and hell's destruction !
Land me safe on Canaan's side ;
Songs of praises
I will ever give to thee.

*William Williams.* 1774.

HE LEADETH ME. L. M. *William B. Bradbury.* 1860.


1. He lead - eth me : O bless-ed thought, O words with heavenly com - fort fraught,
What - e'er I do, wher-e'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that lead - eth me.
Chorus.
He lead - eth me, he lead - eth me, By his own hand he lead - eth me ;
His faith-ful follower I would be, For by his hand he lead - eth me.

565

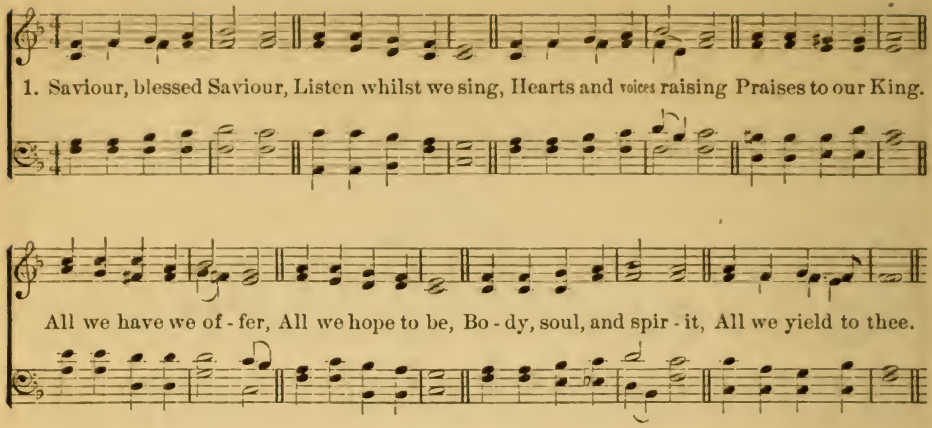
2 Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom,
Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,
By waters still, o'er troubled sea,
Still 'tis his hand that leadeth me. Cho.

3 Lord, I would clasp thy hand in mine,
Nor ever murmur nor repine ;
Content, whatever lot I see,
Since 'tis my God that leadeth me. Cho.

4 And when my task on earth is done,
When, by thy grace, the victory's won,
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee,
Since God thro' Jordan leadeth me. Cho.

*Joseph H. Gilmore.* 1859.

TAINTOR. 6s & 5s. *John B. Dykes.*


1. Saviour, blessed Saviour, Listen whilst we sing, Hearts and voices raising Praises to our King.
All we have we of - fer, All we hope to be, Bo - dy, soul, and spir - it, All we yield to thee.

## 566

2 Nearer, ever nearer,
Christ, we draw to thee,
Deep in adoration
Bending low the knee:
Thou for our redemption
Cam'st on earth to die;
Thou, that we might follow,
Hast gone up on high.

3 Great and ever greater
Are thy mercies here,
True and everlasting
Are the glories there,
Where no pain, or sorrow,
Toil, or care, is known,
Where the angel-legions
Circle round thy throne.

4 Dark and ever darker
Was the wintry past,
Now a ray of gladness
O'er our path is cast;
Every day that passeth,
Every hour that flies,
Tells of love unfeignéd,
Love that never dies.

*Godfrey Thring.* 1866.

## 567

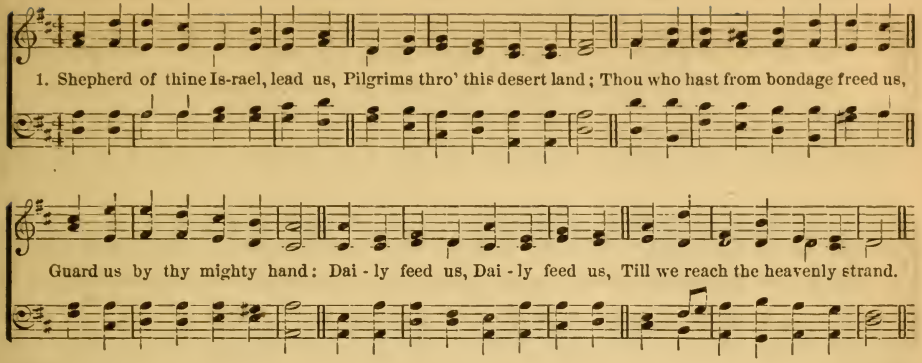
1 Clearer still and clearer
Dawns the light from heaven,
In our sadness bringing
News of sin forgiven.
Life has lost its shadows,
Pure the light within;
Thou hast shed thy radiance
On a world of sin.

2 Onward, ever onward,
Journeying o'er the road
Worn by saints before us,
Journeying on to God;
Leaving all behind us
May we hasten on,
Backward never looking
Till the prize is won.

3 Higher then and higher
Bear the ransomed soul,
Earthly toils forgotten,
Saviour, to its goal;
Where in joys unthought of
Saints with angels sing,
Never weary raising
Praises to their King.

*Godfrey Thring.* 1866.

WALTHAM. 8s, 7s & 4s. *H. J. Gauntlett.*


1. Shepherd of thine Is-rael, lead us, Pilgrims thro' this desert land; Thou who hast from bondage freed us,
Guard us by thy mighty hand: Dai - ly feed us, Dai - ly feed us, Till we reach the heavenly strand.

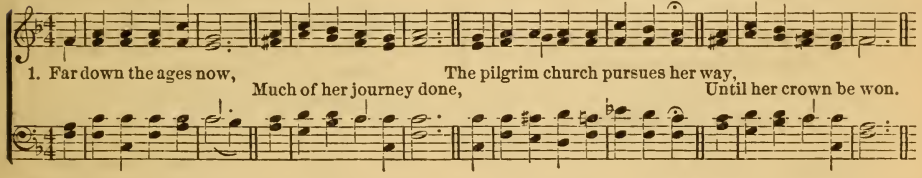
## 568

2 As thou didst in wondrous manner
Guide thy chosen flock aright,
Let thy presence be our banner,
Cloud by day, and fire by night:
Thy protection
Be our shield, thy word our light.

3 When we come to death's dark river,
Should we dread the swelling tide,
Death of death, life's source and giver,
Bid the narrow stream divide:
Joyful praises
We will sing on Canaan's side.

*Josiah Conder.* 1856.

RENOVATION. S. M. *Johann N. Hummel.* (1778—1837.)




## 569

2 The story of the past
Comes up before her view;
How well it seems to suit her still,
Old, and yet ever new.

3 'Tis the same story still
Of sin and weariness,
Of grace and love yet flowing down
To pardon and to bless.

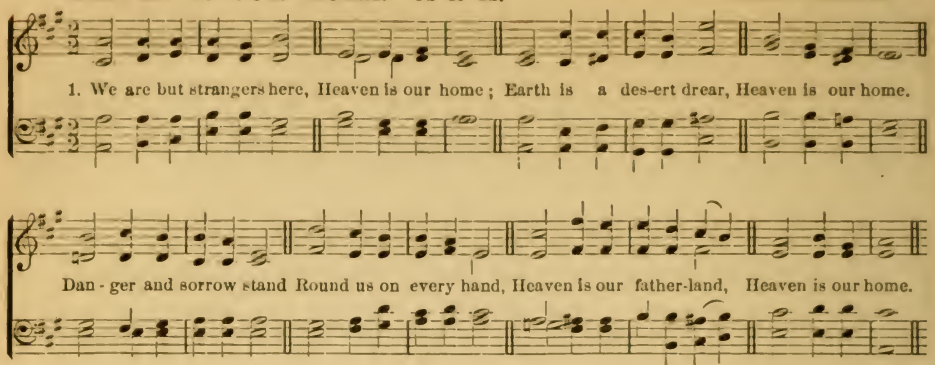
4 No wider is the gate,
No broader is the way,
No smoother is the ancient path,
That leads to light and day.

5 No slacker grows the fight,
No feebler is the foe,
Nor less the need of armor tried
Of shield and spear and bow.

6 Thus onward still we press
Through evil and through good,
Through pain and poverty and want,
Through peril and through blood.

7 Still faithful to our God,
And to our captain true,
We follow where he leads the way,
The kingdom in our view.

*Horatius Bonar.* 1857.

HEAVEN IS OUR HOME. 6s & 4s. *Arthur S. Sullivan.*

1. We are but strangers here, Heaven is our home; Earth is a des-ert drear, Heaven is our home.
Dan-ger and sorrow stand Round us on every hand, Heaven is our father-land, Heaven is our home.

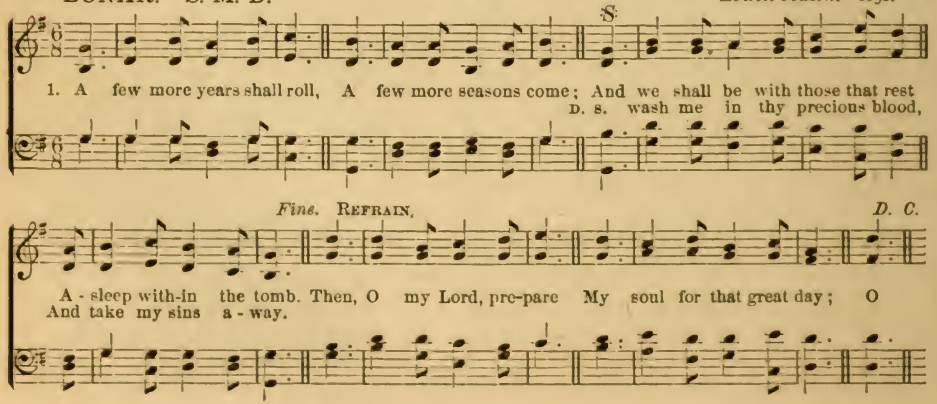
570

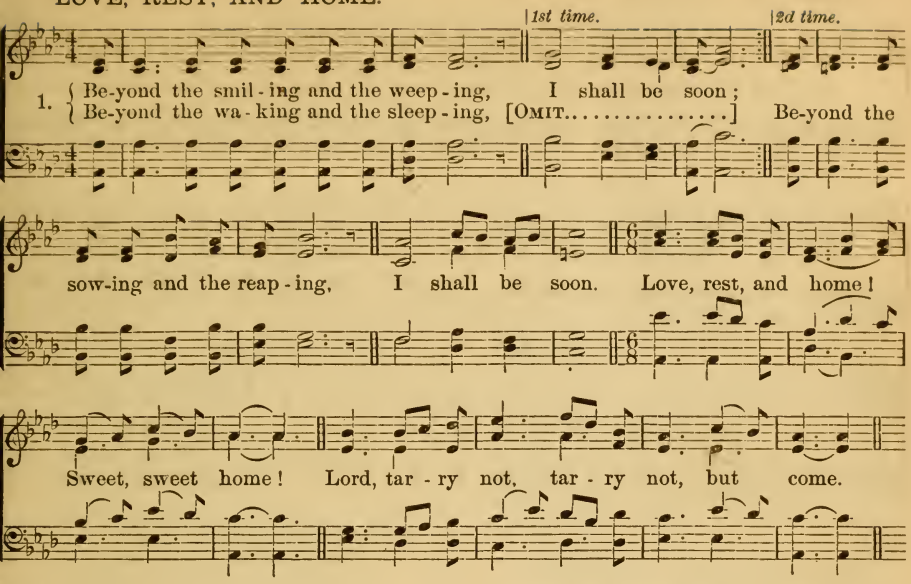
2 What though the tempests rage?
Heaven is our home;
Short is our pilgrimage,
Heaven is our home.
And Time's wild wintry blast
Soon shall be overpast,
We shall reach home at last;
Heaven is our home.

3 There at our Saviour's side,
Heaven is our home;
May we be glorified;
Heaven is our home:
There are the good and blest,
Those we love most and best,
Grant us with them to rest;
Heaven is our home.

4 Grant us to murmur not,
Heaven is our home.
Whate'er our earthly lot,
Heaven is our home.
Grant us at last to stand
There at thine own right hand,
Jesus, in fatherland:
Heaven is our home!

*T. R. Taylor.*

BONAR. S. M. D. *Lowell Mason.* 1858.

S.
1. A few more years shall roll, A few more seasons come; And we shall be with those that rest
D. S. wash me in thy precious blood,
Fine. REFRAIN. D. C.
A-sleep with-in the tomb. Then, O my Lord, pre-pare My soul for that great day; O
And take my sins a-way.

## LOVE, REST, AND HOME.

1st time.
2d time.
1. Be-yond the smil-ing and the weep-ing, I shall be soon;
Be-yond the wa-king and the sleep-ing, [OMIT.....] Be-yond the
sow-ing and the reap-ing, I shall be soon. Love, rest, and home!
Sweet, sweet home! Lord, tar-ry not, tar-ry not, but come.

571

2 Beyond the blooming and the fading,
I shall be soon;
Beyond the shining and the shading,
Beyond the hoping and the dreading,
I shall be soon;
Love, rest, and home! Sweet home!
Lord, tarry not, but come.

3 Beyond the rising and the setting,
I shall be soon;
Beyond the calming and the fretting,
Beyond remembering and forgetting
I shall be soon;
Love, rest, and home! Sweet home!
Lord, tarry not, but come.

4 Beyond the parting and the meeting,
I shall be soon;
Beyond the farewell and the greeting,
Beyond the pulse's fever beating,
I shall be soon;
Love, rest, and home! Sweet home!
Lord, tarry not, but come.

*Horatius Bonar.*

572

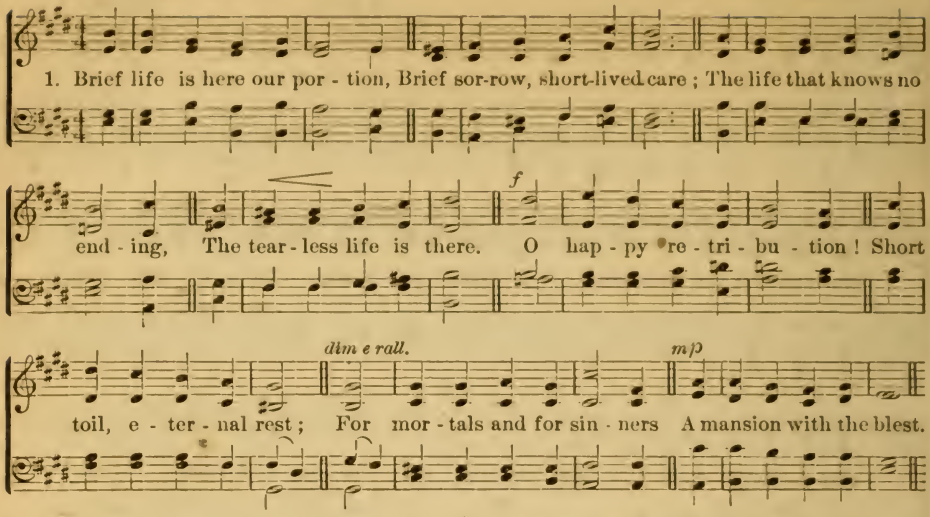
1 A FEW more years shall roll,
A few more seasons come;
And we shall be with those that rest,
Asleep within the tomb.—REF.

2 A few more storms shall beat
On this wild, rocky shore;
And we shall be where tempests cease,
And surges swell no more.—REF.

3 A few more struggles here,
A few more partings o'er,
A few more toils, a few more tears,
And we shall weep no more.—REF.

4 'Tis but a little while
And he shall come again,
Who died that we might live, who lives
That we with him may reign.—REF.

*Horatius Bonar.* 1857, *ab.*

ANSELM. 7s & 6s. *Joseph Barnby.*

1. Brief life is here our por - tion, Brief sor-row, short-lived care ; The life that knows no
end - ing, The tear - less life is there. O hap - py re - tri - bu - tion ! Short
dim e rall.
mp
toil, e - ter - nal rest ; For mor - tals and for sin - ners A mansion with the blest.

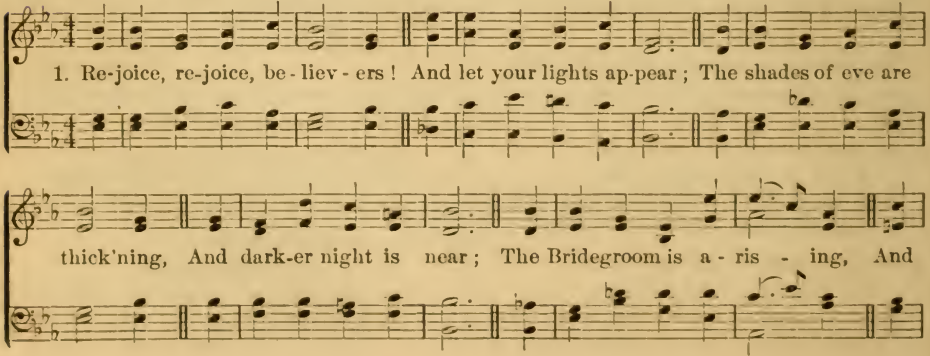
## 573

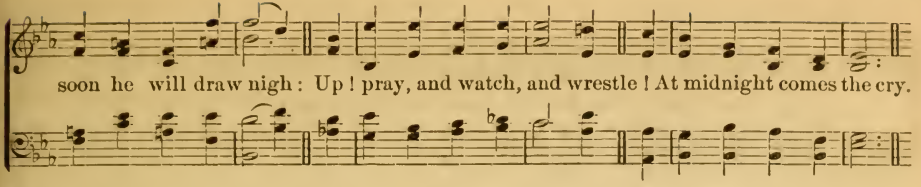
2 And now we fight the battle,
But then shall wear the crown
Of full and everlasting
And passionless renown.
But he whom now we trust in,
Shall then be seen and known ;
And they that know and see him
Shall have him for their own.

3 The morning shall awaken,
The shadows shall decay,
And each true-hearted servant
Shall shine as doth the day.
There God, our king and portion,
In fulness of his grace,
Shall we behold forever,
And worship face to face.

*Bernard of Cluny.* 1145, *ab.*
*Tr., John M. Neale.* 1851.

EXULTATION. 7s & 6s. *Henry Smart.*


1. Re-joice, re-joice, be - liev - ers ! And let your lights ap-pear ; The shades of eve are
thick'ning, And dark-er night is near ; The Bridegroom is a - ris - ing, And




## 574

2 See that your lamps are burning,
Replenish them with oil;
Look now for your salvation,
The end of sin and toil.
The watchers on the mountains
Proclaim the Bridegroom near;
Go, meet him, as he cometh,
With hallelujahs clear.

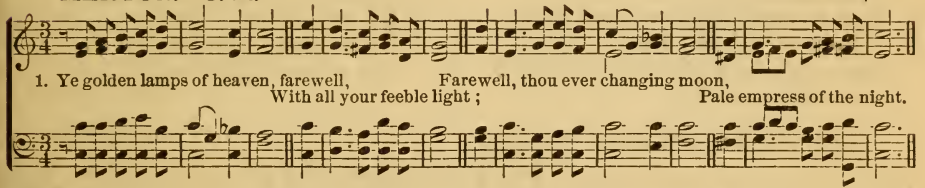
3 O wise and holy virgins,
Now raise your voices higher,
Till, in your jubilations,
Ye meet the angel-choir.
The marriage-feast is waiting,
The gates wide open stand;
Up, up, ye heirs of glory!
The Bridegroom is at hand.

4 The saints, who here in patience
Their cross and sufferings bore,
With him shall reign forever,
When sorrow is no more:
Around the throne of glory
The Lamb shall they behold,
Adoring cast before him
Their diadems of gold.

5 Our hope and expectation,
O Jesus, now appear!
Arise, thou Sun so looked-for,
O'er this benighted sphere!
With hearts and hands uplifted,
We plead, O Lord, to see
The day of our redemption,
And ever be with thee.

*Laurentius-Laurenti.* 1700.
*Tr., Miss Jane Borthwick.* 1853.

MERTON. C. M. *H. K. Oliver.* 1842.


1. Ye golden lamps of heaven, farewell, With all your feeble light;
Farewell, thou ever changing moon, Pale empress of the night.

## 575

2 And thou, refulgent orb of day,
In brighter flames arrayed;
My soul, that springs beyond thy sphere,
No more demands thine aid.

3 Ye stars are but the shining dust
Of my divine abode,
The pavement of those heavenly courts
Where I shall reign with God.

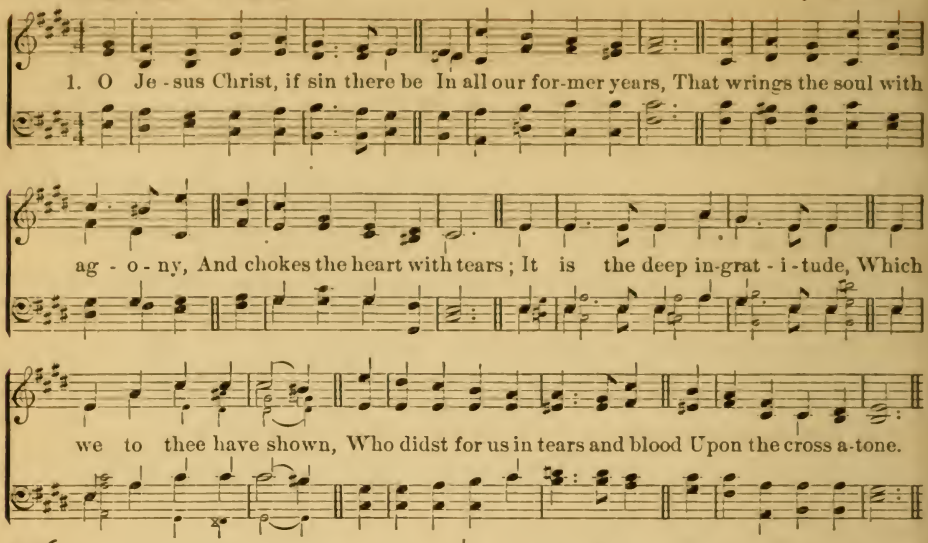
4 The Father of eternal light
Shall there his beams display,
Nor shall one moment's darkness mix
With that unvaried day.

5 No more the drops of piercing grief
Shall swell into mine eyes;
Nor the meridian sun decline
Amid those brighter skies.

6 There all the millions of his saints
Shall in one song unite,
And each the bliss of all shall view
With infinite delight.

*Philip Doddridge.* 1755.

STAINER. C. M. D. *J. Stainer.*


1. O Je - sus Christ, if sin there be In all our for-mer years, That wrings the soul with
ag - o - ny, And chokes the heart with tears; It is the deep in-grat - i - tude, Which
we to thee have shown, Who didst for us in tears and blood Upon the cross a-tone.

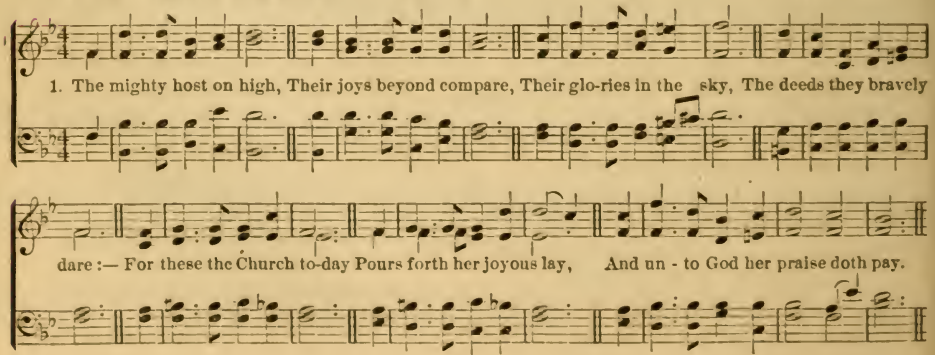
## 576

2 Alas, how with our actions all
Has this defect entwined;
And poisoned with its bitter gall,
The spirit, heart, and mind!
Alas, through this, how many gems
Have we not cast away,
That might have formed our diadems
In everlasting day!

3 Yet though the time be past and gone;
Though little more remains;
Though nought is all that can be done,
E'en with our utmost pains;
Still, Jesus, in thy grace we try
To do what in us lies;
For never did thy loving eye
The contrite heart despise.

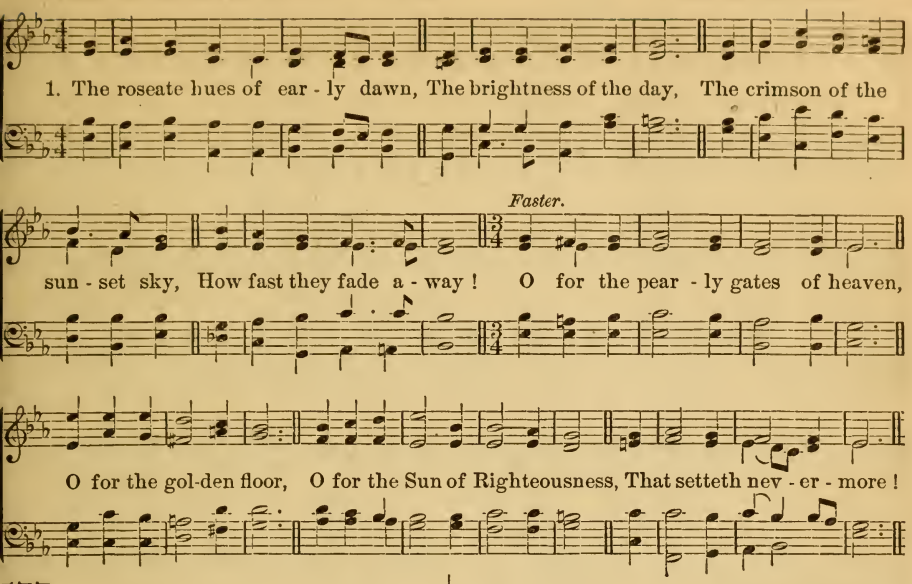
*Edward Caswall.*

CELESTIAL PRAISE. 6s & 8s. *Berthold Tours.*


1. The mighty host on high, Their joys beyond compare, Their glo-ries in the sky, The deeds they bravely
dare:— For these the Church to-day Pours forth her joyous lay, And un - to God her praise doth pay.

## THE ROSEATE HUES. C. M. D.

*Frederick A. J. Hervey.*


1. The roseate hues of ear - ly dawn, The brightness of the day, The crimson of the
Faster.
sun - set sky, How fast they fade a - way! O for the pear - ly gates of heaven,
O for the gol-den floor, O for the Sun of Righteousness, That setteth nev - er - more!

577

2 The highest hopes we cherish here,
How soon they tire and faint;
How many a spot defiles the robe
That wraps an earthly saint!
O for a heart that never sins,
O for a soul washed white,
O for a voice to praise our king,
Nor weary day or night!

3 Here faith is ours, and heavenly hope,
And grace to lead us higher;
But there are perfectness and peace,
Beyond our best desire.
O by thy love and anguish, Lord,
And by thy life laid down,
Grant that we fall not from thy grace,
Nor fail to reach our crown!

*Mrs. Cecil F. Alexander.* 1853.

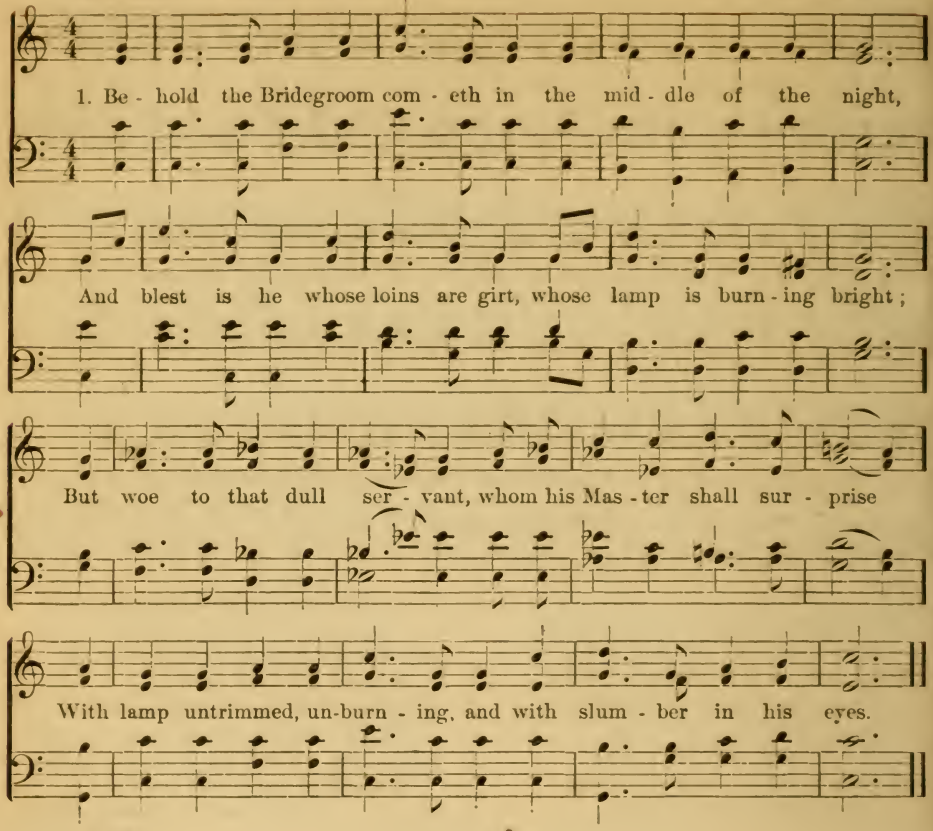
578

1 The mighty host on high,
Their joys beyond compare,
Their glories in the sky,
The deeds they bravely dare:
For these the church to-day
Pours forth her joyous lay,
And unto God her praise doth pay.

2 What tongue can here declare,
Or fancy here descry,
The joys thou dost prepare
For these thine hosts on high!
They strike the echoing strings,
And heaven with music rings,
As thus they praise the King of kings.

3 To thee, O Lord most High,
Most humbly do we pray,
Save us from misery,
And purge our guilt away;
That, after perils sore,
Thy name we may adore
With holy angels evermore.

*Tr., John Mason Neale.* 1851.

MIDNIGHT CALL. 14s. *G. A. Macfarren.*

1. Be - hold the Bridegroom com - eth in the mid - dle of the night,
And blest is he whose loins are girt, whose lamp is burn - ing bright;
But woe to that dull ser - vant, whom his Mas - ter shall sur - prise
With lamp untrimmed, un-burn - ing, and with slum - ber in his eyes.

579

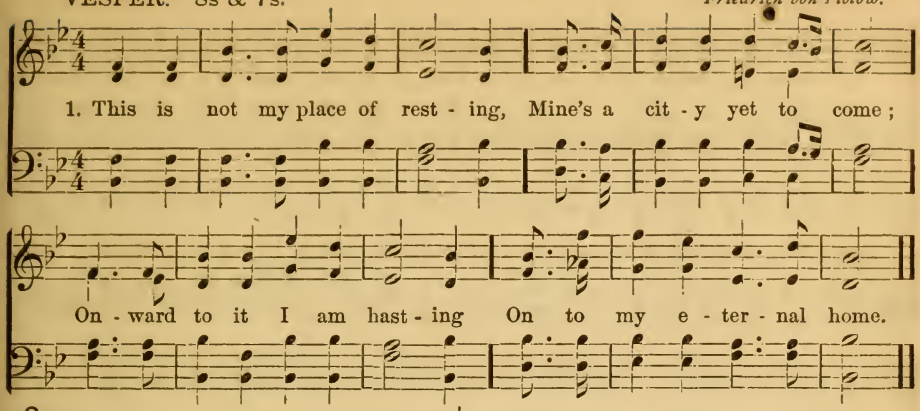
2 Do thou, my soul, beware, beware lest thou in sleep sink down,
Lest thou be given o'er to death, and lose the golden crown;
But see that thou be sober, with watchful eye, and thus
Cry, "Holy, holy, holy God, have mercy upon us."

3 That day, the day of fear, shall come; my soul slack not thy toil,
But light thy lamp, and feed it well, and make it bright with oil;
Who knowest not how soon may sound the cry at eventide,
"Behold the Bridegroom comes. Arise! go forth to meet the Bride."

4 Beware, my soul, take thou good heed, lest thou in slumber lie,
And, like the five, remain without, and knock, and vainly cry;
But watch, and bear thy lamp undimmed, and Christ shall gird thee on
His own bright wedding-robe of light, the glory of the Son.

*Gerard Moultrie.* 1867.

VESPER. 8s & 7s. *Friedrich von Flotow.*




## 580

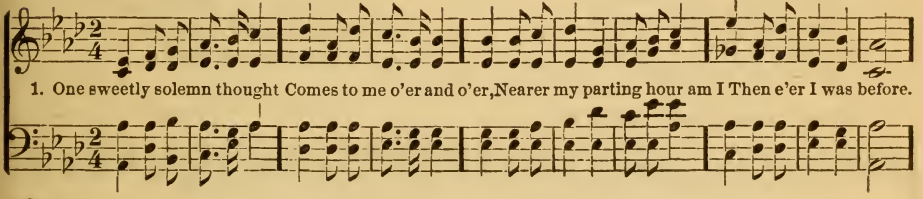
2 In it all is light and glory;
O'er it shines a nightless day:
Every trace of sin's sad story,
All the curse, hath passed away.

3 There the Lamb, our Shepherd, leads us
By the streams of life along,—
On the freshest pastures feeds us,
Turns our sighing into song.

4 Soon we pass this desert dreary,
Soon we bid farewell to pain;
Never more are sad or weary,
Never, never sin again!

*Horatius Bonar.* 1845.

DAWN. S. M. *Edwin P. Parker.* 1871.




## 581

2 Nearer my Father's house,
Where many mansions be;
Nearer to-day the great white throne,
Nearer the crystal sea.

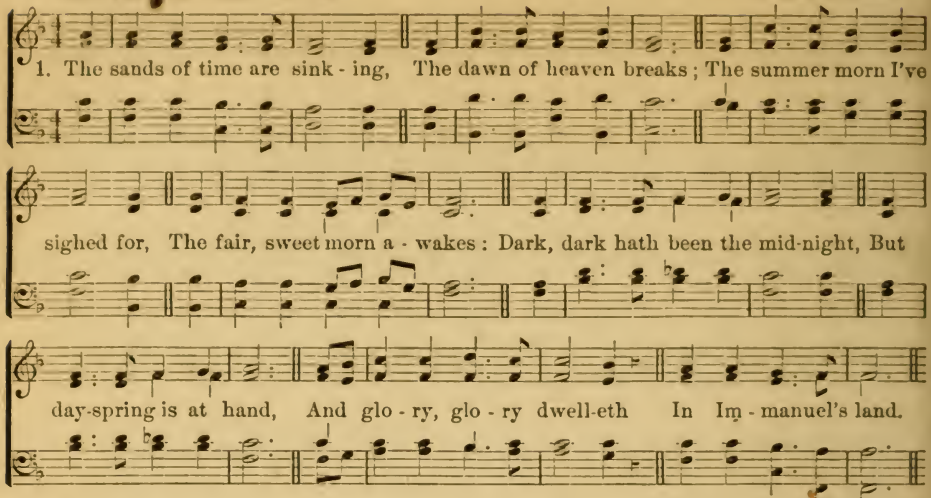
3 Nearer the bound of life,
Where burdens are laid down;
Nearer to leave the heavy cross;
Nearer to gain the crown.

4 But, lying dark between,
Winding down through the night,
There rolls the deep and unknown stream
That leads at last to light.

5 Ev'n now, perchance, my feet
Are slipping on the brink,
And I, to-day, am nearer home,—
Nearer than now I think.

6 Father, increase my trust!
Strengthen my power of faith!
Nor let me stand, at last, alone
Upon the shore of death.

*Phœbe Cary.* 1852.

RUTHERFORD. P. M. *Charles d'Urhan.*

1. The sands of time are sink - ing, The dawn of heaven breaks; The summer morn I've
sighed for, The fair, sweet morn a - wakes: Dark, dark hath been the mid-night, But
day-spring is at hand, And glo - ry, glo - ry dwell-eth In Im - manuel's land.

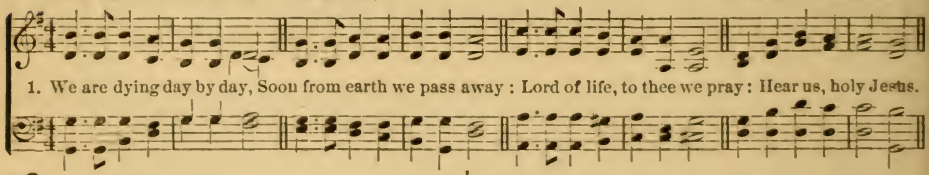
582

2 O Christ, he is the fountain,
The deep, sweet well of love;
The streams of earth I've tasted,
More deep I'll drink above.
There to an ocean fulness
His mercy doth expand,
And glory, glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

3 The bride eyes not her garment,
But her dear bridegroom's face;
I will not gaze at glory,
But on my King of grace:
Not at the crown he giveth,
But on his piercéd hand;
The Lamb is all the glory
Of Immanuel's land.

*A. R. Cousin.*

SUPPLICATION. 7s & 6s. *Arthur S. Sullivan.*




583

2 Ere we hear the angel's call,
And the shadows round us fall,
Be our Saviour, be our all:
Hear us, holy Jesus.

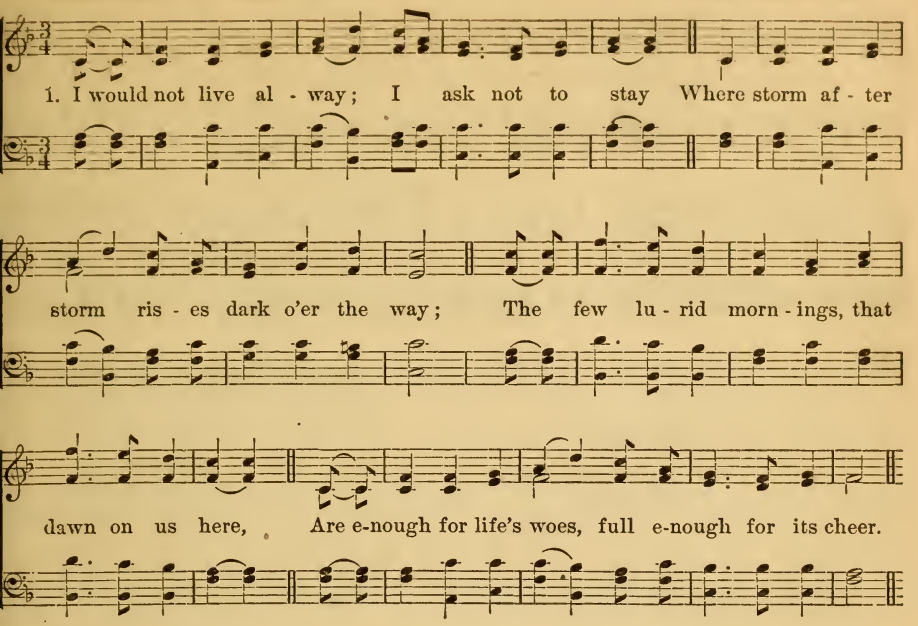
3 Wean our thoughts from things below,
Make us all thy love to know:
Guard us from our ghostly foe;
Hear us, holy Jesus.

4 Shelter us with angel's wing,
To our souls thy pardon bring;
So shall death have lost its sting:
Hear us, holy Jesus.

5 In the gloom thy light provide,
Safely through the valley guide;
Thee we trust, for thou hast died!
Hear us, holy Jesus.

*Thomas Benson Pollock.* 1870.

FREDERICK. 11s. *George Kingsley.* 1838.


1. I would not live al - way; I ask not to stay Where storm af - ter
storm ris - es dark o'er the way; The few lu - rid morn - ings, that
dawn on us here, Are e-nough for life's woes, full e-nough for its cheer.

## 584

2 I would not live alway, thus fettered by sin,
Temptation without and corruption within;
E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled with fears,
And the cup of thanksgiving with penitent tears.

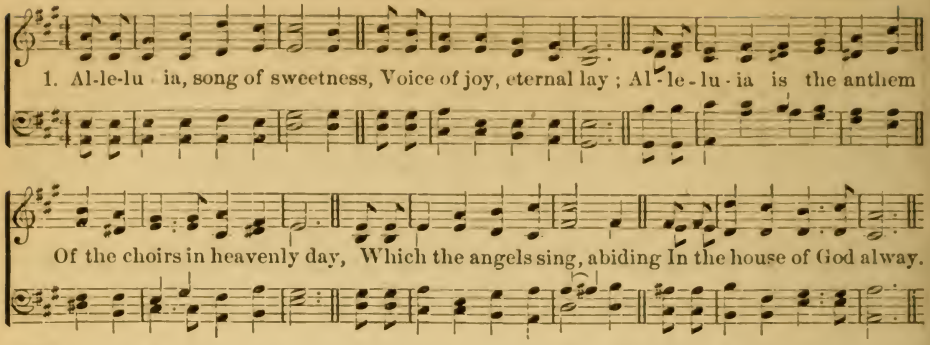
3 I would not live alway; no, welcome the tomb;
Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its gloom;
There sweet be my rest, till he bid me arise,
To hail him in triumph descending the skies.

4 Who, who would live alway, away from his God;
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns?

5 Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet;
While the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul.

*William Augustus Muhlenburg.* 1823.

ALLELUIA, SONG OF SWEETNESS. 8s & 7s. 6 l. *E. J. Hopkins.*


1. Al-le-lu ia, song of sweetness, Voice of joy, eternal lay ; Al-le-lu-ia is the anthem
Of the choirs in heavenly day, Which the angels sing, abiding In the house of God alway.

## 585

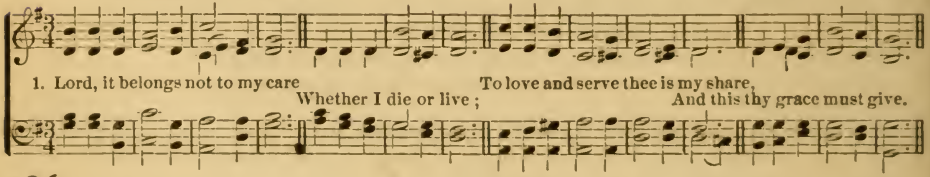
2 Alleluia thou resoundest,
Salem, mother of the blest;
Allelnias without ending
Fit you place of gladsome rest;
Exiles we by Babel's waters
Sit in bondage, sore distressed.

3 Alleluia we deserve not
Here to chant for evermore;
Allelnia our transgressions
Make us for awhile give o'er;
And within a voice is sounding,
Bidding us our sins deplore.

4 O thou King of endless glory,
Hear thy people as they cry;
Grant us all our heart's deep longing
In our home beyond the sky;
There to thee our Allelnia
Singing everlastingly.

*Tr., John Mason Neale.* 1851.

ST. AGNES. C. M. *John B. Dykes.* 1868.




## 586

2 If life be long, I will be glad
That I may long obey;
If short, yet why should I be sad
To soar to endless day?

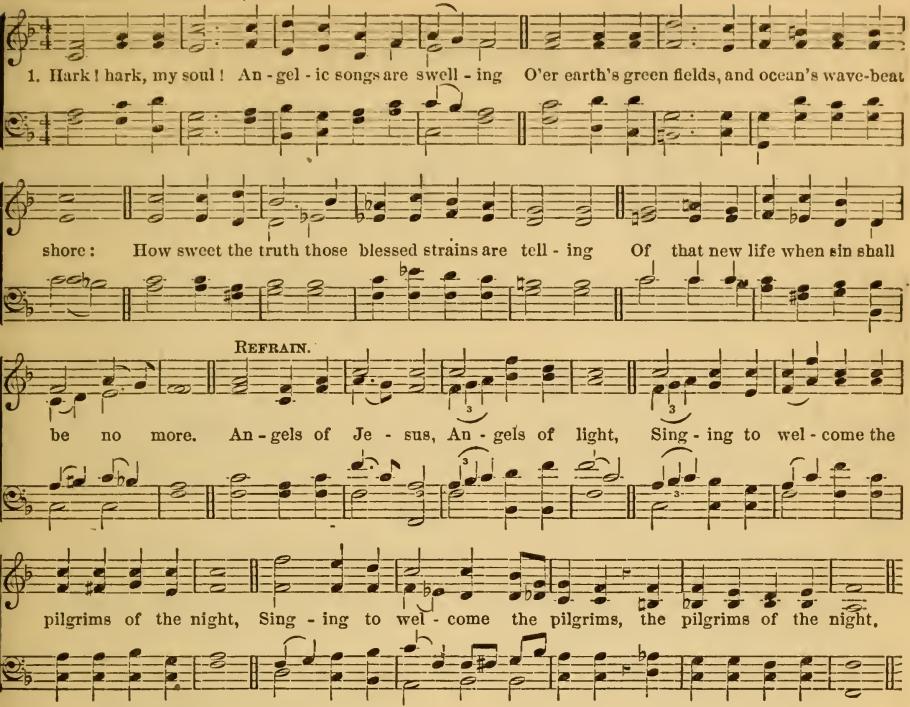
3 Christ leads me through no darker rooms
Than he went through before;
He that unto God's kingdom comes
Must enter by this door.

4 Come, Lord, when grace hath made me meet
Thy blessèd face to see;
For, if thy work on earth be sweet,
What will thy glory be?

5 Then I shall end my sad complaints,
And weary sinful days,
And join with the triumphant saints
That sing Jehovah's praise.

6 My knowledge of that life is small;
The eye of faith is dim;
But 'tis enough that Christ knows all,
And I shall be with him.

*Richard Baxter.* 1681

HARK! HARK, MY SOUL. *John B. Dykes.*

1. Hark! hark, my soul! An - gel - ic songs are swell - ing O'er earth's green fields, and ocean's wave-beat
shore: How sweet the truth those blessed strains are tell - ing Of that new life when sin shall
REFRAIN.
be no more. An - gels of Je - sus, An - gels of light, Sing - ing to wel - come the
pilgrims of the night, Sing - ing to wel - come the pilgrims, the pilgrims of the night.

587

2 Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,
"Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come!"
And through the dark its echoes sweetly ringing,
The music of the Gospel leads us home.—REF.

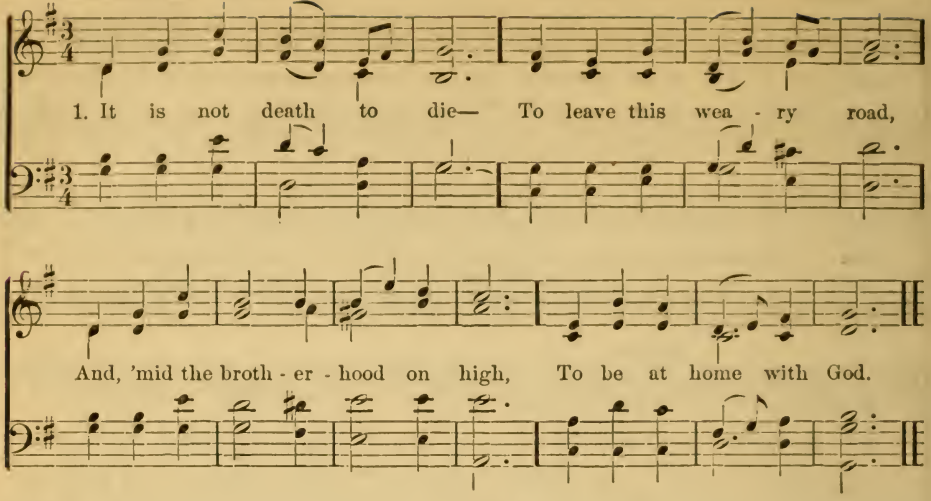
3 Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea,
And laden souls by thousands meekly stealing,
Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to thee.—REF.

4 Rest comes at length, though life be long and dreary,
The day must dawn, and darksome night be past;
Faith's journey ends in welcome to the weary,
And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last.—REF.

5 Angels, sing on! your faithful watches keeping,
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above;
Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,
And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.—REF.

*Frederic W. Faber.* 1849.

MENDOTA. S. M.




## 588

1 It is not death to die—
To leave this weary road,
And, 'mid the brotherhood on high,
To be at home with God.

2 It is not death to close
The eye long dimmed by tears,
And wake, in glorious repose
To spend eternal years.

3 It is not death to bear
The wrench that sets us free
From dungeon chain,—to breathe the air
Of boundless liberty.

4 It is not death to fling
Aside this sinful dust,
And rise, on strong exulting wing,
To live among the just.

5 Jesus, thou Prince of life!
Thy chosen cannot die;
Like thee, they conquer in the strife,
To reign with thee on high.

*Cæsar H. A. Malan.* 1841.
*Tr., George W. Bethune.* 1847.

## 589

1 Rest for the toiling hand,
Rest for the anxious brow,
Rest for the weary, wayworn feet,
Rest from all labor now;—

2 Rest for the fevered brain,
Rest for the throbbing eye;
Thro' these parched lips of thine no more
Shall pass the moan or sigh.

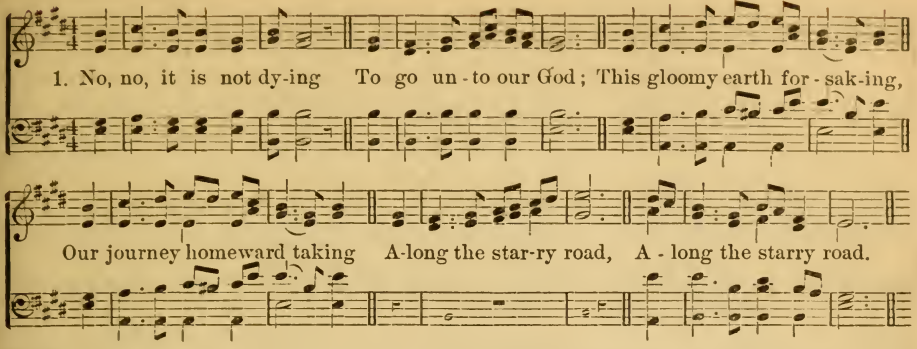
3 Soon shall the trump of God
Give out the welcome sound,
That shakes thy silent chamber-walls,
And breaks the sealéd ground.

4 Ye dwellers in the dust,
Awake! come forth and sing;
Sharp has your frost of winter been,
But bright shall be your spring.

5 'Twas sown in weakness here:
'Twill then be raised in power;
That which was sown an earthly seed,
Shall rise a heavenly flower!

*Horatius Bonar.* 1857.

VITTORIA. 7s, 6s & 7s.


1. No, no, it is not dy-ing To go un - to our God; This gloomy earth for - sak-ing,
Our journey homeward taking A-long the star-ry road, A - long the starry road.

590

2 No, no, it is not dying
Heaven's citizen to be;
A crown immortal wearing,
And rest unbroken sharing,
From care and conflict free.

3 No, no, it is not dying
To hear this gracious word,
"Receive a Father's blessing,
Forevermore possessing
The favor of thy Lord."

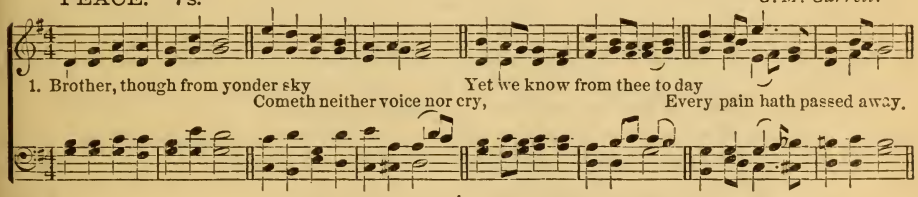
4 No, no, it is not dying
The Shepherd's voice to know;
His sheep he ever leadeth,
His peaceful flock he feedeth,
Where living pastures grow.

5 No, no, it is not dying
To wear a lordly crown;
Among God's people dwelling,
The glorious triumph swelling
Of him whose sway we own.

6 O no, this is not dying,
Thou Saviour of mankind!
There, streams of love are flowing,
No hindrance ever knowing;
Here, drops alone we find.

*Cæsar H. A. Malan.* 1841.
*Tr., Robinson P. Dunn.* 1852.

PEACE. 7s. *G. M. Garrett.*




591

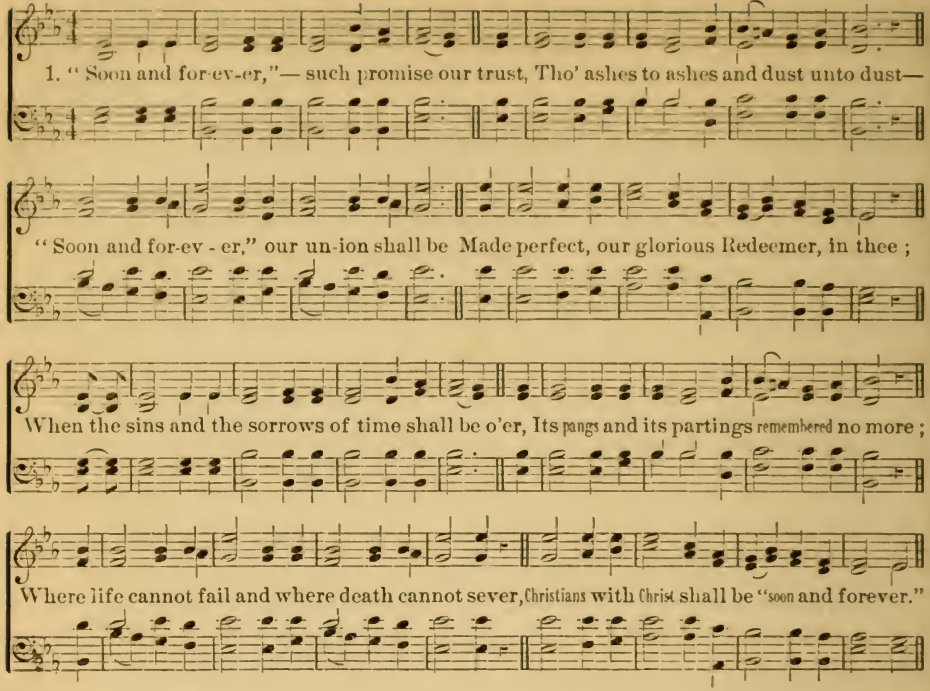
2 Not for thee shall tears be given,
Child of God, and heir of heaven;
For he gave thee sweet release;
Thine the Christian's death of peace.

3 Well we know thy living faith
Had the power to conquer death,
As a living rose may bloom
By the border of the tomb.

4 Brother, in that solemn trust
We commend thee, dust to dust!
In that faith we wait, till risen
Thou shalt meet us all in heaven.

5 While we weep as Jesus wept,
Thou shalt sleep as Jesus slept;
With thy Saviour thou shalt rest,
Crowned, and glorified, and blest.

*James H. Bancroft.* 1838.

SOON AND FOREVER. 11s. *From Czerny.*

1. "Soon and for-ev-er,"— such promise our trust, Tho' ashes to ashes and dust unto dust—
"Soon and for-ev - er," our un-ion shall be Made perfect, our glorious Redeemer, in thee ;
When the sins and the sorrows of time shall be o'er, Its pangs and its partings remembered no more ;
Where life cannot fail and where death cannot sever, Christians with Christ shall be "soon and forever."

592

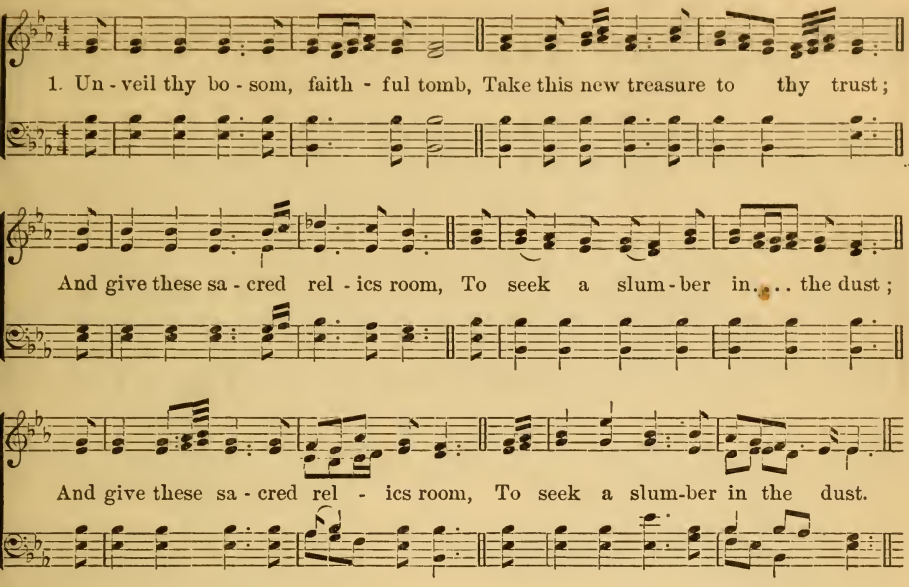
2 "Soon and for ever" the breaking of day
Shall drive all the night-clouds of sorrow away;
"Soon and for ever" we'll see as we're seen,
And learn the deep meaning of things that have been:
When fightings without us and fears from within
Shall weary no more in the warfare of sin;
Where fears and where tears, and where death shall be never,
Christians with Christ shall be "soon and for ever."

3 "Soon and for ever" the work shall be done,
The warfare accomplished, the victory won;
"Soon and for ever" the soldier lays down
His sword for a harp and his cross for a crown
Then droop not in sorrow, despond not in fear,
A glorious to-morrow is brightening and near;
When—blessed reward of each faithful endeavor—
Christians with Christ shall be "soon and for ever."

*J. S. B. Monsell.* 1865.

SAUL. L. M

*George Frederick Handel.* 1740.


1. Un - veil thy bo - som, faith - ful tomb, Take this new treasure to thy trust;
And give these sa - cred rel - ics room, To seek a slum - ber in. . . . the dust;
And give these sa - cred rel - ics room, To seek a slum-ber in the dust.

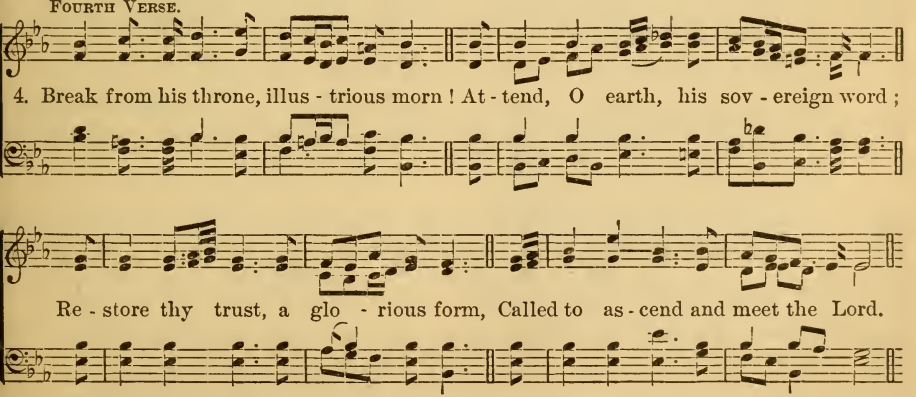
593

2 Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear
Invade thy bounds: no mortal woes
Can reach the peaceful sleeper here,
While angels watch the soft repose.

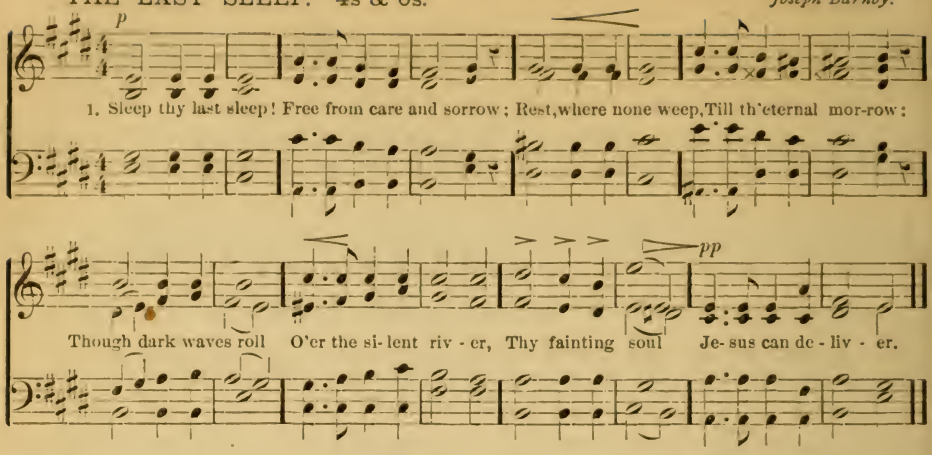
3 So Jesus slept;—God's dying Son
Passed thro' the grave and blessed the bed;
Rest here, blest saint, till from his throne
The morning break, and pierce the shade.

*Isaac Watts.* 1734.

FOURTH VERSE.


4. Break from his throne, illus - trious morn! At - tend, O earth, his sov - ereign word;
Re - store thy trust, a glo - rious form, Called to as - cend and meet the Lord.

THE LAST SLEEP. 4s & 6s. *Joseph Barnby.*


p
1. Sleep thy last sleep! Free from care and sorrow; Rest, where none weep, Till th'eternal mor-row:
pp
Though dark waves roll O'er the si-lent riv-er, Thy fainting soul Je-sus can de-liv-er.

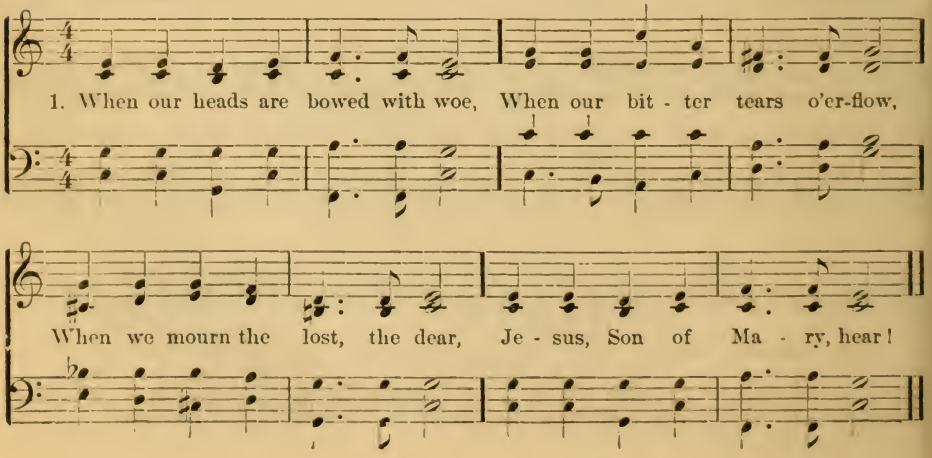
594

2 Life's dream is past;
All its sin, and sadness;
Brightly, at last,
Dawns the day of gladness.
Under thy sod,
Earth, receive our treasure,
To rest in God!
Waiting all his pleasure.

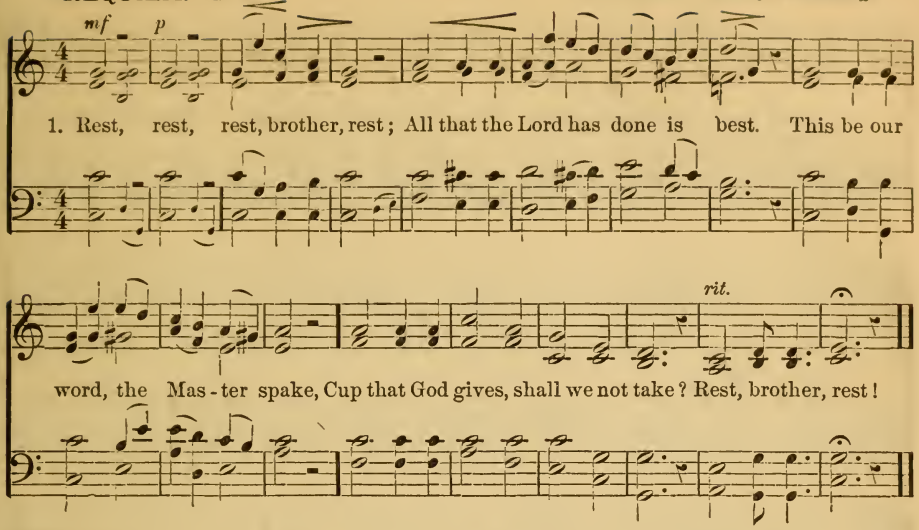
3 Though we may mourn
Those in life the dearest,
They shall return,
Christ, when thou appearest!
Soon shall thy voice
Comfort those now weeping,
Bidding rejoice
All in Jesus sleeping.

*E. A. Dayman.*

COMFORT. 7s. *R. Redhead.*



REQUIEM. P. M. *J. W. Bischoff.*


mf
p
1. Rest, rest, rest, brother, rest; All that the Lord has done is best. This be our
rit.
word, the Mas - ter spake, Cup that God gives, shall we not take? Rest, brother, rest!

## 595

2 Rest, rest, rest, brother, rest;
Long will our grief our love attest.
Memories sweet will linger long
Round sacred hymn and sacred song.
Rest, brother, rest!

3 Rest, rest, rest, brother, rest;
Still shalt thou be our friend and guest;
Still shalt thou give devotion wing,
Kindling with flame love's offering.
Rest, brother, rest!

4 Rest, rest, rest, brother, rest;
Burst on thine ear songs of the blest;
Walking with saints in spotless white,
Ravished thy soul with heavenly light.
Rest, brother, rest!

5 Rest, rest, rest, brother, rest;
Sweet thy repose on Jesus' breast;
Battle all fought and victory won,
Tearful we say, God's will be done!
Rest, brother, rest!

*J. E. Rankin.*

## 596 (COMFORT.)

2 Thou our throbbing flesh hast worn;
Thou our mortal griefs hast borne;
Thou hast shed the human tear;
Jesus, Son of Mary, hear!

3 When the solemn death-bell tolls
For our own departing souls,
When our final doom is near,
Jesus, Son of Mary, hear!

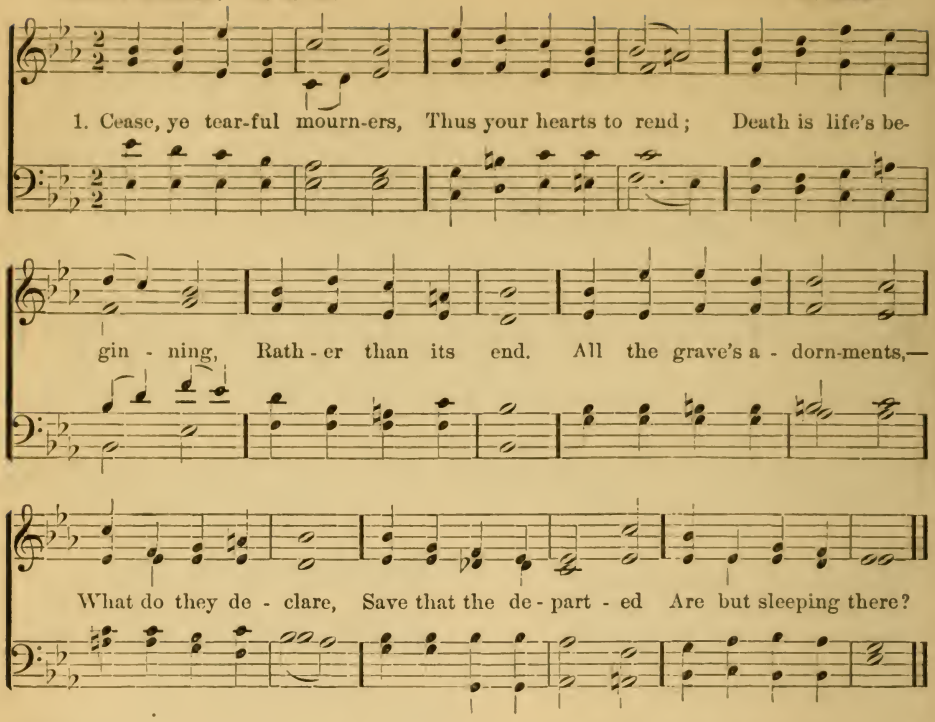
4 Thou hast bowed the dying head,
Thou the blood of life hast shed,
Thou hast filled a mortal bier:
Jesus, Son of Mary, hear!

5 When the heart is sad within,
With the thought of all its sin;
When the spirit sinks with fear,
Jesus, Son of Mary, hear!

6 Thou the shame, the grief, hast known,
Though the sins were not thine own,
Thou hast deigned their load to bear;
Jesus, Son of Mary, hear!

*Henry Hart Milman.*

RESURGAM. 6s & 5s. *E. Bunnett.*


1. Cease, ye tear-ful mourn-ers, Thus your hearts to rend; Death is life's be-
gin - ning, Rath - er than its end. All the grave's a - dorn-ments,—
What do they de - clare, Save that the de - part - ed Are but sleeping there?

## 597

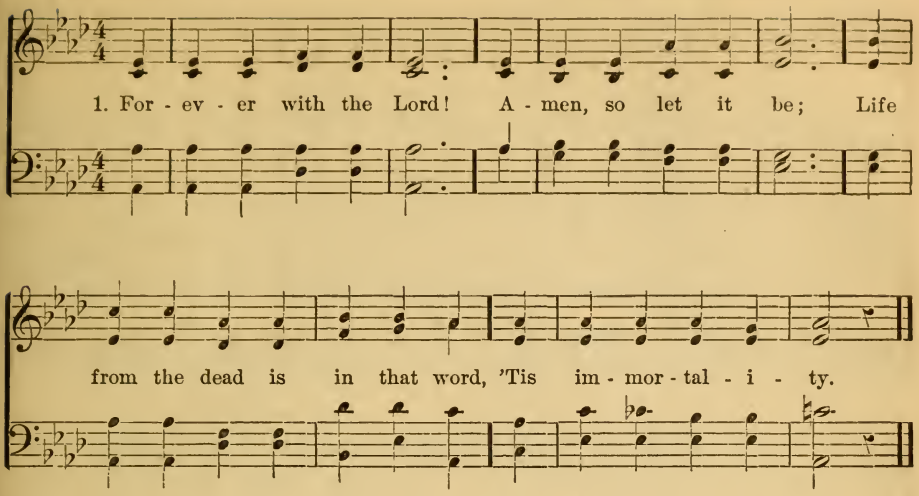
1 Cease, ye tearful mourners,
Thus your hearts to rend;
Death is life's beginning,
Rather than its end.
All the grave's adornments,—
What do they declare,
Save that the departed
Are but sleeping there?

2 What though now to darkness
We this body give:
Yet the soul in glory
Shall awake and live;
Free from all corruption
Shall the spirit rise,
And shall fly with rapture
Homeward to the skies.

3 Earth, to thy fond bosom
We this pledge intrust:
Mother earth, be careful
Of the precious dust:
This was once the mansion
Of a soul endowed
With sublimest powers
By the breath of God.

4 When shall love in glory
Its fruition see?
When shall hope be lost in
Immortality?
Jesus, blessed Saviour,
Hasten on the day;
Come, thy saints to perfect;
Make no more delay.

*Tr., Edward Caswall.* 1858.

GORTON. S. M. *Ludwig von Beethoven.* (1770–1827.)

## 598

2 Here in the body pent,
Absent from him I roam,
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.

3 My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul, how near,
At times, to faith's foreseeing eye,
Thy golden gates appear.

4 Ah, then my spirit faints
To reach the land I love,
The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above.

5 "For ever with the Lord:"
Father, if 'tis thy will,
The promise of that faithful word
E'en here to me fulfil.

*James Montgomery.* 1835.

## 599

1 Servant of God, well done!
Rest from thy loved employ;
The battle fought, the victory won,
Enter thy Master's joy.

2 The voice at midnight came;
He started up to hear;
A mortal arrow pierced his frame,
He fell, but felt no fear.

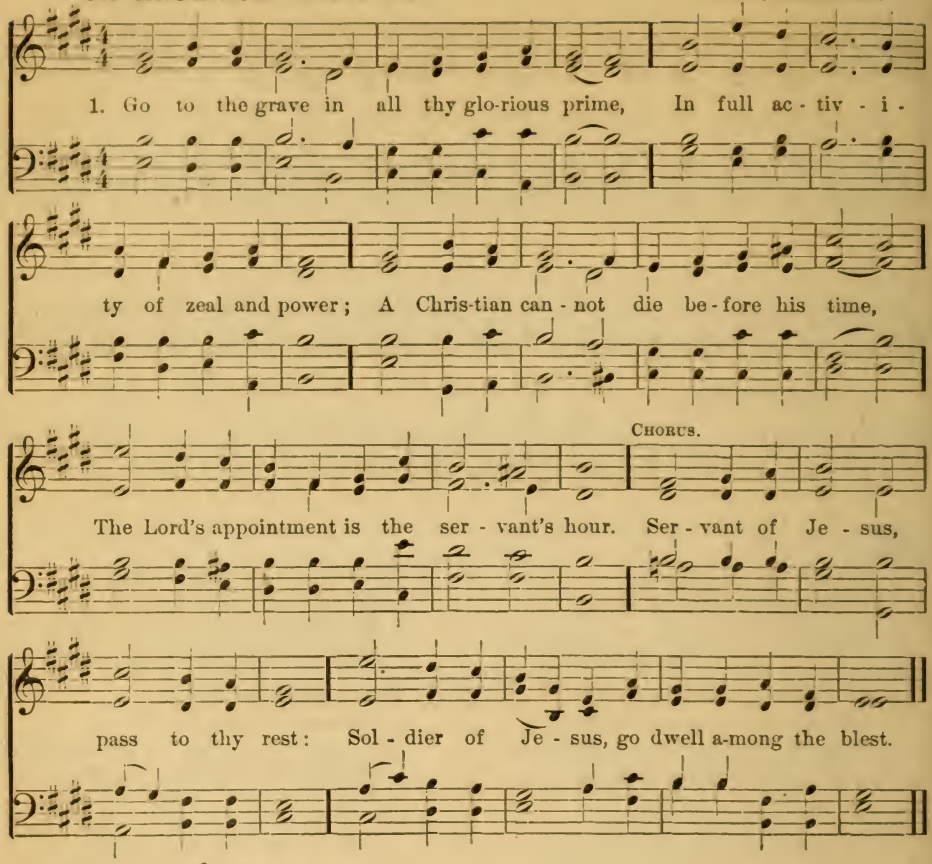
3 Tranquil amidst alarms,
It found him on the field,
A veteran slumbering on his arms,
Beneath his red-cross shield.

4 His spirit, with a bound,
Left its encumbering clay:
His tent, at sunrise, on the ground
A darkened ruin lay.

5 The pains of death are past;
Labor and sorrow cease;
And life's long warfare closed at last,
His soul is found in peace.

6 Soldier of Christ, well done!
Praise be thy new employ;
And, while eternal ages run,
Rest in thy Saviour's joy.

*James Montgomery.* 1825.

VOX ANGELICA. 11s & 10s. *Henry Smart.* 1867.

1. Go to the grave in all thy glo-rious prime, In full ac - tiv - i -
ty of zeal and power; A Chris-tian can - not die be - fore his time,
Chorus.
The Lord's appointment is the ser - vant's hour. Ser - vant of Je - sus,
pass to thy rest: Sol - dier of Je - sus, go dwell a-mong the blest.

## 600

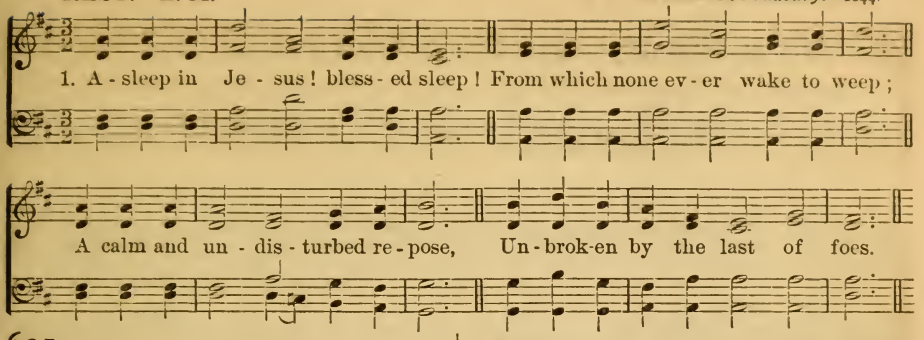
2 Go to the grave; at noon from labor cease;
Rest on thy sheaves, thy harvest-task is done;
Come from the heat of battle, and in peace,
Soldier, go home; with thee the fight is won.—Cho.

3 Go to the grave, which, faithful to its trust,
The germ of immortality shall keep;
While, safe as watched by cherubim, thy dust
Shall to the judgment-day in Jesus sleep.—Cho.

4 Go to the grave, for there thy Saviour lay
In death's embraces, ere he rose on high;
And all the ransomed, by that narrow way
Pass to eternal life beyond the sky.—Cho. *J. Montgomery.* 1825.

REST. L. M.

*William B. Bradbury.* 1844.


1. A - sleep in Je - sus! bless - ed sleep! From which none ev - er wake to weep;
A calm and un - dis - turbed re - pose, Un - brok-en by the last of foes.

## 601

2 Asleep in Jesus! O, how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet!
With holy confidence to sing
That death hath lost its venomed sting!

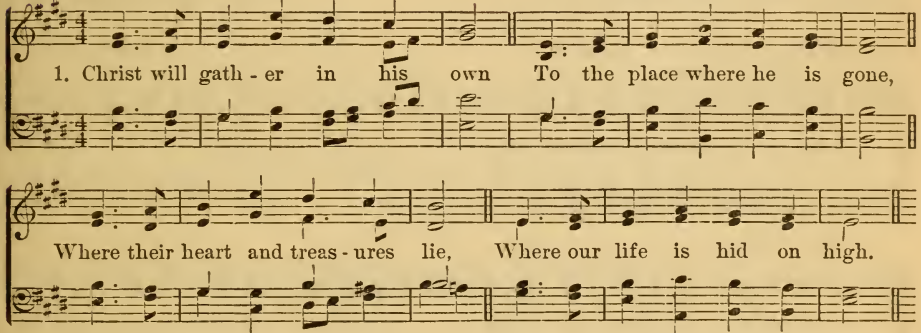
3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest!
Whose waking is supremely blest;
No fear—no woe, shall dim the hour
That manifests the Saviour's power.

4 Asleep in Jesus! O, for me
May such a blissful refuge be
Securely shall my ashes lie,
And wait the summons from on high.

*M. Mackay.* 1832.

INNOCENTS. 7s.

*Thibaut, King of Navarre.* 1254.


1. Christ will gath - er in his own To the place where he is gone,
Where their heart and treas - ures lie, Where our life is hid on high.

## 602

2 Day by day the voice saith, "Come,
Enter this eternal home;"
Asking not if we can spare
This dear soul it summons there.

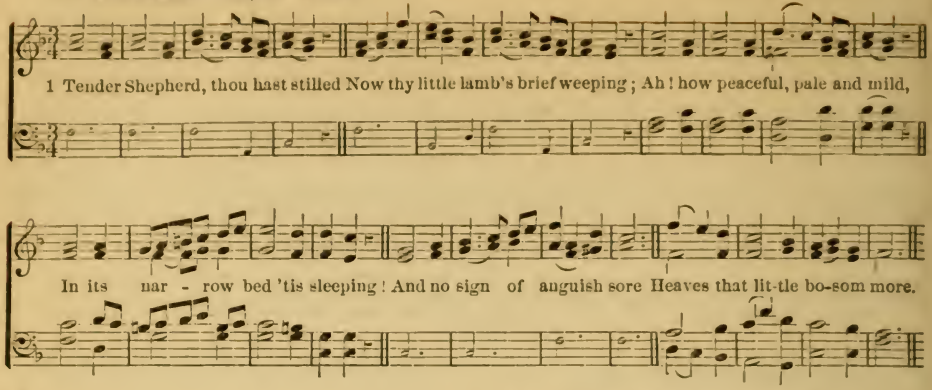
3 Had he asked us, well we know
We should cry, "O spare this blow!"
Yes, with streaming tears should pray,
"Lord, we love him, let him stay."

4 But the Lord doth naught amiss,
And, since he hath ordered this,
We have naught to do but still
Rest in silence on his will.

5 Many a heart no longer here,
Ah! was all too inly dear:
Yet, O Love, 'tis thou dost call,
Thou wilt be our All in all.

*Count Zinzendorf.* 1750.
*Tr., Catherine Winkworth.*

WILHELM. 7s, 8s & 7s.


1 Tender Shepherd, thou hast stilled Now thy little lamb's brief weeping; Ah! how peaceful, pale and mild,
In its nar - row bed 'tis sleeping! And no sign of anguish sore Heaves that lit-tle bo-som more.

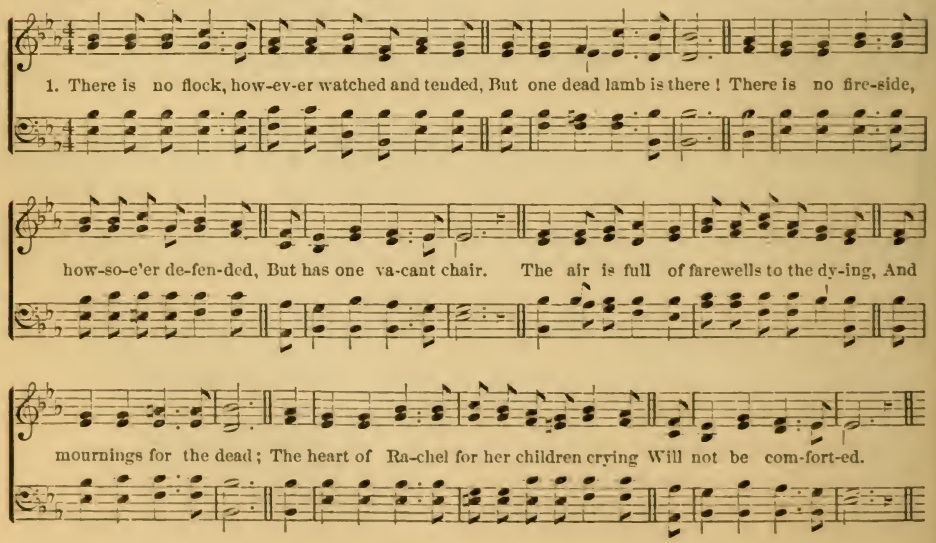
## 603

2 In this world of care and pain,
Lord, thou wouldst no longer leave it;
To the sunny, heavenly plain
Thou dost now with joy receive it;
Clothed in robes of spotless white,
Now it dwells with thee in light.

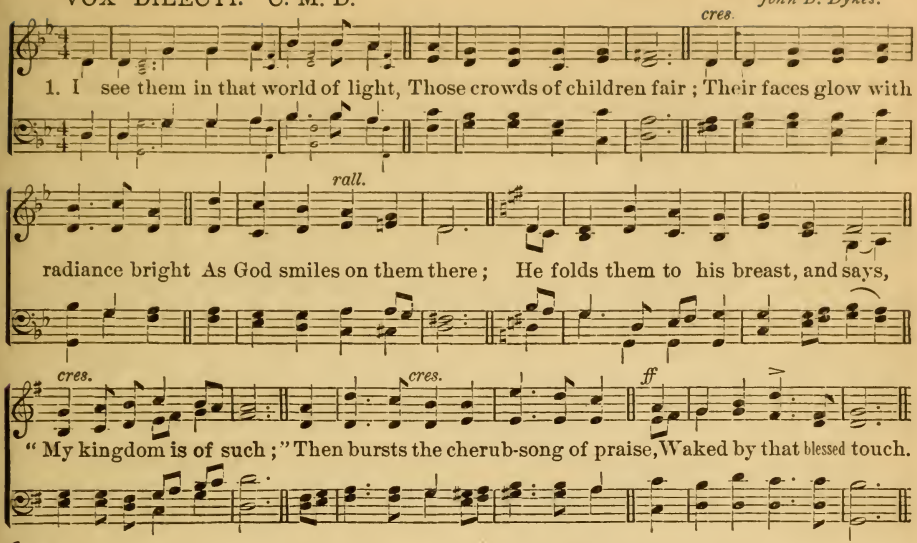
3 Ah, Lord Jesus, grant that we
Where it lives may soon be living,
And the lovely pastures see
That its heavenly food are giving;
Then the gain of death we prove,
Though thou take what most we love.

*Wilhelm Meinhold.* 1840. *ab.*
*Tr., Catherine Winkworth.* 1858.

RESIGNATION. 11s & 6s. *Charles Gounod.*


1. There is no flock, how-ev-er watched and tended, But one dead lamb is there! There is no fire-side,
how-so-e'er de-fen-ded, But has one va-cant chair. The air is full of farewells to the dy-ing, And
mournings for the dead; The heart of Ra-chel for her children crying Will not be com-fort-ed.

VOX DILECTI. C. M. D. *John B. Dykes.*


cres.
1. I see them in that world of light, Those crowds of children fair ; Their faces glow with
rall.
radiance bright As God smiles on them there ; He folds them to his breast, and says,
cres.
cres.
ff
" My kingdom is of such ;" Then bursts the cherub-song of praise, Waked by that blessed touch.

## 604

2 A living rainbow o'er the throne
Their clustered beauty forms;
How safe from sin are these, Christ's own!
How safe from sorrow's storms!
Sweet shelter, where the Saviour feeds
These lambs with tender care,
And up the grades of glory leads,
His richest life to share.

3 They love us still: their rapture waits
For us, ere 'tis complete;
And when fly back heaven's jeweled gates
Our glad approach to greet,
Our radiant children we may see
Upon the threshold stand,
And our first welcome theirs shall be
Into Immanuel's land.

*Charles H. Richards.*

## 605 (RESIGNATION.)

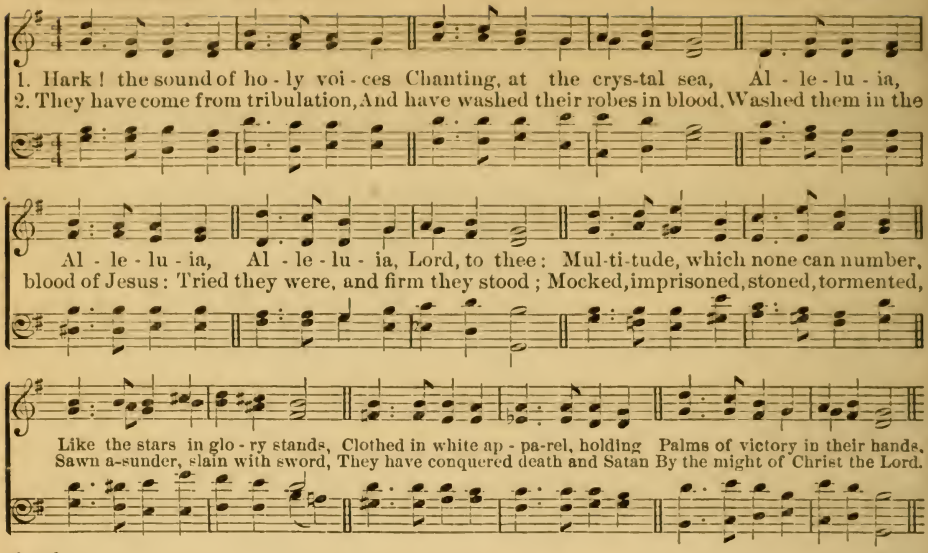
2 Let us be patient! these severe afflictions
Not from the ground arise;
But oftentimes celestial benedictions
Assume this dark disguise.
We see but dimly through the mists and vapors;
Amid these earthly damps,
What seem to us but dim funereal tapers,
May be heaven's distant lamps.

3 She is not dead, the child of our affection,
But gone unto that school
Where she no longer needs our poor protection,
And Christ himself doth rule.
In that great cloister's stillness and seclusion,
By guardian angels led,
Safe from temptation, safe from sin's pollution,
She lives, whom we call dead.

4 And tho', at times, impetuous with emotion
And anguish long suppressed,
The swelling heart heaves moaning like the ocean,
That cannot be at rest,
We will be patient, and assuage the feeling
We cannot wholly stay;
By silence sanctifying, not concealing,
The grief that must have way.

*Henry W. Longfellow.*

MOULTRIE. 8s & 7s. D. *Gerard Cobb.*


1. Hark! the sound of ho - ly voi - ces Chanting, at the crys-tal sea, Al - le - lu - ia,
2. They have come from tribulation, And have washed their robes in blood. Washed them in the
Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia, Lord, to thee; Mul-ti-tude, which none can number,
blood of Jesus: Tried they were, and firm they stood; Mocked, imprisoned, stoned, tormented,
Like the stars in glo - ry stands, Clothed in white ap - pa-rel, holding Palms of victory in their hands.
Sawn a-sunder, slain with sword, They have conquered death and Satan By the might of Christ the Lord.

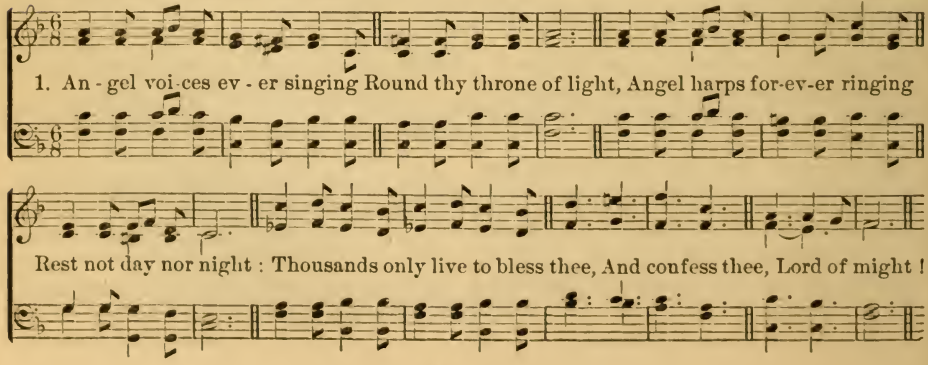
## 606

3 Marching with thy cross their banner,
They have triumphed following
Thee, the captain of salvation,
Thee, their Saviour and their King:
Gladly, Lord, with thee they suffered;
Gladly, Lord, with thee they died;
And by death to life immortal
They were born, and glorified.

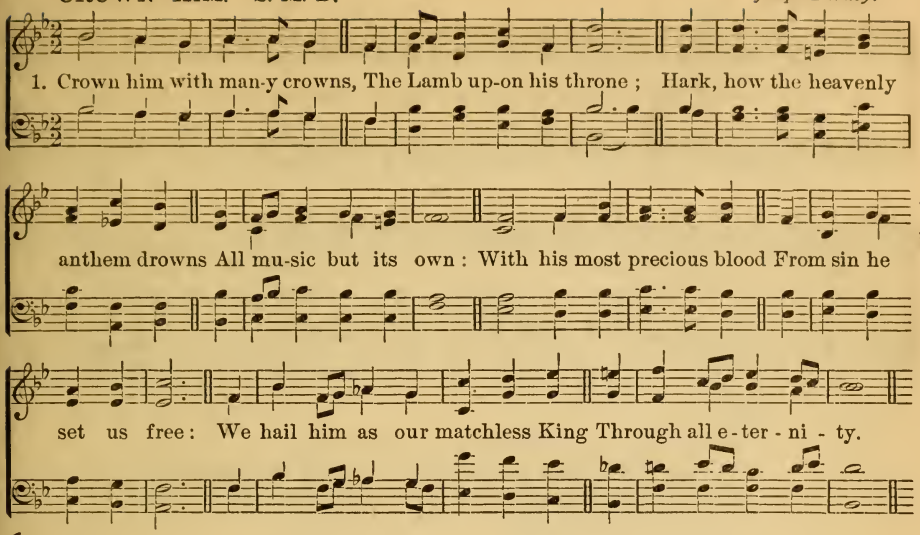
4 Now they reign in heavenly glory,
Now they walk in golden light,
Now they drink, as from a river,
Holy bliss and infinite:
Love and peace they taste for ever,
And all truth and knowledge see
In the beatific vision
Of the blesséd Trinity.

*Christopher Wordsworth.*

ANGEL VOICES. P. M. *Arthur S. Sullivan.*


1. An - gel voi-ces ev - er singing Round thy throne of light, Angel harps for-ev-er ringing
Rest not day nor night: Thousands only live to bless thee, And confess thee, Lord of might!

CROWN HIM. S. M. D. *Joseph Barnby.*


1. Crown him with man-y crowns, The Lamb up-on his throne ; Hark, how the heavenly
anthem drowns All mu-sic but its own : With his most precious blood From sin he
set us free : We hail him as our matchless King Through all e-ter - ni - ty.

## 607

2 Crown him, the Lord of love:
Behold his hands and side,
Rich wounds, yet visible above
In beauty glorified:
No angel in the sky
Can fully bear that sight,
But downward bends his burning eye
At mysteries so bright.

3 Crown him the Lord of peace:
Whose power a sceptre sways
From pole to pole, that wars may cease,
And all be prayer and praise:
His reign shall know no end,
And round his piercéd feet
Fair flowers of Paradise extend
Their fragrance ever sweet.

4 Crown him the Lord of heaven,
One with the Father known,
One with the Spirit through him given
From yonder glorious throne!
To thee be endless praise,
For thou for us hast died:
Be thou, O Lord, through endless days
Adored and magnified.

*Matthew Bridges.* 1847.

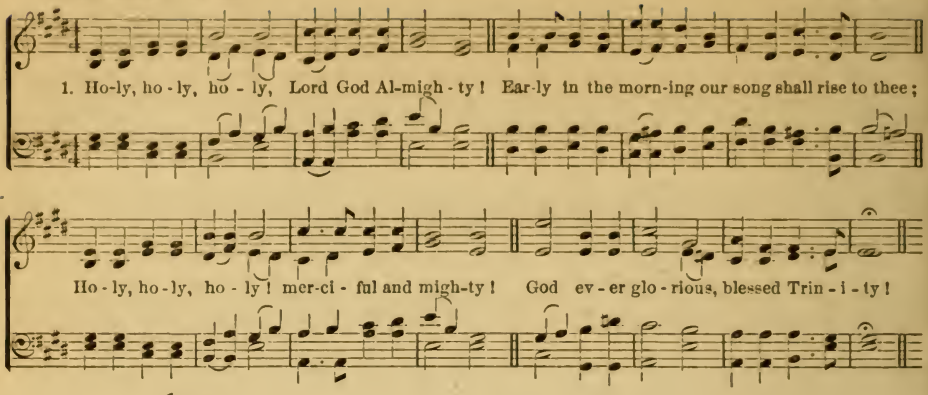
## 608 (ANGEL VOICES.)

2 Thou, who art beyond the farthest
Mortal eye can scan,
Can it be that thou regardest
Songs of sinful man?
Can we know that thou art near us,
And wilt hear us?
Yea, we can.

3 Yea, we know that thou rejoicest
O'er each work of thine:
Thou didst hearts, and hands, and voices,
For thy praise combine;
Craftsman's art and music's measure
For thy pleasure
Didst design.

4 In thy house, great God, we offer
Of thine own to thee,
And for thine acceptance proffer
All unworthily
Hearts and minds, and hands and voices,
In our choicest
Melody.

*F. Pott.*

NICAEA. P. M. *John B. Dykes.*

1. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly, Lord God Al-migh-ty! Ear-ly in the morn-ing our song shall rise to thee;
Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly! mer-ci - ful and migh-ty! God ev-er glo-rious, blessed Trin-i-ty!

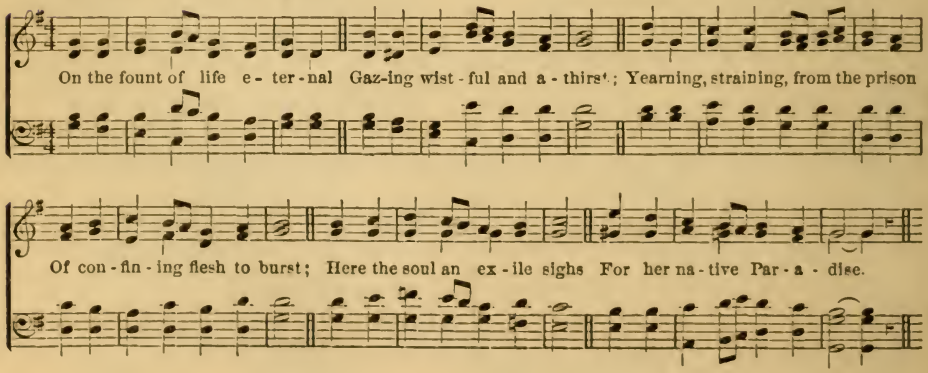
## 609

2 Holy, holy, holy! all the saints adore thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;
Cherubim and seraphim falling down before thee,
Which wert and art and evermore shalt be.

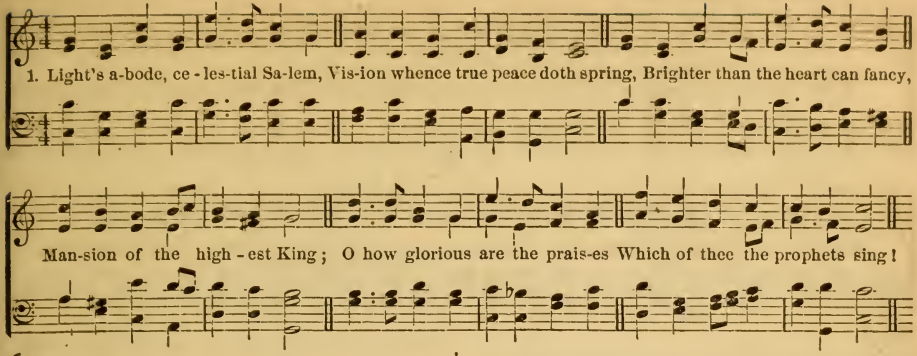
3 Holy, holy, holy! though the darkness hide thee,
Though the eye of sinful man thy glory may not see:
Only thou art holy; there is none beside thee,
Perfect in power, in love and purity.

4 Holy, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty!
All thy works shall praise thy name, in earth and sky and sea;
Holy, holy, holy! merciful and mighty!
God ever glorious, blessed Trinity! *Reginald Heber.* 1827.

GOUNOD. 8s, 7s & 7s. *Charles Gounod.*


On the fount of life e - ter - nal Gaz-ing wist - ful and a - thirst; Yearning, straining, from the prison
Of con - fin - ing flesh to burst; Here the soul an ex - ile sighs For her na - tive Par - a - dise.

REGENT SQUARE. 8s & 7s. *Henry Smart.*


1. Light's a-bode, ce - les-tial Sa-lem, Vis-ion whence true peace doth spring, Brighter than the heart can fancy,
Man-sion of the high - est King; O how glorious are the prais-es Which of thee the prophets sing!

## 610

2 There for ever and for ever
Alleluia is outpoured;
For unending, for unbroken,
Is the feast-day of the Lord;
All is pure, and all is holy
That within thy walls is stored.

3 There no cloud nor passing vapor
Dims the brightness of the air;
Endless noon-day, glorious noon-day,
From the Sun of suns is there;
There no night brings rest from labor,
There unknown are toil and care.

4 Now with gladness, now with courage,
Bear the burden on thee laid,
That hereafter these thy labors
May with endless gifts be paid,
And in everlasting glory
Thou with brightness be arrayed.

*Hymnal Noted.*

## 611

1 On the fount of life eternal
Gazing wistful and athirst;
Yearning, straining, from the prison
Of confining flesh to burst;
Here the soul an exile sighs
For her native Paradise.

2 Who can paint that lovely city,
City of true peace divine,
Whose pure gates forever open
Each in pearly splendor shine;
Whose abodes of glory clear
Nought defiling cometh near?

3 There no stormy winter rages:
There no scorching summer glows;
But through one perennial spring-tide,
Blooms the lily with the rose;
And the Lamb, with purest ray,
Scatters round eternal day.

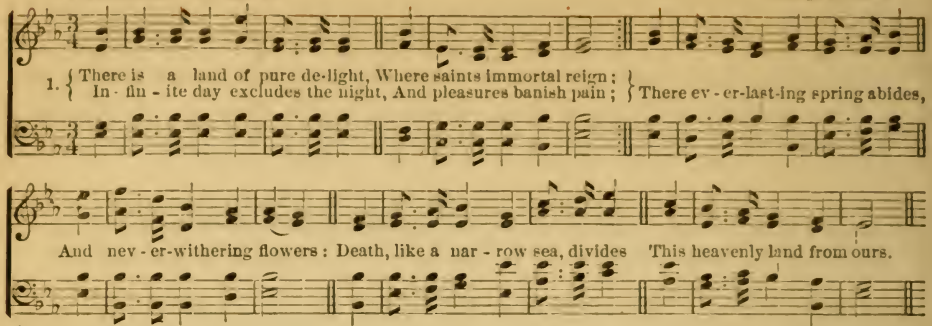
4 There the saints of God, resplendent
As the sun in all its might,
Evermore rejoice together,
Crowned with diadems of light;
And from peril safe at last,
Reckon up their triumphs past.

5 Happy they, who with them seated
Shall in all their glory share!
O that we, our days completed,
Might be but admitted there!
There with them the praise to sing
Of our glorious God and King.

6 Look, O Jesus, on thy soldiers,
Worn and wounded in the fight;
Grant, O grant us, rest forever,
In thy beatific sight;
And thyself our guerdon be
Through a long eternity.

*Peter Damian.* (1002—1072.)
*Tr., Edward Caswall.* 1858.

VARINA. C. M. D. *George F. Root.*


1. There is a land of pure de-light, Where saints immortal reign;
In - fin - ite day excludes the night, And pleasures banish pain; There ev - er-last-ing spring abides,
And nev - er-withering flowers: Death, like a nar - row sea, divides This heavenly land from ours.

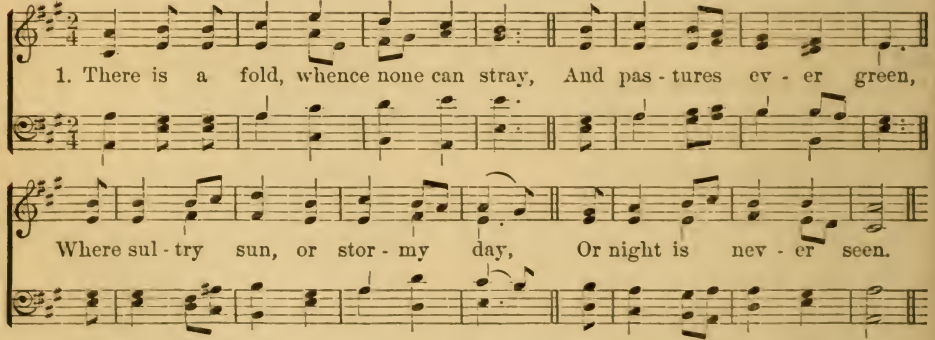
## 612

2 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.
But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea;
And linger, shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

3 O, could we make our doubts remove,
These gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love
With unbeclouded eyes:—
Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er, [flood,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold
Should fright us from the shore.

*Isaac Watts.* 1709.

DEDHAM. C. M. *William Gardiner.* 1830.




## 613

2 Far up the everlasting hills,
In God's own light it lies;
His smile its vast dimension fills
With joy that never dies.

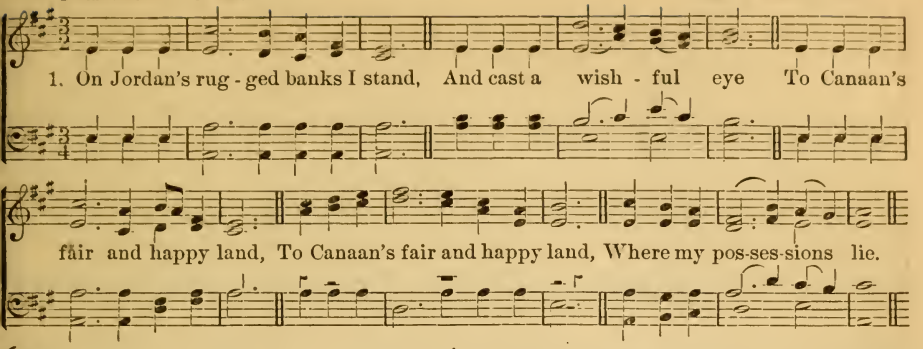
3 One narrow vale, one darksome wave,
Divides that land from this:
I have a Shepherd pledged to save
And bear me home to bliss.

4 Soon at his feet my soul will lie
In life's last struggling breath;
But I shall only seem to die,
I shall not taste of death.

5 Far from this guilty world to be
Exempt from toil and strife,
To spend eternity with thee,
My Saviour, this is life.

*John East.* 1836.

TAPPAN. C. M. *George Kingsley.* 1838.


1. On Jordan's rug - ged banks I stand, And cast a wish - ful eye To Canaan's
fair and happy land, To Canaan's fair and happy land, Where my pos-ses-sions lie.

## 614

2 O the transporting, rapturous scene,
That rises to my sight!
Sweet fields arrayed in living green,
And rivers of delight!

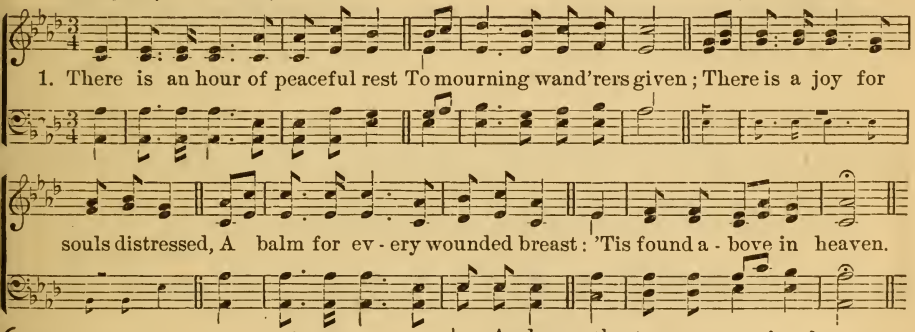
3 O'er all those wide extended plains
Shines one eternal day;
There God, the Son, forever reigns,
And scatters night away.

4 No chilling winds, or poisonous breath,
Can reach that healthful shore;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and feared no more.

5 When shall I reach that happy place,
And be forever blest?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in his bosom rest?

*Samuel Stennett.* 1787.

REPOSE. 8s & 6s. *J. A. Naumann.*


1. There is an hour of peaceful rest To mourning wand'rers given; There is a joy for
souls distressed, A balm for ev - ery wounded breast: 'Tis found a - bove in heaven.

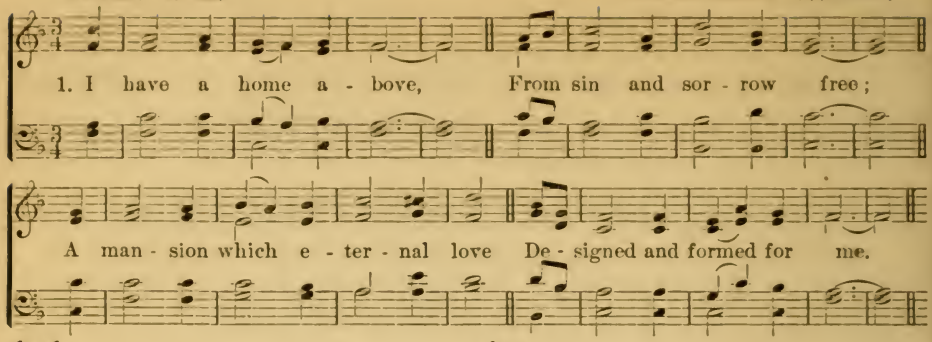
## 615

2 There is a home for weary souls,
By sin and sorrow driven,
When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals,
Where storms arise and ocean rolls,
And all is drear but heaven.

3 There faith lifts up the cheerful eye,
The heart no longer riven,
And sees the tempest passing by,
The evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene in heaven.

4 There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
And joys supreme are given;
There rays divine disperse the gloom;
Beyond the dark and narrow tomb
Appears the dawn of heaven.

*William B. Tappan.* 1829.

VIGIL. S. M. *Giovanni Paisiello.* (1741—1816.)

## 616

2 My Father's gracious hand
Has built this sweet abode;
From everlasting it was planned—
My dwelling-place with God.

3 My Saviour's precious blood
Has made my title sure;
He passed thro' death's dark raging flood
To make my rest secure.

4 The Comforter has come,
The earnest has been given;
He leads me onward to the home
Reserved for me in heaven.

*H. Bennett.*

## 617

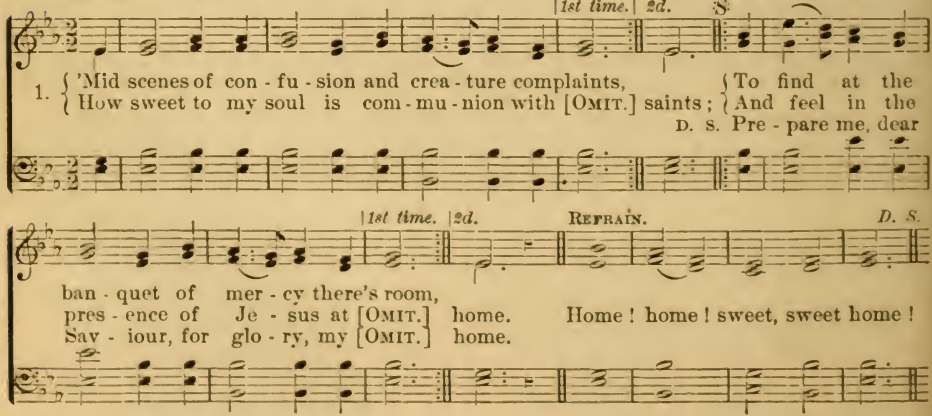
1 There is no night in heaven;
In that blest world above
Work never can bring weariness,
For work itself is love.

2 There is no grief in heaven;
For life is one glad day,
And tears are of those former things
Which all have passed away.

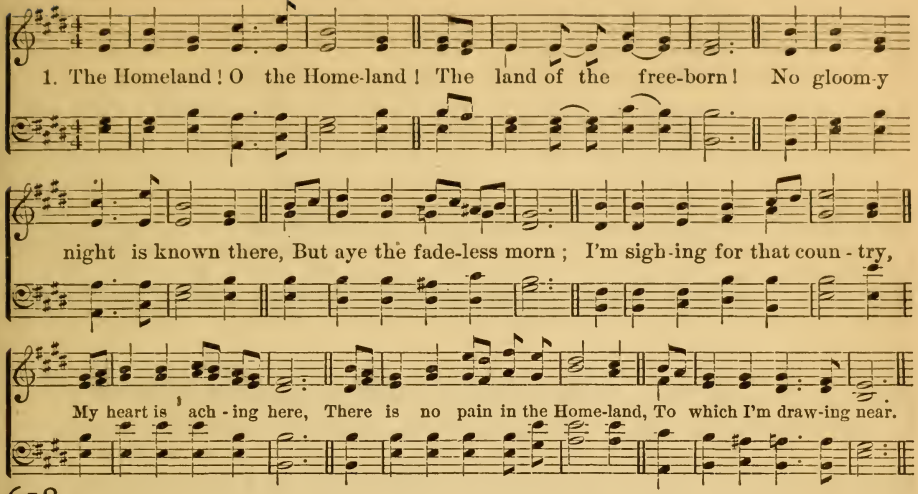
3 There is no sin in heaven;
Behold that blessèd throng!
All holy is their spotless robe,
All holy is their song.

*F. Knollis.*

HOME. 11s. *Henry R. Bishop.* 1829.


|1st time.| 2d. S.
1. 'Mid scenes of con - fu - sion and crea - ture complaints, To find at the
How sweet to my soul is com - mu - nion with [Omit.] saints; And feel in the
D. S. Pre - pare me, dear
|1st time. |2d. Refrain. D. S.
ban - quet of mer - cy there's room,
pres - ence of Je - sus at [Omit.] home. Home! home! sweet, sweet home!
Sav - iour, for glo - ry, my [Omit.] home.

THE HOMELAND. 7s & 6s. D.


1. The Homeland! O the Home-land! The land of the free-born! No gloom-y
night is known there, But aye the fade-less morn; I'm sigh-ing for that coun-try,
My heart is ach-ing here, There is no pain in the Home-land, To which I'm draw-ing near.

618

2 My Lord is in the Homeland,
With angels bright and fair;
No sinful thing nor evil
Can ever enter there;
The music of the ransomed
Is ringing in my ears,
And when I think of the Homeland,
My eyes are wet with tears.

3 For loved ones in the Homeland
Are waiting me to come
Where neither death nor sorrow
Invade their holy home:
O dear, dear native country!
O rest and peace above!
Christ bring us all to the Homeland
Of his eternal love.

*H. R. Haweis.*

619 (HOME.)

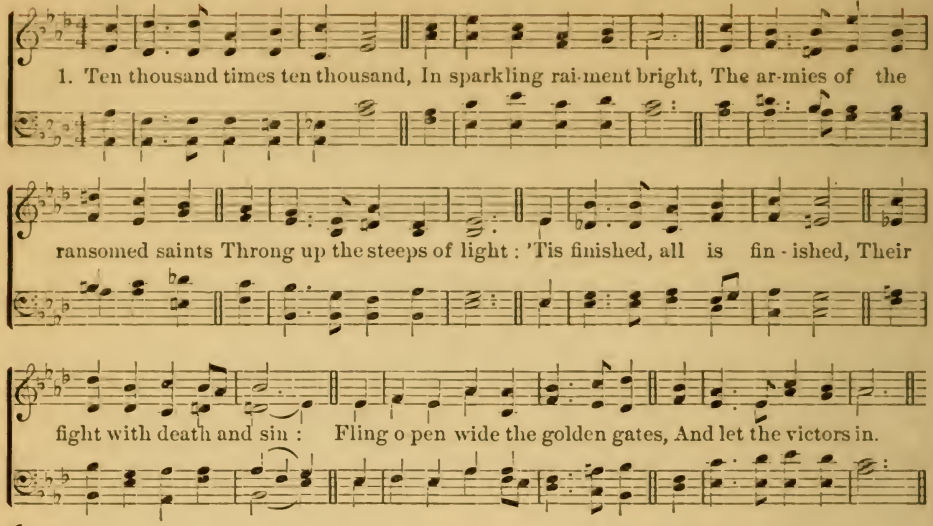
2 Sweet bonds that unite all the children of peace!
And thrice precious Jesus, whose love cannot cease!
Though oft from thy presence in sadness I roam,
I long to behold thee in glory, at home.

3 While here in the valley of conflict I stay,
O give me submission, and strength as my day;
In all my afflictions to thee would I come,
Rejoicing in hope of my glorious home.

4 Whate'er thou deniest, O give me thy grace,
The Spirit's sure witness, and smiles of thy face;
Endue me with patience to wait at thy throne,
And find, even now, a sweet foretaste of home.

5 I long, dearest Lord, in thy beauties to shine;
No more as an exile in sorrow to pine;
And in thy dear image arise from the tomb,
With glorified millions to praise thee at home. *David Denham.* 1837.

ALFORD. 7s & 6s. D. *John B. Dykes.*

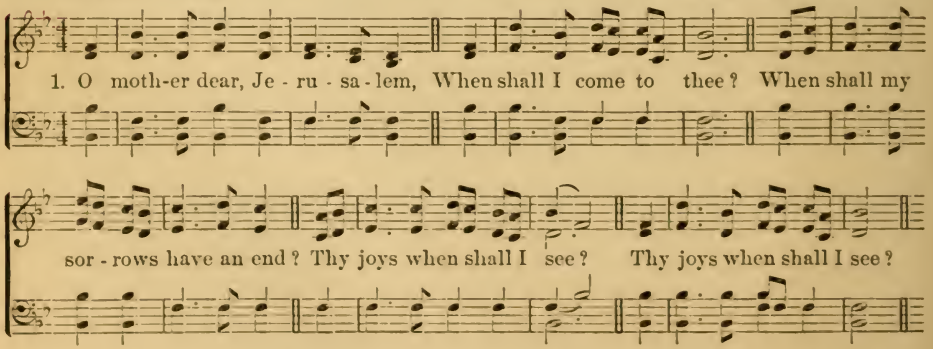

1. Ten thousand times ten thousand, In sparkling rai-ment bright, The ar-mies of the
ransomed saints Throng up the steeps of light : 'Tis finished, all is fin - ished, Their
fight with death and sin : Fling o pen wide the golden gates, And let the victors in.

620

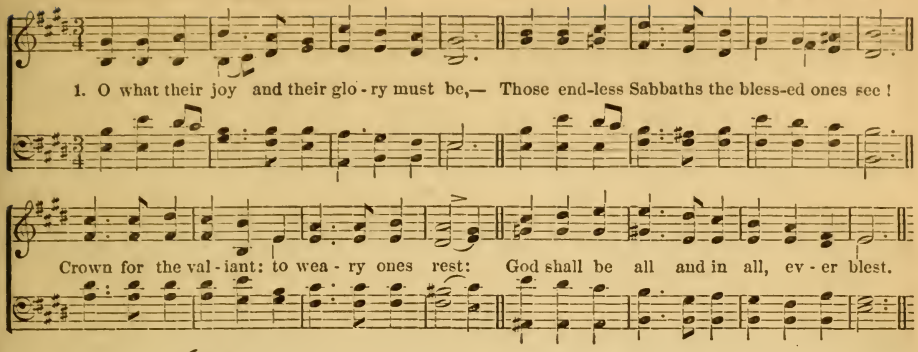
2 What rush of hallelujahs
Fills all the earth and sky!
What ringing of a thousand harps
Bespeaks the triumph nigh!
O day, for which creation
And all its tribes were made!
O joy, for all its former woes
A thousand fold repaid!

3 O then what raptured greetings
On Canaan's happy shore,
What knitting severed friendships up,
Where partings are no more!
Then eyes with joy shall sparkle,
That brimmed with tears of late,
Orphans no longer fatherless,
Nor widows desolate.

*Henry Alford.*

RHINE. C M. *From Friedrich Burgmüller.*

1. O moth-er dear, Je - ru - sa - lem, When shall I come to thee? When shall my
sor - rows have an end? Thy joys when shall I see? Thy joys when shall I see?

VISION OF PEACE. 10s. *E. H. Thorne.*


1. O what their joy and their glo - ry must be,— Those end-less Sabbaths the bless-ed ones see!
Crown for the val - iant: to wea - ry ones rest: God shall be all and in all, ev - er blest.

## 621

2 Truly "Jerusalem" name we that shore,
"Vision of Peace" that brings joy evermore;
Wish and fulfilment can severed be ne'er,
Nor the thing prayed for come short of the prayer.

3 We, where no tronble distraction can bring,
Safely the anthems of Sion shall sing:
While for thy grace, Lord, their voices of praise
Thy blessed people shall evermore raise.

4 There dawns no Sabbath—no Sabbath is o'er;
Those Sabbath-keepers have one, and no more;
One and unending is that triumph-song
Which to the angels and us shall belong.

5 Now in the meanwhile, with hearts raised on high,
We for that country must yearn and must sigh:
Seeking Jerusalem, dear native land,
Through our long exile on Babylon's strand. *Hymnal Noted.*

## 622

1 O MOTHER dear, Jerusalem,
When shall I come to thee?
When shall my sorrows have an end?
Thy joys when shall I see?

2 O happy harbor of God's saints!
O sweet and pleasant soil!
In thee no sorrow can be found,
Nor grief, nor care, nor toil.

3 No dimming cloud o'ershadows thee,
Nor gloom, nor darksome night;
But every soul shines as the sun,
For God himself gives light.

4 Thy walls are made of precious stone,
Thy bulwarks diamond-square,
Thy gates are all of orient-pearl.
O God, if I were there!

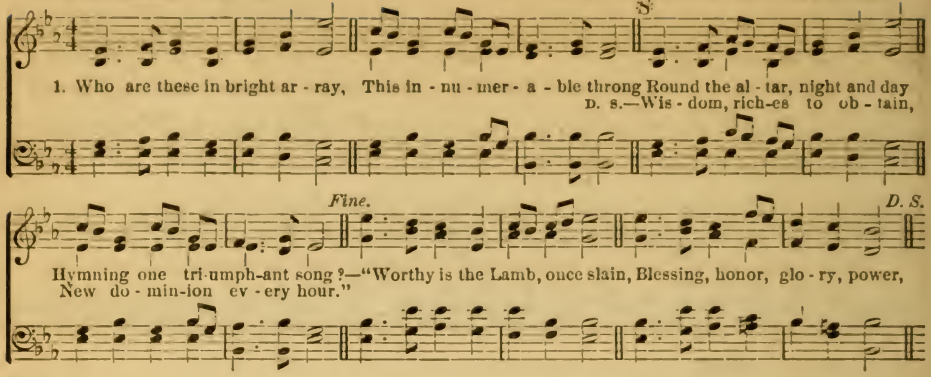
5 There the blest souls that hardly 'scaped
The snare of death and hell,
Triumph in joy eternally,
Whereof no tongue can tell.

6 O mother dear, Jerusalem!
When shall I come to thee?
When shall my sorrows have an end?
Thy joys when shall I see?

*F. B. P.* 1616.

BEULAH. 7s. D.

*Irish Melody. Arr. by E. Ives, Jr.* 1846.


1. Who are these in bright ar - ray, This in - nu - mer - a - ble throng Round the al - tar, night and day
D. S.—Wis - dom, rich-es to ob - tain,
Fine.
D. S.
Hymning one tri-umph-ant song?—"Worthy is the Lamb, once slain, Blessing, honor, glo - ry, power,
New do - min-ion ev - ery hour."

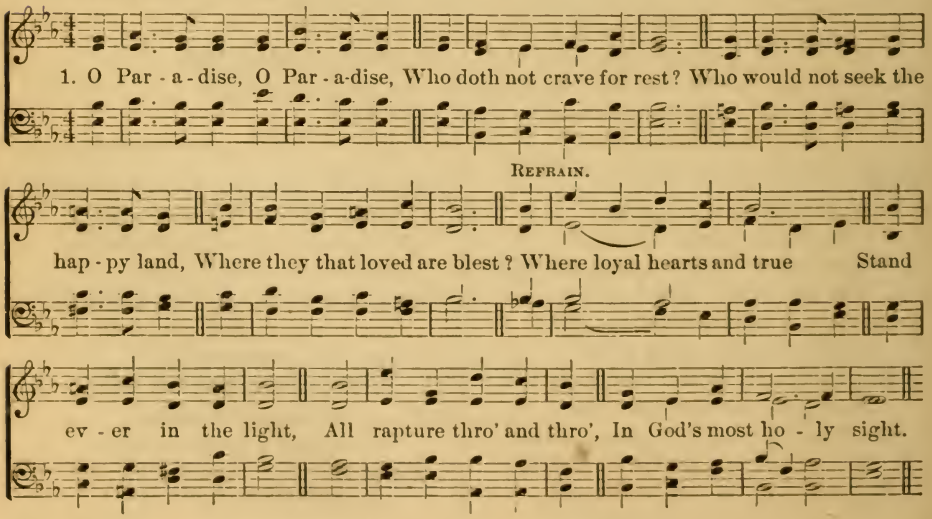
## 623

2 These through fiery trials trod;
These from great afflictions came;
Now, before the throne of God,
Sealed with his almighty name;
Clad in raiment pure and white,
Victor-palms in every hand,
Through their dear Redeemer's might,
More than conquerors they stand.

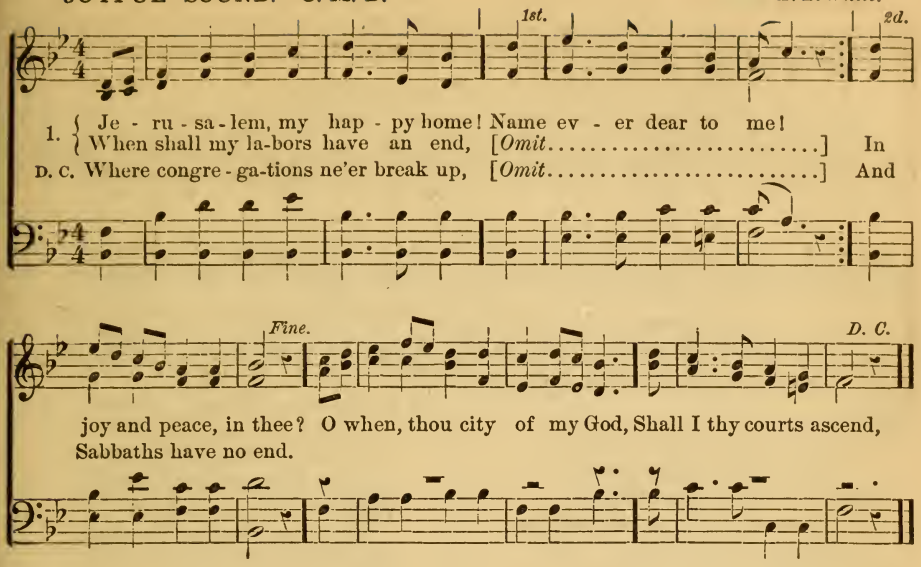
3 Hunger, thirst, disease unknown,
On immortal fruits they feed;
Them the Lamb amidst the throne
Shall to living fountains lead;
Joy and gladness banish sighs,
Perfect love dispels all fear,
And forever from their eyes
God shall wipe away the tear.

*James Montgomery.* 1819, 1853.

PARADISE. P. M.

*Joseph Barnby.*

1. O Par - a - dise, O Par - a-dise, Who doth not crave for rest? Who would not seek the
Refrain.
hap - py land, Where they that loved are blest? Where loyal hearts and true Stand
ev - er in the light, All rapture thro' and thro', In God's most ho - ly sight.

JOYFUL SOUND. C. M. D. *E. L. White.*


1st.
2d.
1. Je - ru - sa - lem, my hap - py home! Name ev - er dear to me!
When shall my la-bors have an end, [*Omit*.....] In
D. C. Where congre - ga-tions ne'er break up, [*Omit*.....] And
Fine.
D. C.
joy and peace, in thee? O when, thou city of my God, Shall I thy courts ascend,
Sabbaths have no end.

## 624

2 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know:
Blest seats! thro' rude and stormy scenes,
I onward press to you.
Why should I shrink at pain and woe!
Or feel, at death, dismay?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.

3 Apostles, martyrs, prophets there,
Around my Saviour stand;
And soon my friends in Christ below,
Will join the glorious band.
Jerusalem! my happy home!
My soul still pants for thee;
Then shall my labors have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.

*Latin Hymn, 8th century.*

## 625 (PARADISE.)

2 O Paradise, O Paradise,
The world is growing old;
Who would not be at rest and free
Where love is never cold? REF.

3 O Paradise, O Paradise,
'Tis weary waiting here;
I long to be where Jesus is,
To feel, to see him near; REF.

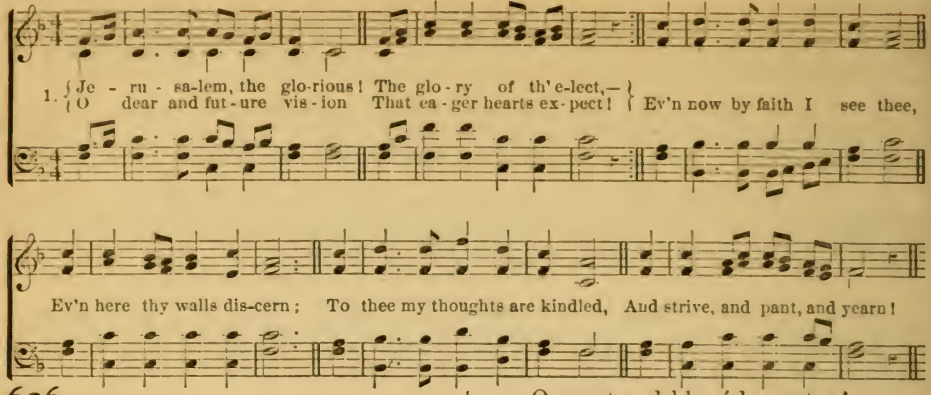
4 O Paradise, O Paradise,
I want to sin no more,
I want to be as pure on earth
As on thy spotless shore; REF.

5 O Paradise, O Paradise,
I greatly long to see
The special place my dearest Lord
In love prepares for me; REF.

6 Lord Jesus, King of Paradise,
O keep me in thy love,
And guide me to that happy land
Of perfect rest above; REF.

*Frederick W. Faber.* 1854.

MENDEBRAS. 7s & 6s. D. *German Air. Arr. by Lowell Mason.* 1839.


1. Je - ru - sa-lem, the glo-rious! The glo - ry of th' e-lect,—
O dear and fut - ure vis - ion That ea - ger hearts ex - pect! Ev'n now by faith I see thee,
Ev'n here thy walls dis-cern; To thee my thoughts are kindled, And strive, and pant, and yearn!

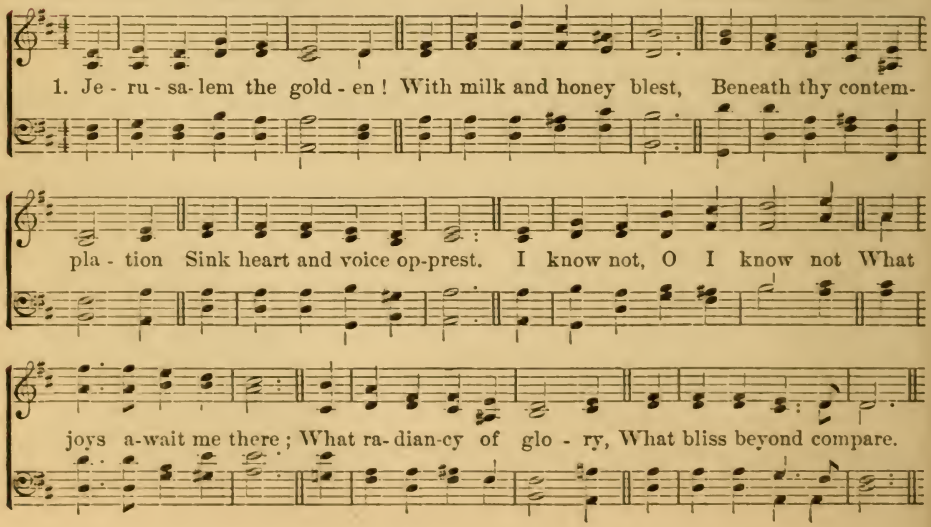
626

2 The cross is all thy splendor,
The Crucified, thy praise;
His laud and benediction
Thy ransomed people raise;—
Jerusalem! exulting
On that securest shore,
I hope thee, wish thee, sing thee,
And love thee evermore!

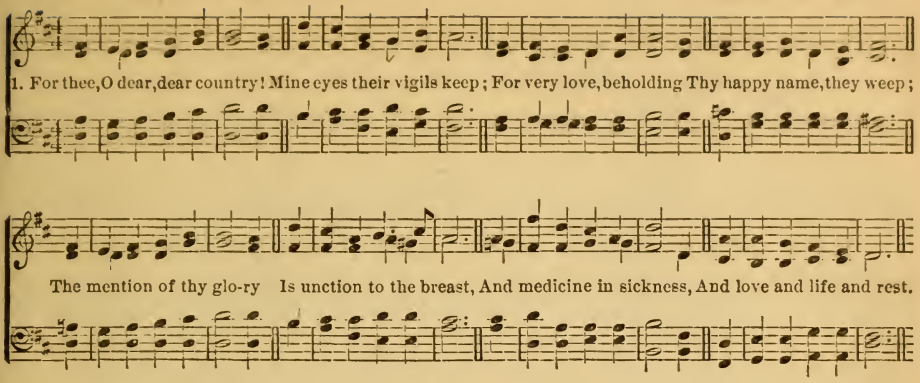
3 O sweet and blesséd country!
Shall I e'er see thy face?
O sweet and blesséd country!
Shall I e'er win thy grace?
Exult, O dust and ashes!
The Lord shall be thy part;
His only, his forever,
Thou shalt be, and thou art!

*Bernard of Cluny.* 1145.
*Tr., John M. Neale.* 1851.

EWING. 7s & 6s. D. *Alexander Ewing.* 1860.


1. Je - ru - sa-lem the gold - en! With milk and honey blest, Beneath thy contem-
pla - tion Sink heart and voice op-prest. I know not, O I know not What
joys a-wait me there; What ra-dian-cy of glo - ry, What bliss beyond compare.

BENTLEY. 7s & 6s. D. *John Hullah.* 1865.


1. For thee, O dear, dear country! Mine eyes their vigils keep; For very love, beholding Thy happy name, they weep;
The mention of thy glo-ry Is unction to the breast, And medicine in sickness, And love and life and rest.

## 627

2 O one, O only mansion!
O Paradise of joy!
Where tears are ever banished
And smiles have no alloy.
The Lamb is all thy splendor,
The Crucified thy praise;
His laud and benediction
Thy ransomed people raise.

3 With jasper glow thy bulwarks,
Thy streets with emerald blaze;
The sardius and the topaz
Unite in thee their rays;
Thine ageless walls are bonded
With amethyst unpriced;
The saints build up its fabric,
And the corner-stone is Christ.

4 Thou hast no shore, fair ocean;
Thou hast no time, bright day:
Dear fountain of refreshment
To pilgrims far away.
Upon the Rock of Ages
They raise thy holy tower;
Thine is the victor's laurel,
And thine the golden dower.

*Bernard of Cluny.* 1145.
*Tr., John M. Neale.* 1851.

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## 628 (EWING.)

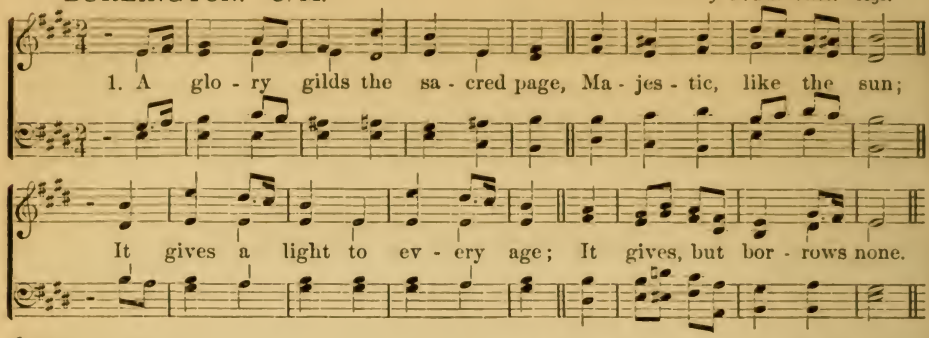
2 They stand, those halls of Zion,
All jubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
And all the martyr throng.
There is the throne of David,
And there, from toil released,
The shout of them that triumph,
The song of them that feast.

3 And they who, with their leader,
Have conquered in the fight,
Forever, and forever,
Are clad in robes of white.
O land that seest no sorrow!
O state that fear'st no strife!
O royal land of flowers!
O realm and home of life!

4 O sweet and blessèd country!
The home of God's elect!
O sweet and blessèd country,
That eager hearts expect!
Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest;
Who art, with God the Father,
And Spirit, ever blest.

*Bernard of Cluny.* 1145.
*Tr., John M. Neale.* 1851.

BURLINGTON. C. M. *J. F. Burrowes.* 1830.




## 629

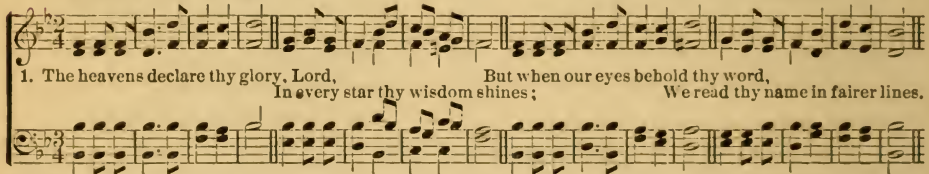
2 The hand that gave it still supplies
The gracious light and heat;
Its truths upon the nations rise,—
They rise, but never set.

3 Let everlasting thanks be thine,
For such a bright display
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.

4 My soul rejoices to pursue
The steps of him I love,
Till glory breaks upon my view,
In brighter worlds above.

*William Cowper.* 1772.

WELTON. L. M. *Cæsar H. A. Malan.* 1830.


1. The heavens declare thy glory, Lord, In every star thy wisdom shines; But when our eyes behold thy word, We read thy name in fairer lines.

## 630

2 The rolling sun, the changing light,
And nights and days thy power confess;
But the blest volume thou hast writ,
Reveals thy justice and thy grace.

3 Sun, moon, and stars convey thy praise
Round the whole earth, and never stand;
So when thy truth began its race,
It touched and glanced on every land.

4 Nor shall thy spreading gospel rest,
Till thro' the world thy truth has run;
Till Christ has all the nations blest,
That see the light, or feel the sun.

5 Great Sun of Righteousness, arise;
Bless the dark world with heavenly light;
Thy gospel makes the simple wise;
Thy laws are pure, thy judgments right.

*Isaac Watts.* 1719.

## 631

1 Upon the gospel's sacred page
The gathered beams of ages shine;
And, as it hastens, every age
But makes its brightness more divine.

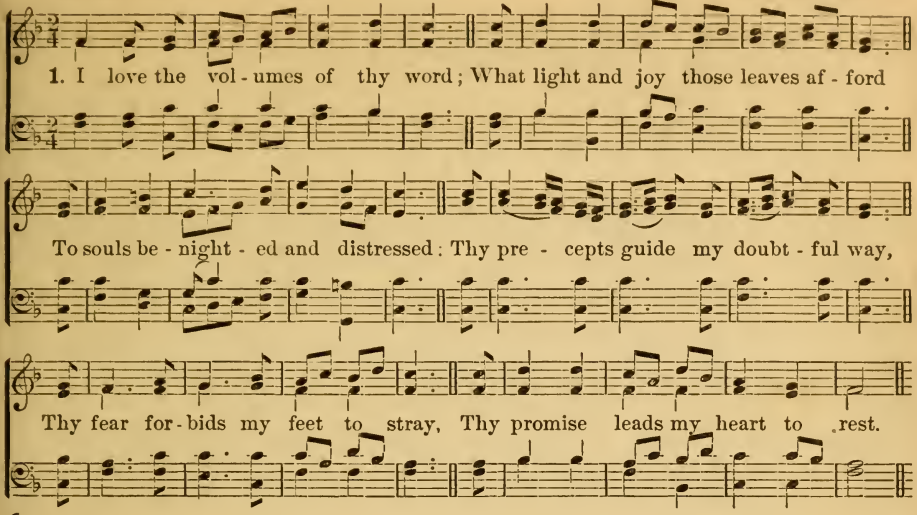
2 On mightier wing, in loftier flight,
From year to year does knowledge soar
And, as it soars, the gospel light
Becomes effulgent more and more.

3 More glorious still, as centuries roll,
New regions blest, new powers unfurled
Expanding with the expanding soul,
Its radiance shall o'erflow the world,—

4 Flow to restore, but not destroy;
As when the cloudless lamp of day
Pours out its floods of light and joy,
And sweeps the lingering mist away.

*John Bowring.*

NEWCOURT. L. P. M. *Hugh Bond.* 1790.


1. I love the vol - umes of thy word; What light and joy those leaves af - ford
To souls be - night - ed and distressed: Thy pre - cepts guide my doubt - ful way,
Thy fear for - bids my feet to stray, Thy promise leads my heart to rest.

**632**

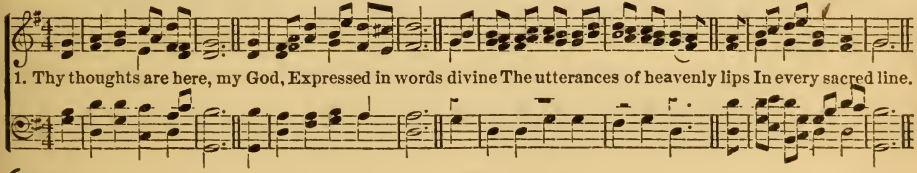
2 From the discoveries of thy law
The perfect rules of life I draw:
These are my study and delight;
Not honey so invites the taste,
Nor gold that hath the furnace past
Appears so pleasing to the sight.

3 Thy threatenings wake my slumbering eyes,
And warn me where my danger lies;
But 'tis thy blessed gospel, Lord,
That makes my guilty conscience clean,
Converts my soul, subdues my sin,
And gives a free, but large reward.

4 Who knows the errors of his thoughts?
My God, forgive my secret faults,
And from presumptuous sins restrain;
Accept my poor attempts of praise,
That I have read thy book of grace,
And book of nature, not in vain.

*Isaac Watts.* 1719.

SHIRLAND. S. M. *Samuel Stanley.* 1800.




**633**

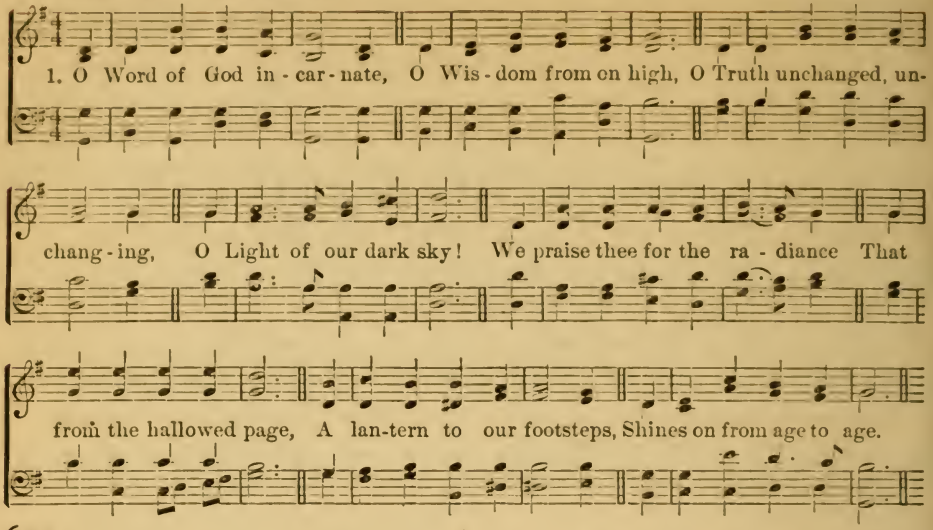
2 Across the ages they
Have reached us from afar,
Than the bright gold more golden they,
Purer than purest star.

3 A thousand hammers keen
With fiery force and strain,
Brought down on it in rage and hate,
Have struck this gem in vain.

4 Against this sea-swept rock
Ten thousand storms their will
Of foam and rage have wildly spent;
It lifts its calm face still.

*Horatius Bonar.*

CHENIES. 7s & 6s. D. *T. R. Matthews.*


1. O Word of God in - car - nate, O Wis - dom from on high, O Truth unchanged, un-
chang - ing, O Light of our dark sky! We praise thee for the ra - diance That
from the hallowed page, A lan-tern to our footsteps, Shines on from age to age.

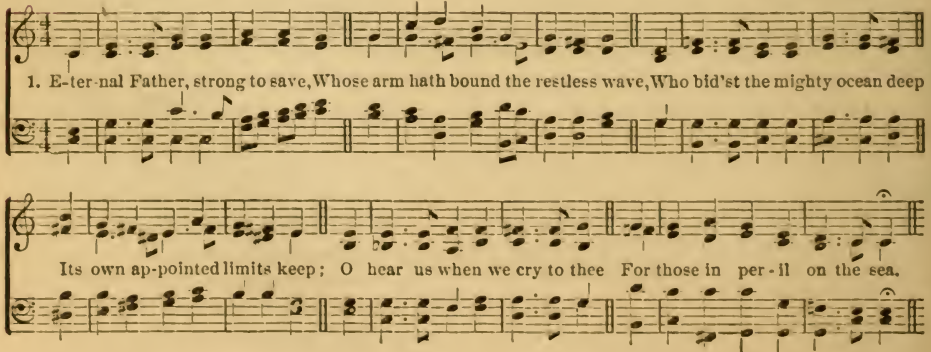
634

2 The Church from her dear Master
Received the gift divine,
And still that light she lifteth
O'er all the earth to shine.
It is the golden casket
Where gems of truth are stored,
It is the heaven-drawn picture
Of Christ the living word.

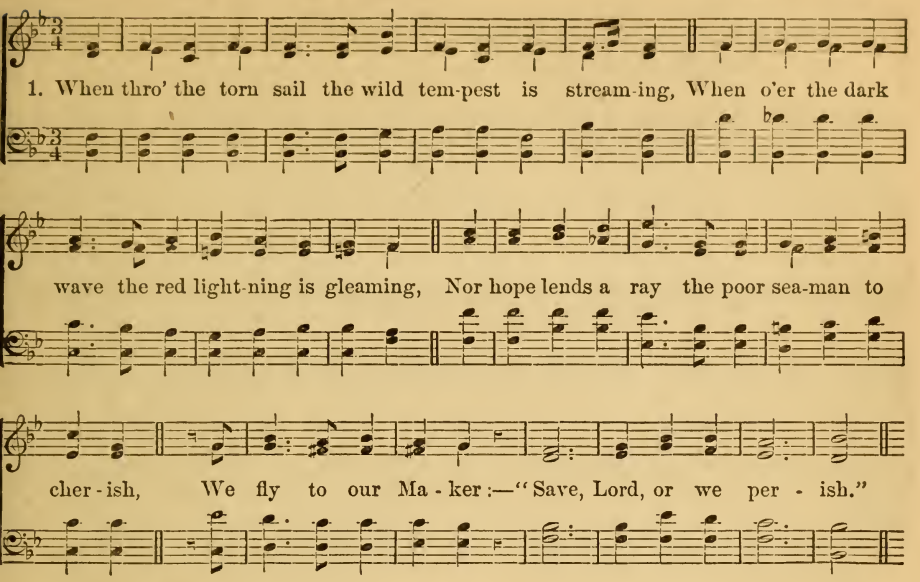
3 O, make thy Church, dear Saviour,
A lamp of burnished gold,
To bear before the nations
Thy true light as of old;
O teach thy wandering pilgrims
By this their path to trace,
Till, clouds and darkness ended,
They see thee face to face.

*William Walsham How.* 1867.

MELITA. L. M. 6 lines. *John B. Dykes.*


1. E-ter-nal Father, strong to save, Whose arm hath bound the restless wave, Who bid'st the mighty ocean deep
Its own ap-pointed limits keep; O hear us when we cry to thee For those in per - il on the sea.

SAVE, LORD, OR WE PERISH. *Arthur S. Sullivan.*


1. When thro' the torn sail the wild tem-pest is stream-ing, When o'er the dark
wave the red light-ning is gleaming, Nor hope lends a ray the poor sea-man to
cher-ish, We fly to our Ma-ker:—"Save, Lord, or we per-ish."

635

2 O Jesus, once rocked on the breast of the billow,
Aroused by the shriek of despair from thy pillow,
Now seated in glory, the mariner cherish,
Who cries in his anguish: "Save, Lord, or we perish."

3 And O, when the whirlwind of passion is raging,
When sin in our hearts its wild warfare is waging,
Then send down thy grace, thy redeeméd to cherish;
Rebuke the destroyer: "Save, Lord, or we perish."

*Reginald Heber.* 1820.

636 (MELITA.)

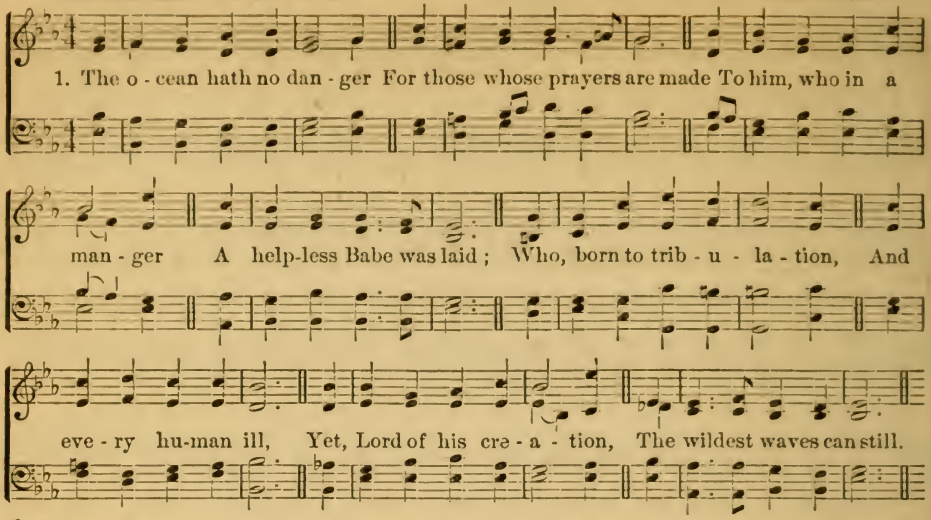
2 O Christ, whose voice the waters heard
And hushed their raging at thy word,
Who walkedst on the foaming deep,
And calm amidst its rage didst sleep;
O hear us when we cry to thee
For those in peril on the sea.

3 Most Holy Spirit, who didst brood
Upon the chaos dark and rude,
And bid its angry tumult cease,
And give, for wild confusion, peace;
O hear us when we cry to thee
For those in peril on the sea.

4 O Trinity of love and power,
Our brethren shield in danger's hour;
From rock and tempest, fire and foe,
Protect them wheresoe'er they go;
Thus evermore shall rise to thee
Glad hymns of praise from land and sea.

*W. Whiting.* 1862.

MARINER. 7s & 6s. D. *John B. Dykes.*


1. The o - cean hath no dan - ger For those whose prayers are made To him, who in a
man - ger A help-less Babe was laid; Who, born to trib - u - la - tion, And
eve - ry hu-man ill, Yet, Lord of his cre - a - tion, The wildest waves can still.

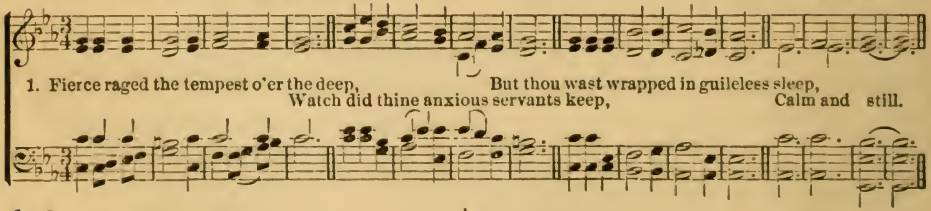
637

2 If fierce the tempest round us,
And white the angry deep;
Yet he, when lost, who found us,
Can still his treasure keep:
Nor wind nor wave can harm us,
Though hope itself grow dim,
No tempest need alarm us,
If peace we seek in him.

3 Though life itself be waning,
And waves shall o'er us sweep,
The wild wind's sad complaining
Shall lull us still to sleep:
For as a gentle slumber
E'en death itself shall prove
To those, whom Christ doth number
As worthy of his love.

*Godfrey Thring.* 1866.

ST. AELRED. 8s & 3s. *John B. Dykes.*


1. Fierce raged the tempest o'er the deep, But thou wast wrapped in guileless sleep,
Watch did thine anxious servants keep, Calm and still.

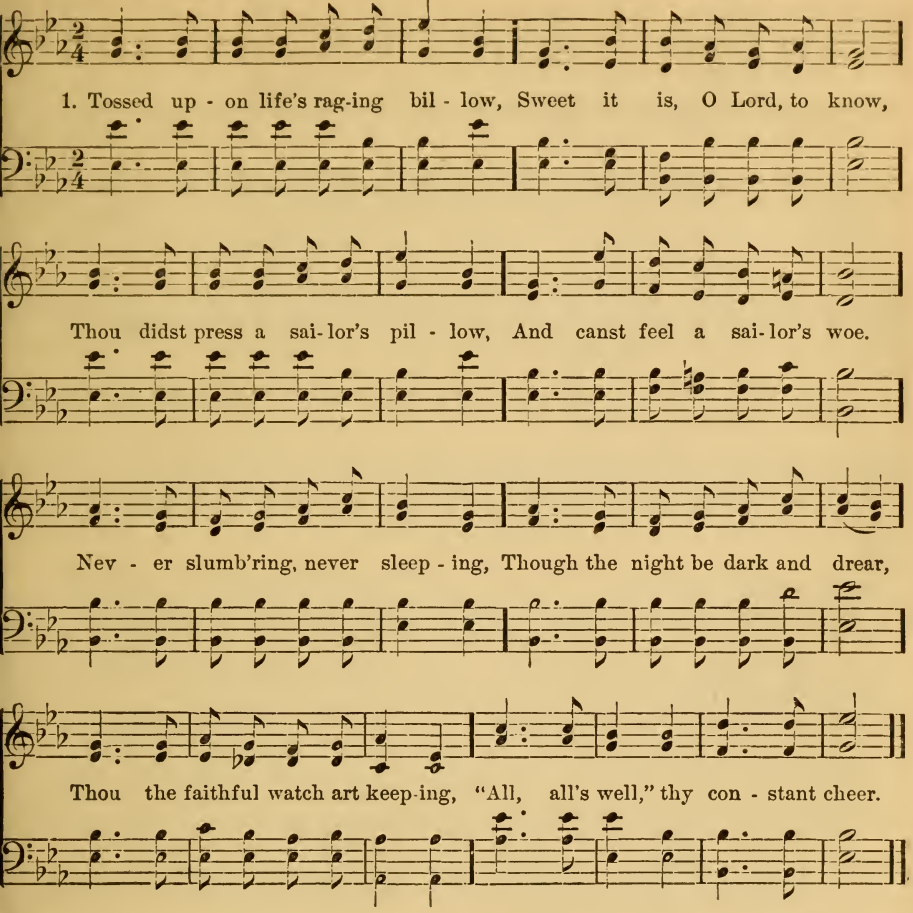
638

2 "Save, Lord, we perish," was their cry,
"O save us in our agony!"
Thy word above the storm rose high,
"Peace, be still."

3 The wild winds hushed; the angry deep
Sank, like a little child, to sleep;
The sullen billows cease to leap,
At thy will.

4 So, when our life is clouded o'er,
And storm-winds drift us from the shore,
Say, lest we sink to rise no more,
"Peace, be still."

*Godfrey Thring.* 1858.

PILGRIM. 8s & 7s. D. *George Kingsley.* 1838.

1. Tossed up - on life's rag-ing bil - low, Sweet it is, O Lord, to know,
Thou didst press a sai-lor's pil - low, And canst feel a sai-lor's woe.
Nev - er slumb'ring, never sleep - ing, Though the night be dark and drear,
Thou the faithful watch art keep-ing, "All, all's well," thy con - stant cheer.

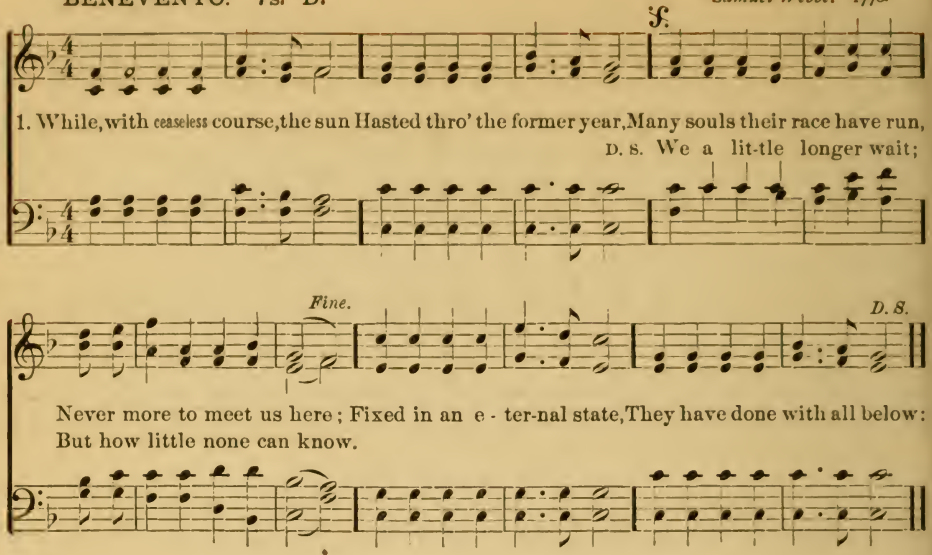
639

2 And though loud the wind is howling,
Fierce though flash the lightnings red,
Darkly though the storm-cloud's scowling
O'er the sailor's anxious head;
Thou canst calm the raging ocean,
All its noise and tumult still,
Hush the tempest's wild commotion,
At the bidding of thy will.

3 Thus my heart the hope will cherish,
While to thee I lift mine eye,
Thou wilt save me ere I perish,
Thou wilt hear the sailor's cry:
And though mast and sail be riven,
Life's short voyage will soon be o'er,
Safely moored in heaven's wide haven,
Storms and tempests vex no more.

*George W. Bethune.* 1830.

BENEVENTO. 7s. D. *Samuel Webbe.* 1770.


1. While, with ceaseless course, the sun Hasted thro' the former year, Many souls their race have run,
D. S. We a lit-tle longer wait;
Fine.
D. S.
Never more to meet us here; Fixed in an e - ter-nal state, They have done with all below:
But how little none can know.

## 640

2 As the wingéd arrow flies,
Speedily the mark to find;
As the lightning from the skies
Darts, and leaves no trace behind,—
Swiftly thus our fleeting days
Bear us down life's rapid stream;
Upward, Lord, our spirits raise,
All below is but a dream.

3 Thanks for mercies past receive;
Pardon of our sins renew;
Teach us henceforth how to live,
With eternity in view:
Bless thy word to old and young;
Fill us with a Saviour's love;
When our life's short race is run,
May we dwell with thee above.

*John Newton.* 1779.

## 641

1 Let us with a joyful mind,
Praise the Lord, for he is kind,
For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

Let us sound his name abroad,
For of gods he is the God
Who by wisdom did create
Heaven's expanse and all its state;

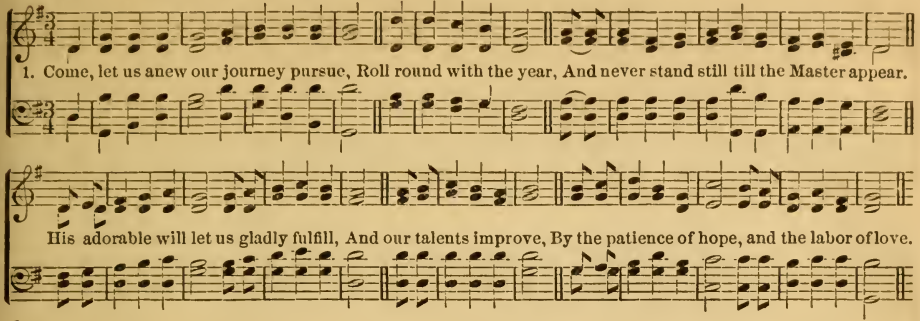
2 Did the solid earth ordain
How to rise above the main;
Who, by his commanding might,
Filled the new-made world with light;
Caused the golden-tressèd sun
All the day his course to run;
And the moon to shine by night,
'Mid her spangled sisters bright.

3 All his creatures God doth feed,
His full hand supplies their need;
Let us therefore warble forth
His high majesty and worth.
He his mansion hath on high,
'Bove the reach of mortal eye;
And his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

*John Milton.* 1623.

## NEW YEAR'S HYMN. 11s & 5s.

*Samuel Webbe.* 1770.


1. Come, let us anew our journey pursue, Roll round with the year, And never stand still till the Master appear.
His adorable will let us gladly fulfill, And our talents improve, By the patience of hope, and the labor of love.

642

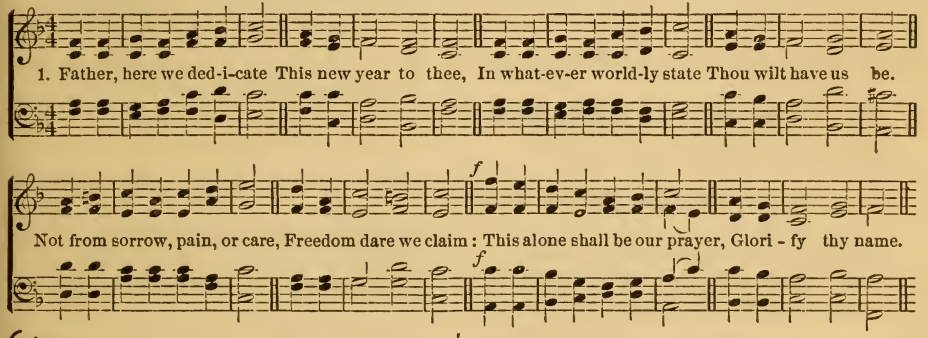
2 Our life is a dream; our time, as a stream,
Glides swiftly away,
And the fugitive moment refuses to stay.
The arrow is flown,—the moment is gone;
The millennial year
Rushes on to our view and eternity's here.

3 O, that each in the day of his coming may say,
"I have fought my way thro': [say,
I have finished the work thou didst give me to do!" [the glad word,
O, that each from his Lord may receive
"Well and faithfully done! [throne!"
Enter into my joy, and sit down on my

*Charles Wesley.* 1749.

## GLORIFY THY NAME. 7s & 5s.

*Joseph Barnby.*


1. Father, here we ded-i-cate This new year to thee, In what-ev-er world-ly state Thou wilt have us be.
Not from sorrow, pain, or care, Freedom dare we claim: This alone shall be our prayer, Glori - fy thy name.

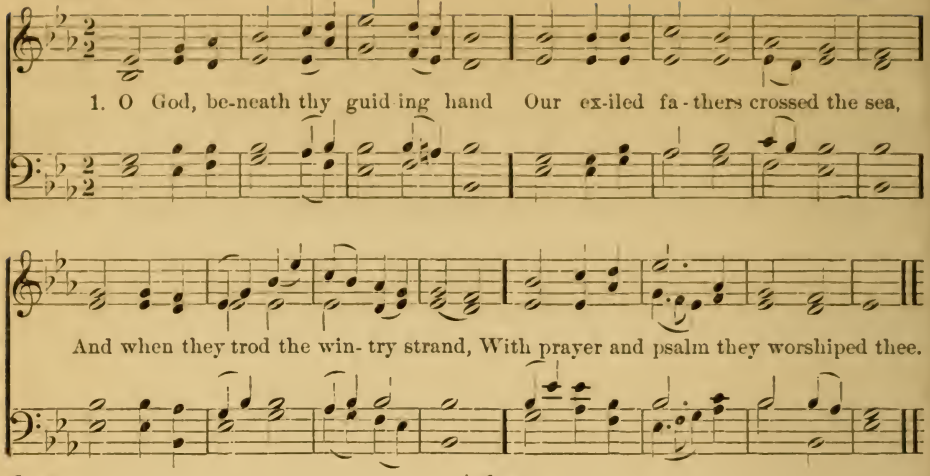
643

2 Can a child presume to choose
Where or how to live?
Can a Father's love refuse
All the best to give?
More thou givest every day
Than the best can claim;
Nor withholdest aught that may
Glorify thy name.

3 If in mercy thou wilt spare
Joys we yet partake;
If on life, serene and fair,
Brighter rays may break;
Thee our hearts, while glad they sing,
Shall in all proclaim;
And, whate'er the year shall bring,
Glorify thy name.

*L. Tuttiett.*

DUKE STREET. L. M. *J. Hatton.* 1790.


1. O God, be-neath thy guid ing hand Our ex-iled fa-thers crossed the sea,
And when they trod the win-try strand, With prayer and psalm they worshiped thee.

## 644

1 O God, beneath thy guiding hand
Our exiled fathers crossed the sea,
And when they trod the wintry strand,
With prayer and psalm they worshiped thee.

2 Thou heardst, well pleased, the song, the prayer—
Thy blessing came; and still its power
Shall onward through all ages bear
The memory of that holy hour.

3 What change! through pathless wilds no more
The fierce and naked savage roams:
Sweet praise, along the cultured shore,
Breaks from ten thousand happy homes.

4 Laws, freedom, truth, and faith in God
Came with those exiles o'er the waves,
And where their pilgrim feet have trod,
The God they trusted guards their graves.

5 And here thy name, O God of love,
Their children's children shall adore,
Till these eternal hills remove,
And spring adorns the earth no more.

*Leonard Bacon.* 1838, 1845.

## 645

1 Great God! we sing that mighty hand
By which supported still we stand;
The opening year thy mercy shows;
Let mercy crown it till it close.

2 By day, by night, at home, abroad,
Still we are guarded by our God;
By his incessant bounty fed,
By his unerring counsel led.

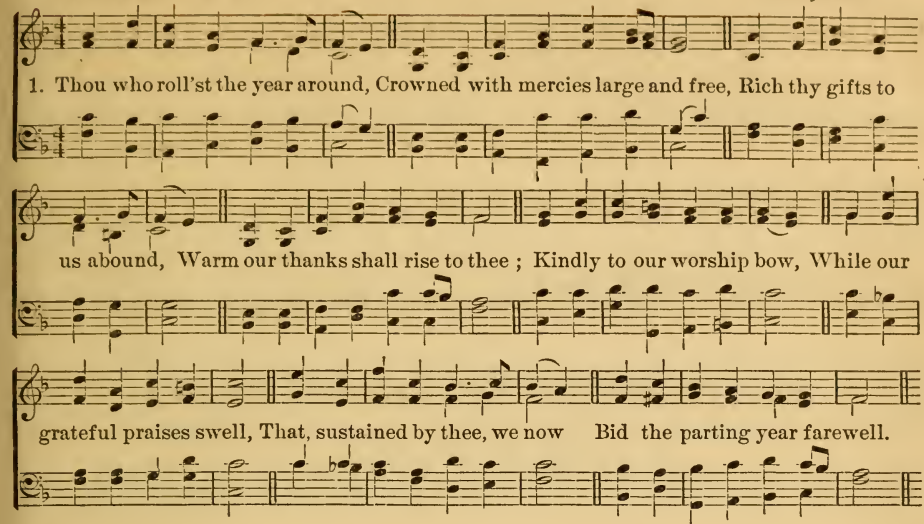
3 With grateful hearts the past we own;
The future, all to us unknown,
We to thy guardian care commit,
And peaceful leave before thy feet.

4 In scenes exalted or depressed,
Be thou our joy, and thou our rest;
Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,
Adored through all our changing days.

5 When death shall interrupt our songs,
And seal in silence mortal tongues,
Our helper, God, in whom we trust,
In better worlds our souls shall boast.

*Philip Doddridge.* 1740.

NEALE. 7s. D. *Henry Smart.*


1. Thou who roll'st the year around, Crowned with mercies large and free, Rich thy gifts to
us abound, Warm our thanks shall rise to thee ; Kindly to our worship bow, While our
grateful praises swell, That, sustained by thee, we now Bid the parting year farewell.

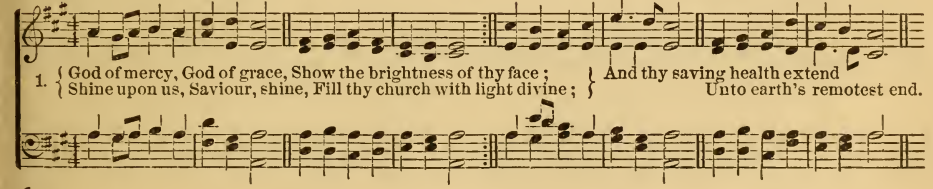
## 646

2 All its numbered days are sped,
All its busy scenes are o'er,
All its joys for ever fled,
All its sorrows felt no more;
Mingled with th' eternal past,
Its remembrance shall decay;
Yet to be revived at last
At the solemn judgment-day.

3 All our follies, Lord, forgive;
Cleanse each heart and make us thine;
Let thy grace within us live,
As our future suns decline;
Then, when life's last eve shall come,
Happy spirits, let us fly
To our everlasting home,
To our Father's house on high.

*Ray Palmer.* 1865.

DIX. 7s. 6 lines. *German. Arr. by William H. Monk.* 1861.


1. God of mercy, God of grace, Show the brightness of thy face ; And thy saving health extend
Shine upon us, Saviour, shine, Fill thy church with light divine ; Unto earth's remotest end.

## 647

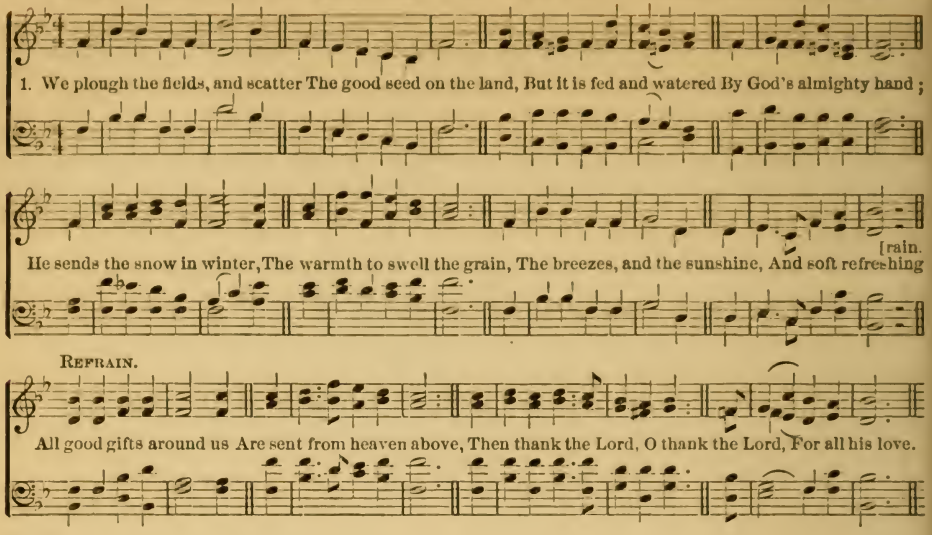
2 Let the people praise thee, Lord,
Be by all that live adored:
Let the nations shout and sing,
Glory to their Saviour-King;
At thy feet their tributes pay,
And thy holy will obey.

3 Let the people praise thee, Lord,
Earth shall then her fruits afford:
God to man his blessing give,
Man to God devoted live;
All below, and all above,
One in joy, and light, and love.

*Henry Francis Lyte.* 1834.

## ALL GOOD GIFTS AROUND US. 7s & 6s.

*Hymns Ancient and Modern.*


1. We plough the fields, and scatter The good seed on the land, But it is fed and watered By God's almighty hand;
He sends the snow in winter, The warmth to swell the grain, The breezes, and the sunshine, And soft refreshing rain.
Refrain.
All good gifts around us Are sent from heaven above, Then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord, For all his love.

## 648

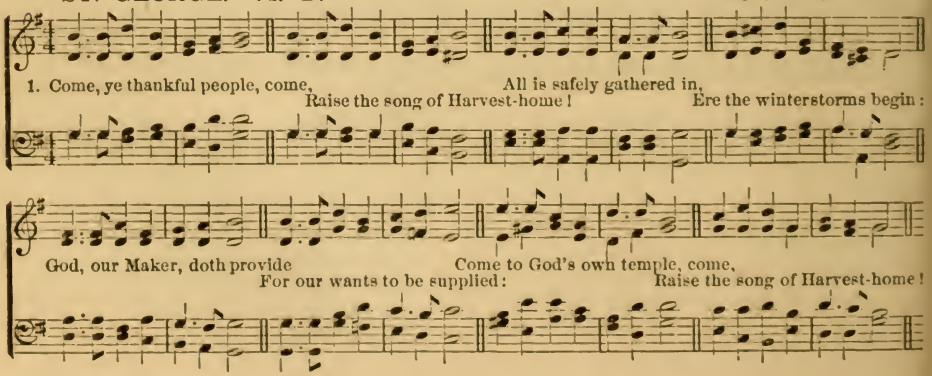
2 He only is the Maker
Of all things near and far;
He paints the wayside flower,
He lights the evening star;
The winds and waves obey him,
By him the birds are fed;
Much more to us, his children,
He gives our daily bread. Ref.

3 We thank thee, then, O Father,
For all things bright and good,
The seed-time and the harvest,
Our life, our health, our food;
Accept the gifts we offer
For all thy love imparts,
And, what thou most desirest,
Our humble, thankful hearts. Ref.

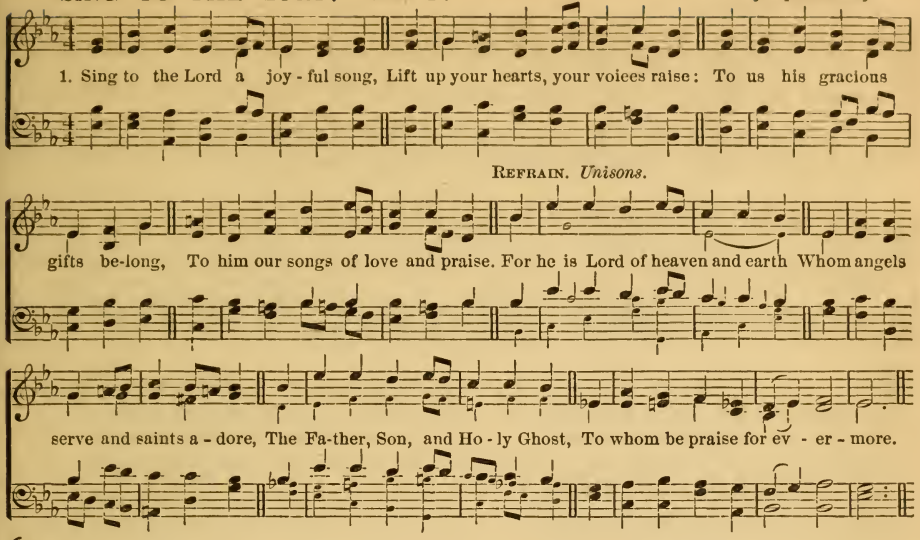
*Mathias Claudius.* (1740—1815).
*Tr., Miss J. M. Campbell.* 1861.

## ST. GEORGE. 7s. D.

*George J. Elvey.* 1860.


1. Come, ye thankful people, come, All is safely gathered in,
Raise the song of Harvest-home! Ere the winterstorms begin:
God, our Maker, doth provide Come to God's own temple, come,
For our wants to be supplied: Raise the song of Harvest-home!

SING TO THE LORD. L. M D. *Joseph Barnby.*


1. Sing to the Lord a joy - ful song, Lift up your hearts, your voices raise: To us his gracious
Refrain. Unisons.
gifts be-long, To him our songs of love and praise. For he is Lord of heaven and earth Whom angels
serve and saints a - dore, The Fa-ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost, To whom be praise for ev - er - more.

649

2 For life and love, for rest and food,
For daily help and nightly care,
Sing to the Lord; for he is good:
And praise his name, for it is fair. Ref.

3 For strength to those who on him wait,
His truth to prove, his will to do,
Praise ye our God; for he is great:
Trust in his name, for it is true. Ref.

4 For joys untold that daily move
Round those who love his sweet employ,
Sing to our God; for he is love:
Exalt his name, for it is joy. Ref.

5 For life below, with all its bliss,
And for that life, more pure and high,
That inner life, which over this
Shall ever shine, and never die,
Sing to the Lord of heaven and earth,
Whom angels serve and saints adore,
The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost;
To whom be praise for evermore.

*J. S. B. Monsell.*

650 (ST. GEORGE.)

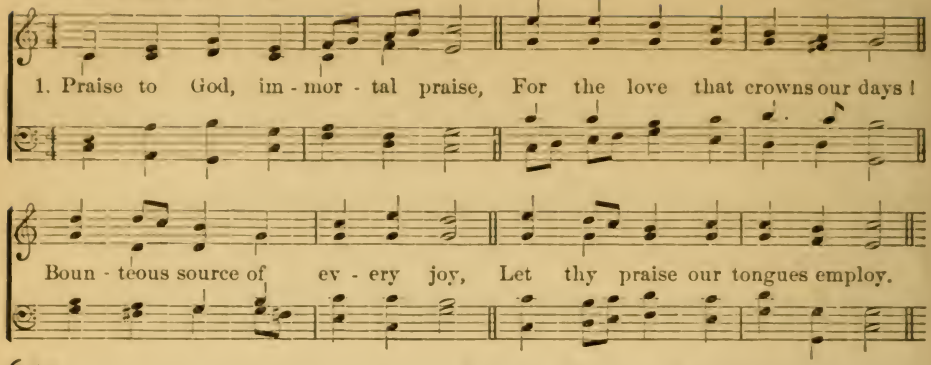
2 All the world is God's own field,
Fruit unto his praise to yield;
Wheat and tares together sown,
Unto joy or sorrow grown;
First the blade, and then the ear,
Then the full corn shall appear:
Lord of Harvest, grant that we
Wholesome grain and pure may be.

3 For the Lord our God shall come,
And shall take his harvest home;
From his field shall in that day
All offences purge away;
Give his angels charge at last
In the fire the tares to cast;
But the fruitful ears to store
In his garner evermore.

4 Even so, Lord, quickly come
To thy final Harvest-home;
Gather thou thy people in,
Free from sorrow, free from sin;
There, forever purified,
In thy presence to abide:
Come, with all thine angels, come,
Raise the glorious Harvest-home.

*Henry Alford.* 1845.

MONKLAND. 7s. *John B. Wilkes.*


1. Praise to God, im - mor - tal praise, For the love that crowns our days!
Boun - teous source of ev - ery joy, Let thy praise our tongues employ.

## 651

2 For the blessings of the field,
For the stores the gardens yield;
For the fruits in full supply,
Ripened 'neath the summer sky;

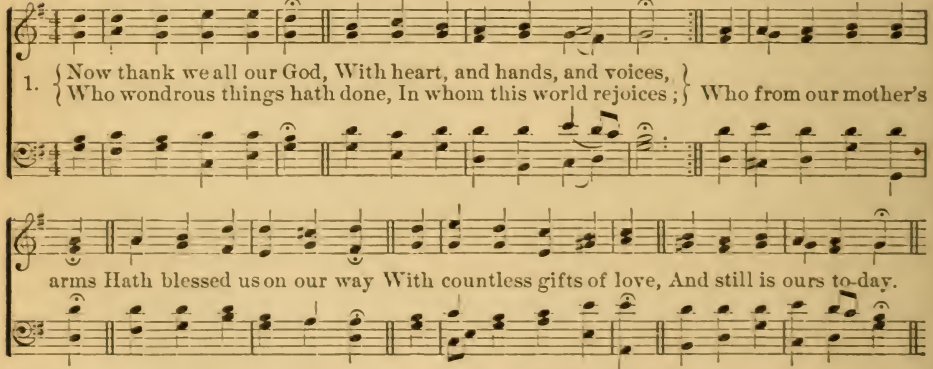
3 Flocks that whiten all the plain;
Yellow sheaves of ripened grain;
Clouds that drop their fattening dews;
Suns that temperate warmth diffuse;

4 All that spring with bounteous hand
Scatters o'er the smiling land;
All that liberal autumn pours
From her rich o'erflowing stores:

5 These to thee, my God, we owe,
Source whence all our blessings flow;
And for these my soul shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

*Anna L. Barbauld.* 1773, *ab.*

WITTEMBERG. 6s, 7s & 6s. *Johann Crüger.* 1653.

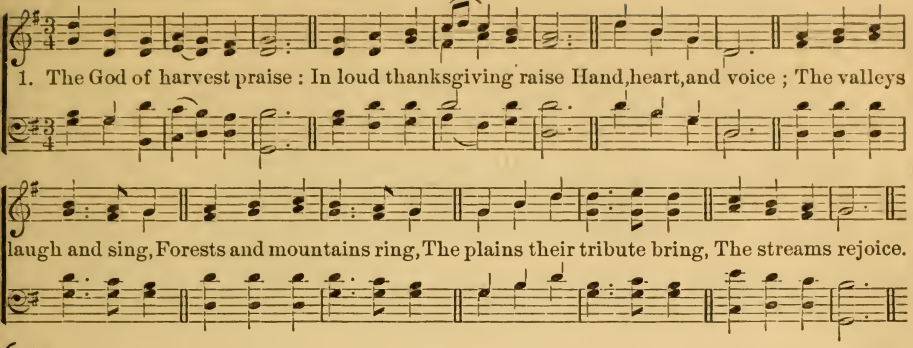

1. Now thank we all our God, With heart, and hands, and voices,
Who wondrous things hath done, In whom this world rejoices; Who from our mother's
arms Hath blessed us on our way With countless gifts of love, And still is ours to-day.

## 652

2 O may this bounteous God
Through all our life be near us,
With ever joyful hearts
And blessèd peace to cheer us;
And keep us in this grace,
And guide us when perplext,
And free us from all ills
In this world and the next.

*Martin Rinkart.* 1644.
*Tr., Miss Catherine Winkworth.* 1858.

ITALIAN HYMN. 6s & 4s. *Felice Giardini.* 1760.


1. The God of harvest praise : In loud thanksgiving raise Hand,heart,and voice ; The valleys
laugh and sing,Forests and mountains ring,The plains their tribute bring, The streams rejoice.

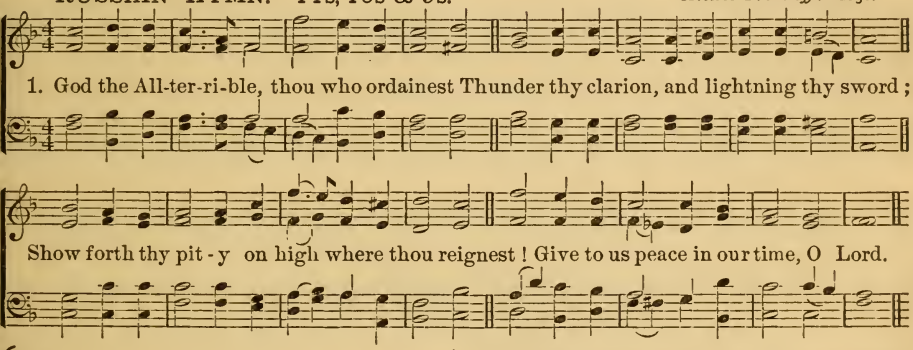
653

2 Yea, bless his holy name,
And joyous thanks proclaim
Through all the earth;
To glory in your lot
Is comely, but be not
God's benefits forgot
Amidst your mirth.

3 The God of harvest praise;
Hands, hearts and voices raise
With one accord,
From field to garner throng,
Bearing your sheaves along,
And in your harvest song
Bless ye the Lord.

*James Montgomery.* 1822.

RUSSIAN HYMN. 11s, 10s & 9s. *Alexis T. Lwoff.* 1830.


1. God the All-ter-ri-ble, thou who ordainest Thunder thy clarion, and lightning thy sword ;
Show forth thy pit - y on high where thou reignest ! Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.

654

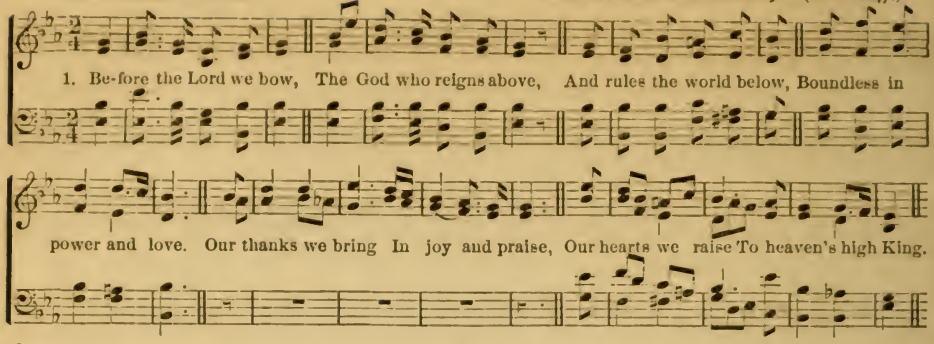
2 God the Omnipotent, Mighty Avenger,
Watching invisible, judging unheard;
Save us in mercy, O save us from danger;
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.

3 God the All-merciful, earth hath forsaken [word;
Thy ways all holy, and slighted thy
Let not thy wrath in its terror awaken;
Give to us pardon and peace, O Lord.

4 So will thy people, with thankful devotion, [and sword,
Praise him who saved them from peril
Shouting in chorus, from ocean to ocean,
Peace to the nations, and praise to the Lord.

*Henry F. Chorley.*

PATRIA. H. M. *Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy.* (1800—1847.)


1. Be-fore the Lord we bow, The God who reigns above, And rules the world below, Boundless in
power and love. Our thanks we bring In joy and praise, Our hearts we raise To heaven's high King.

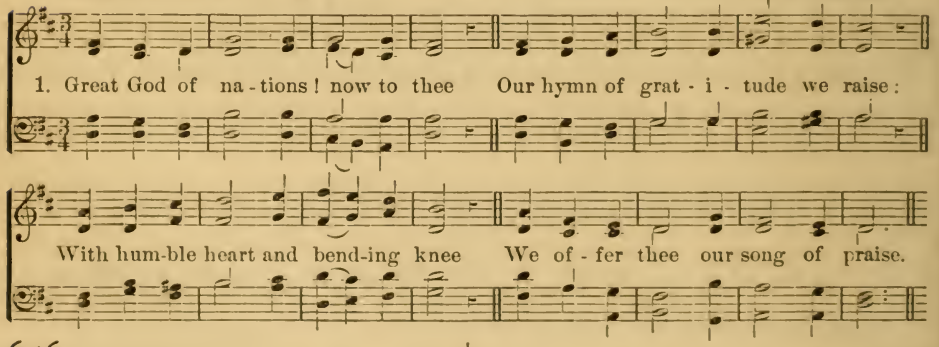
655

2 The nation thou hast blest
May well thy love declare,
From foes and fears at rest,
Protected by thy care.
For this fair land,
For this bright day,
Our thanks we pay,
Gifts of thy hand.

3 May every mountain height,
Each vale and forest green,
Shine in thy word's pure light,
And its rich fruits be seen.
May every tongue
Be tuned to praise,
And join to raise
A grateful song.

*Francis Scott Key.* 1832.

GLADSTONE. L. M. *W. H. Gladstone.*


1. Great God of na - tions! now to thee Our hymn of grat - i - tude we raise:
With hum-ble heart and bend-ing knee We of - fer thee our song of praise.

656

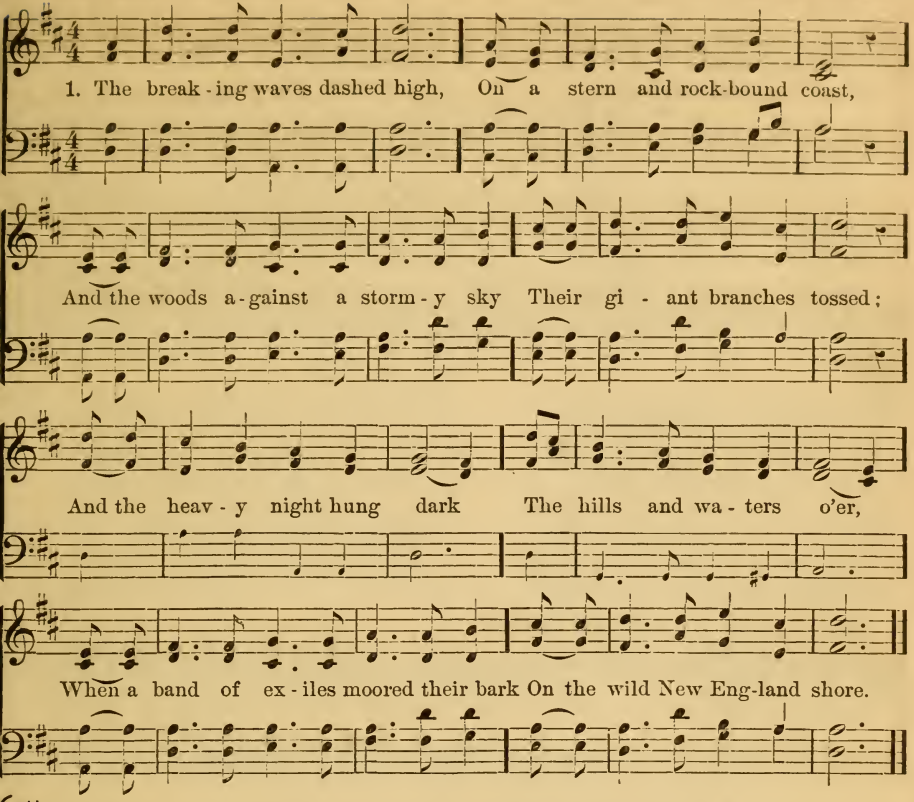
2 Thy name we bless, almighty God!
For all the kindness thou hast shown
To this fair land the pilgrims trod—
This land we fondly call our own

3 Here Freedom spreads her banner wide,
And casts her soft and hallowed ray;
Here thou our fathers' steps did guide
In safety through their dangerous way.

4 We praise thee that the gospel's light
Through all our land its radiance sheds,
Dispels the shades of error's night,
And heavenly blessings round us spreads

5 Great God! preserve us in thy fear;
In dangers still our guardian be;
O spread thy truth's bright precepts here,
Let all the people worship thee.

*Alfred Alexander Woodhull.* 1829.

PLYMOUTH ROCK. S. M. D. *Arr. from Miss Browne.*

1. The break - ing waves dashed high, On a stern and rock-bound coast,
And the woods a - gainst a storm - y sky Their gi - ant branches tossed;
And the heav - y night hung dark The hills and wa - ters o'er,
When a band of ex - iles moored their bark On the wild New Eng-land shore.

657

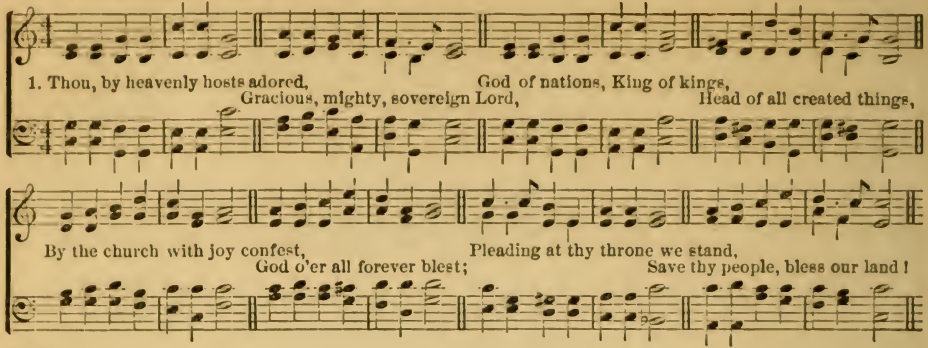
2 Not as the conqueror comes,
They, the true-hearted, came;
Not with the roll of the stirring drums,
And the trumpet that sings of fame;
Not as the flying come,
In silence and in fear;—
They shook the depths of the desert gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

3 Amidst the storm they sang,
And the stars heard, and the sea!
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
To the anthem of the free.
The ocean eagle soared
From his nest by the white wave's foam, [roared—
And the rocking pines of the forest
This was their welcome home!

4 What sought they thus afar?
Bright jewels of the mine?
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war.—
They sought a faith's pure shrine!
Ay, call it holy ground,
The soil where first they trod!
They have left unstained what there they found—
Freedom to worship God.

*Felicia D. Hemans.*

TULFORD. 7s. D. *E. J. Hopkins.*


1. Thou, by heavenly hosts adored, God of nations, King of kings,
Gracious, mighty, sovereign Lord, Head of all created things,
By the church with joy confest, Pleading at thy throne we stand,
God o'er all forever blest; Save thy people, bless our land!

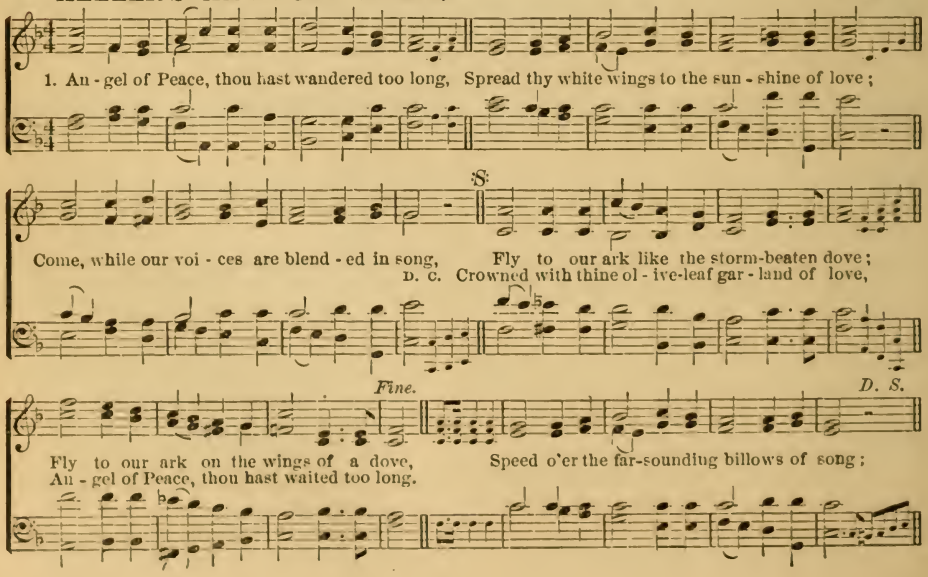
## 658

2 From all public sin and shame,
From ambition's grasping aim,
From rebellion, war, and death,
From the pestilential breath,
From dread famine's awful stroke,
From oppression's galling yoke,
From the judgments of thy hand;
Spare thy people, spare our land!

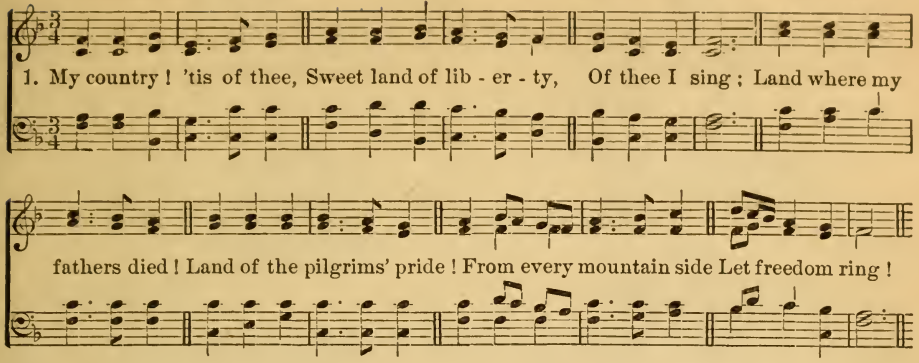
3 Let our rulers ever be
Men that love and honor thee;
Let the powers by thee ordained,
Be in righteousness maintained;
In the people's hearts increase
Love of piety and peace;
Thus, united we shall stand
One wide, free, and happy land!

*Henry Harbaugh.* 1860.

KELLER'S AMERICAN HYMN. *Keller.*


1. An - gel of Peace, thou hast wandered too long, Spread thy white wings to the sun - shine of love;
S.
Come, while our voi - ces are blend - ed in song, Fly to our ark like the storm-beaten dove;
D. C. Crowned with thine ol - ive-leaf gar - land of love,
Fine.
D. S.
Fly to our ark on the wings of a dove, Speed o'er the far-sounding billows of song;
An - gel of Peace, thou hast waited too long.

AMERICA. 6s & 4s. *Adapted by Henry Carey.* (1693—1743.)


1. My country! 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty, Of thee I sing; Land where my
fathers died! Land of the pilgrims' pride! From every mountain side Let freedom ring!

## 659

2 My native country, thee,
Land of the noble free,
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills:
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

3 Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song:
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break,—
The sound prolong.

4 Our fathers' God! to thee,
Author of liberty,
To thee we sing:
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King!

*Samuel F. Smith.* 1832.

## 660

2 Brothers we meet, on this altar of thine
Mingling the gifts we have gathered for thee;
Sweet with the odors of myrtle and pine,
Breeze of the prairie and breath of the sea;
Meadow and mountain, and forest and sea,
Sweet is the fragrance of myrtle and pine;
Sweeter the incense we offer to thee,
Brothers once more round this altar of thine.

3 Angels of Bethlehem answer the strain;
Hark! a new birth-song is filling the sky!
Loud as the storm-wind that tumbles the main,
Bid the full breath of the organ reply;
Let the loud tempest of voices reply,—
Roll its long surge like the earth-shaking main!
Swell the vast song till it mounts to the sky!
Angels of Bethlehem echo the strain. *Oliver Wendell Holmes.* 1869.

1 **L. M.**

PRAISE God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

*Thomas Ken.* 1697.

2 **C. M.**

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be ever more.

*Tate and Brady.* 1696.

3 **S. M.**

To God the Father, Son,
And Spirit, One and Three,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall for ever be.

*John Wesley.* 1741.

4 **L. M. 6 lines.**

To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Be honor, praise, and glory given,
By all on earth, and all in heaven;
As was through ages heretofore,
Is now, and shall be evermore.

*Isaac Watts.* 1709. *First 4 lines.*

5 **C. P. M.**

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom heaven's triumphant host
And saints on earth adore;
Be glory as in ages past,
As now it is, and so shall last,
When time shall be no more.

*Tate and Brady.* 1696.

6 **L. P. M.**

Now to the great and sacred Three,
The Father, Son, and Spirit, be
Eternal praise and glory given,
Through all the worlds where God is known,
By all the angels near the throne,
And all the saints in earth and heaven.

*Isaac Watts.* 1719.

7 **H. M.**

O GOD, for ever blest,
To thee all praise be given;
Thy Name Triune confest
By all in earth and heaven;
As heretofore it was, is now,
And shall be so for evermore.

*Edward Henry Bickersteth.* 1870.

8 **7s & 6s. D.**

FATHER, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One God whom we adore,
Join we with the heavenly host
To praise thee evermore:
Live, by heaven and earth adored,
Three in One, and One in Three,
Holy, holy, holy Lord,
All glory be to thee.

*Charles Wesley.* 1746.

9 **8s & 7s.**

PRAISE the Father, earth and heaven,
Praise the Son, the Spirit praise,
As it was, and is, be given
Glory through eternal days.

*Unknown Author.* 1827.

10 **8s & 7s. D.**

PRAISE the God of all creation;
Praise the Father's boundless love;
Praise the Lamb, our Expiation,
Priest and King enthroned above;
Praise the Fountain of Salvation,
Him by whom our spirits live:
Undivided adoration
To the One Jehovah give.

*Josiah Conder.* 1836.

11 **7s.**

SING we to our God above
Praise eternal as his love:
Praise him, all ye heavenly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

*Charles Wesley.* 1740.

12 **7s. 6 lines.**

GOD the Father, God of grace,
Saviour, born of mortal race,
Comforter, our life and light,
One in essence, love and might;
Thee whom all in heaven adore,
We would worship evermore.

*Ray Palmer.* 1873.

13 **7s. D.**

PRAISE our glorious King and Lord,
Angels waiting on his word,
Saints that walk with him in white,
Pilgrims walking in his light:
Glory to the Eternal One,
Glory to his only Son,
Glory to the Spirit be
Now, and through eternity.

*Alexander Ramsey Thompson.* 1869.

14 **6s & 4s.**

To the great One in Three,
The highest praises be,
Hence evermore;
His sovereign majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity,
Love and adore.

*Charles Wesley.* 1757.

15 **10s.**

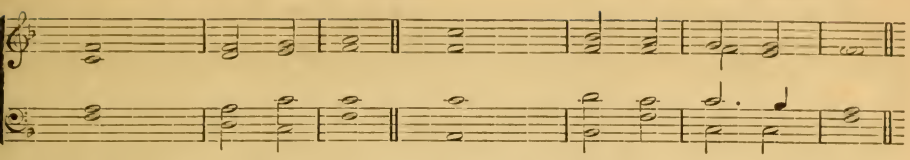
To Father, Son, and Spirit, ever blest,
Eternal praise and worship be addrest;
From age to age, ye saints, his name adore,
And spread his fame, till time shall be no more.

*Simon Browne.* 1720.

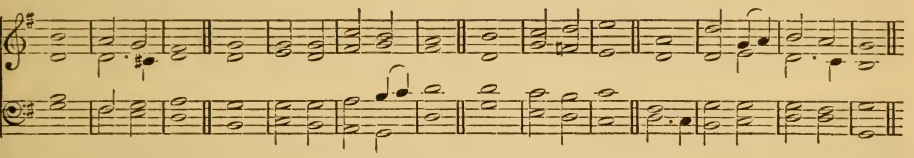
16 **11s.**

O FATHER Almighty, to thee be addrest,
With Christ and the Spirit, one God ever blest,
All glory and worship, from earth and from heaven,
As was and is now, and shall ever be given.

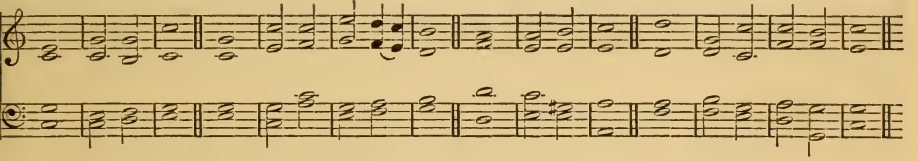
*Unknown Author.*

GLORIA PATRI. No. 1. Single. *Richard Farrant.* 1570.

1 Glory be to the Father, and | to the | Son, ‖ And | to the | Holy | Ghost;
2 As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever | shall be, ‖ World | without | end. A- | men.

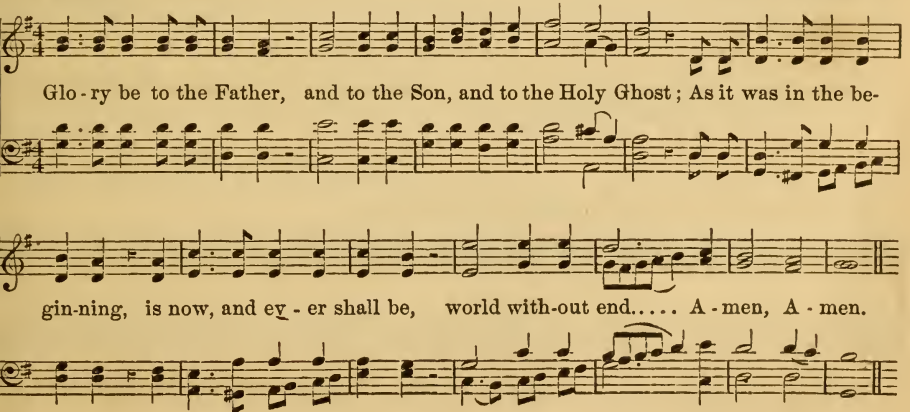
No. 2. Double. *William Beale.*



No. 3. Double. *T. Turle.*

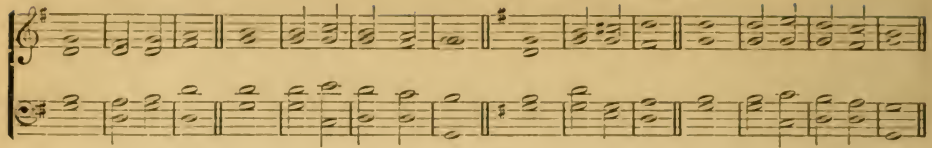


No. 4. *H. W. Greatorex.*


Glo - ry be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost; As it was in the be-
gin-ning, is now, and ev - er shall be, world with-out end..... A - men, A - men.

## GLORIA IN EXCELSIS.

Chant 1, vv. 1, 2. Chant 2, vv. 3, 4.

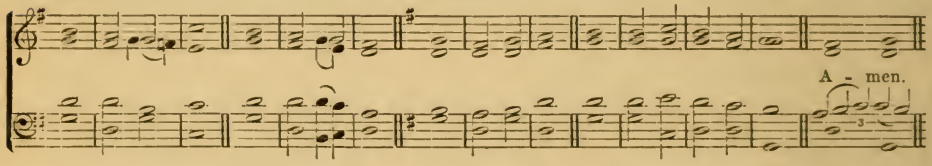


1 Glory *be* to | God on | high, ‖ and on *earth* | peace, good | will towards | men.
2 We praise thee, we bless *thee*, we | worship | thee, ‖ we glorify thee, we give *thanks* to | thee for | thy great | glory.

(Chant 2.)

3 O Lord *God*, | Heavenly | King, ‖ *God* the | Father | Al- — | mighty.
4 O Lord, the only-begotten *Son*, | Jesus | Christ, ‖ O Lord God, *Lamb* of | God, Son | of the | Father.

Chant 3, vv. 5–8. Chant 1, vv. 9 10.



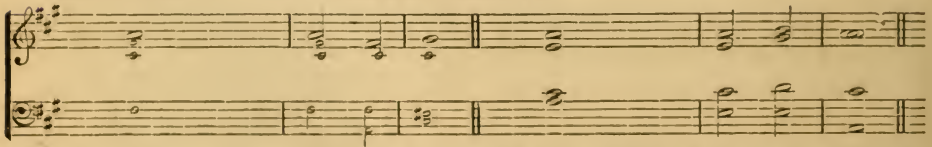

(Chant 3.)

5 That takest a*way* the | sins · of the | world, ‖ have *mercy* | upon | us.
6 Thou that takest a*way* the | sins · of the | world, ‖ have *mercy* | upon | us.
7 Thou that takest a*way* the | sins · of the | world, ‖ *re-* | ceive our | prayer.
8 Thou that sittest at the right *hand* of | God · the | Father, ‖ have *mercy* | upon | us.

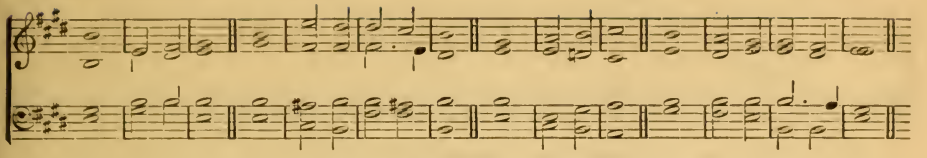
(Chant 1.)

9 For thou on*ly* | art — | holy, ‖ *thou* | only | art the | Lord.
10 Thou only, O *Christ*, with the | Holy | Ghost, ‖ art most *high* in the | glory of | God the | Father. ‖ Amen.

*Ascribed to Telesphorus, Bishop of Rome*, A.D. 139.

## RESPONSE TO THE COMMANDMENTS.

Lord, have | mercy up- | on us, ‖ and write all these thy laws in our hearts, we be- | seech — | thee.

MAGNIFICAT. Luke 1. *Randall.*



1 My soul doth *magni-* | fy the | Lord, ‖ and my spirit *hath* re- | joiced in | God my | Saviour.

2 For he that is mighty, hath *done* to | me great | things, ‖ *and* | holy | is his | name.

3 And his mercy is on *them* that | fear — | him ‖ from *gene-* | ration to | ge- ne- | ration.

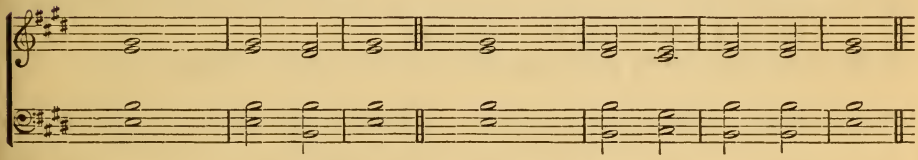
4 He hath showed *strength* | with his | arm, ‖ he hath scattered the *proud* in the imagi- | nation | of their | hearts.

5 He hath put down the migh*ty* | from their | seats, ‖ and ex*alted* | them of | low de- | gree.

6 He hath filled the hun*gry* | with good | things, ‖ and the *rich* he | hath sent | empty · a- | way.

Glory be to the Fa*ther*, and | to the | Son, ‖ *and* | to the | Holy | Ghost;

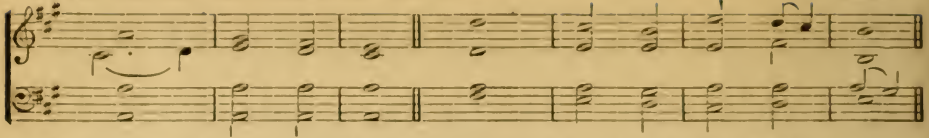
As it was in the beginning, is *now*, and | ev - er | shall be, ‖ *world* without | end. — | A- — | men.

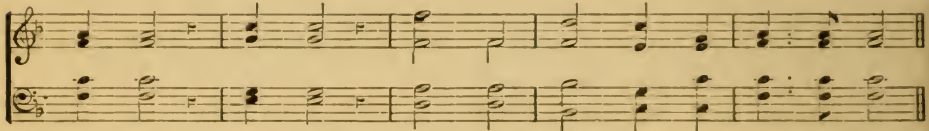
THE LORD'S PRAYER. *Thomas Tallis.*

Our Father, who art in heaven, hallow*ed* | be thy | name; ‖ thy kingdom come; thy will be *done* on | earth · as it | is in | heaven.

Give us this *day* our | daily | bread, ‖ and forgive us our trespasses, as we for*give* | them that | trespass a- | gainst us.

And lead us not into temptation, but de*liv*er | us from | evil, ‖ for thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the *glo*ry, for | ever · and | ever. A- | men.

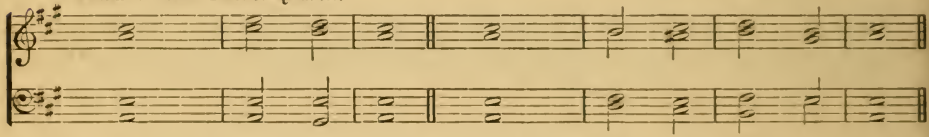
## TE DEUM LAUDAMUS. No. 1.

*Anon.*

1 We *praise* | thee, O | God! ‖ we ac*know*ledge | thee to | be the | Lord.
3 To thee all *an*gels | cry a- | loud; ‖ the *heavens*, and | all the | powers · there | in.
6 The glorious company of the a*pos*tles | praise — | thee; ‖ the goodly fellowship *of* the | prophets | praise — | thee;
8 The *Fa*ther of an | infi-nite | majesty; ‖ thine a*dor*able, | true, and | only | Son;

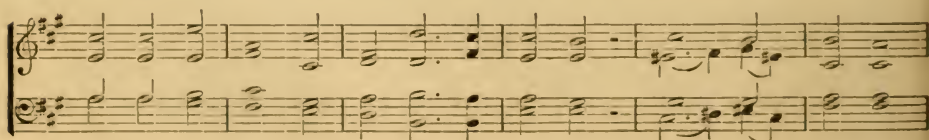


5 Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Lord God of Sab - a - oth!

Male Voices—*Duet or Quartet.*

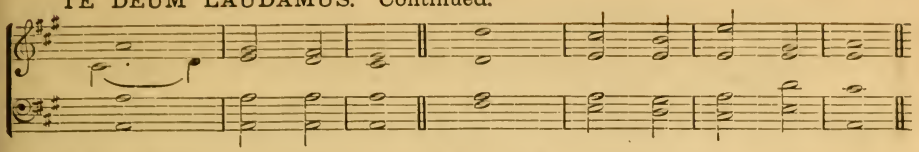


10 Thou art the *King* of | glory, · O | Christ! ‖ thou art the *ever*- | lasting | Son · of the | Father.
12 When thou hadst over*come* the | sharpness · of | death, ‖ thou didst open the *king*-dom of | heaven · to | all be- | lievers.
14 We be*lieve* that | thou shalt | come, ‖ *to* | be — | our — | Judge.
16 Make them to be *num*bered | with thy | saints, ‖ *in* | glo-ry | ev-er- | lasting.
18 Day by *day* we | magni-fy | thee; ‖ and we worship thy name *ever*, | world with- | out — | end.
20 O *Lord!* have | mercy · up- | on us, ‖ *have* | mer-cy | up-on | us.

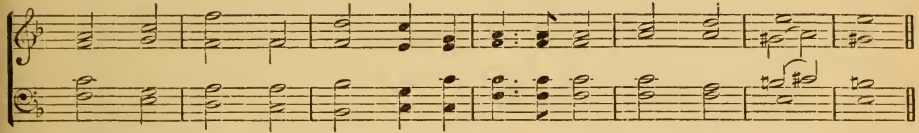


22 O Lord! in thee, in thee have I trust-ed; let me nev - er

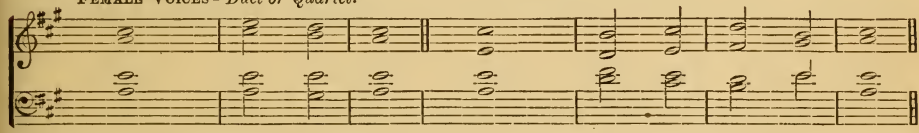
TE DEUM LAUDAMUS. Continued.



2 All the *earth* doth | wor-ship | thee, ‖ the *Fa*ther | ev-er- | last- — | ing.
4 To thee, cheru*bim*, and | ser-a- | phim ‖ *con-* | tin-ual- | ly do | cry,—
7 The noble army of *mar*tyrs | praise — | thee; ‖ the holy church throughout all the *world* | doth ac- | know-ledge | thee,
9 Also the | Ho-ly | Ghost, ‖ *the* | Com- — | fort- | er.

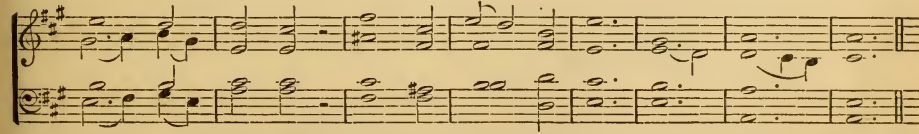


Heaven and earth are full of the maj-es-ty of thy glo - ry.

FEMALE VOICES—*Duet or Quartet.*

11 When thou tookest upon *thee* to de- | liv-er | man, ‖ thou didst humble thy*self* to be | born — | of a | virgin.
13 Thou sittest at the *right* | hand of | God, ‖ *in* the | glo-ry | of the | Father.

15 We therefore *pray* thee, | help thy | servants, ‖ whom thou hast re*deem*ed | with thy | pre-cious | blood.
17 O Lord! save thy *peo*ple, and | bless thy | heritage; ‖ govern *them*, and | lift them | up for | ever.
19 *Vouch-* | safe, O | Lord! ‖ to keep *us* | this day | with-out | sin.

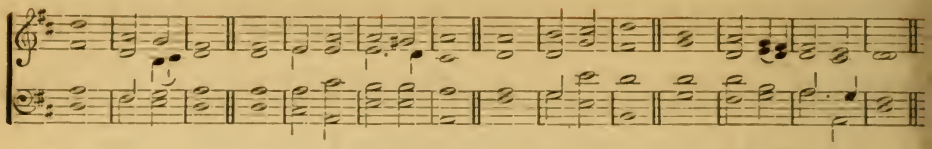
21 O Lord! let thy *mer*cy | be up- | on us, ‖ *as* our | trust — | is in | thee.



be con - found-ed, let me nev - er be con - found - ed.

## TE DEUM LAUDAMUS. No. 2.

*Wm. Boyce.* (1710—1779.)



1 We *praise* | thee, O | God! ‖ we ac*know*ledge | thee to | be the | Lord.
All the *earth* doth | wor-ship | thee, ‖ the *Fa*ther | ev-er- | last- — | ing.

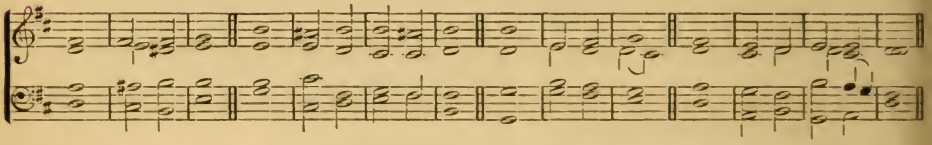
2 To thee all *an*gels | cry a- | loud; ‖ the *heavens*, and | all the | powers · there- | in.
To thee, cheru*bim*, and | ser-a- | phim ‖ *con-* | tin-ual- | ly do | cry,—

3 *Ho*ly, | Ho-ly, | Holy, ‖ *Lord* | God of | Sa-ba- | oth.
*Heaven* and | earth are | full ‖ *of* the | majes-ty | of thy | glory.

4 The glorious company *of* the A- | pos-tles | praise thee; ‖ the goodly *fel*lowship | of the | proph-ets | praise thee;
The noble *ar*my of | mar-tyrs | praise thee; ‖ the holy church throughout all the *world* | doth ac- | know-ledge | thee,

5 *The* | Fa- — | ther ‖ *of* an | infi-nite | ma-jes- | ty;
Thine adorable, *true*, and | on-ly | Son; ‖ also the *Ho*ly | Ghost the | Com-fort- | er.

6 *Thou* | art the | King ‖ *of* | glo-ry, | O — | Christ.
Thou art the *ever-* | last-ing | Son ‖ *of* | — the | Fa- — | ther.

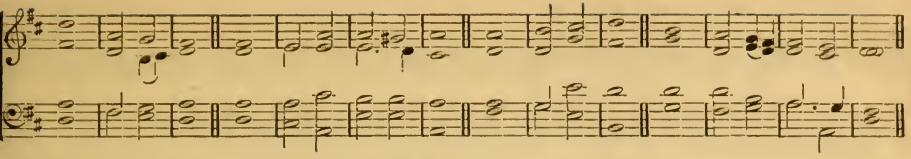


7 When thou tookest upon *thee* to de- | liv-er | man, ‖ thou didst humble thy*self* to be | born — | of a | virgin.
When thou hadst over*come* the | sharpness · of | death, ‖ thou didst open the *king*-dom of | heaven · to | all be- | lievers.

8 Thou sittest at the *right* | hand of | God, ‖ *in* the | glo-ry | of the | Father.
We be*lieve* that | thou shalt | come, ‖ *to* | be — | our — | Judge.

9 We therefore *pray* thee, | help thy | servants, ‖ whom thou hast re*deem*ed | with thy | pre-cious | blood.
Make them to be *num*bered | with thy | saints, ‖ *in* | glo-ry | ev-er- | lasting.

10 O *Lord*, | save thy | people ‖ *and* | bless thine | her-it- | age.
*Gov-* | — ern | them ‖ *and* | lift them, | up for | ever.



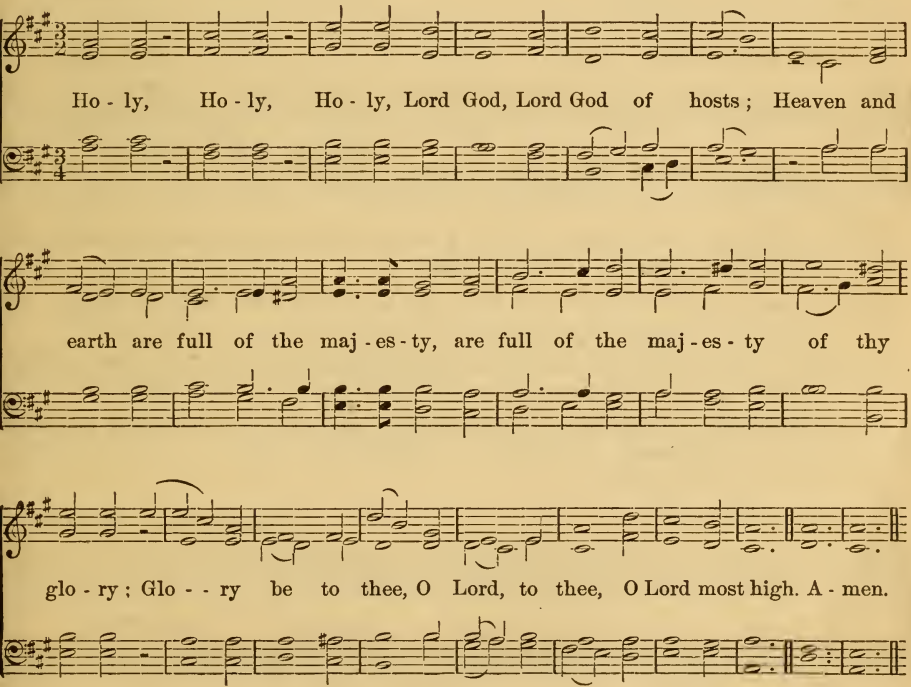
11 *Day* | by — | day ‖ *we* | mag-ni- | fy — | thee;
And we *wor*ship | thy name | ever, ‖ *world* | — with- | out — | end.

12 Vouch*safe*, | O — | Lord, ‖ to keep *us* | this day | with-out | sin.
O Lord, have *mer*cy up- | on — | us, ‖ *have* | mercy · up- | on — | us.

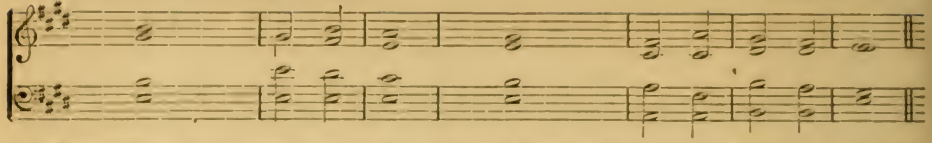
13 O Lord, let thy *mer*cy | be up- | on us, ‖ *as* our | trust — | is in | thee.
O Lord, in *thee* | have I | trusted ‖ *let* me | nev-er | be con- | founded.

*Ascribed to Ambrose of Milan*, A.D. 373.

SANCTUS. Irregular. *George J. Elvey.*


Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Lord God, Lord God of hosts; Heaven and
earth are full of the maj - es - ty, are full of the maj - es - ty of thy
glo - ry; Glo - - ry be to thee, O Lord, to thee, O Lord most high. A - men.

LEVAVI OCULOS MEOS. *Joseph Barnby.*



1 I WILL lift up mine *eyes* | unto · the | hills, ‖ from *whence* | com-eth | my — | help.

2 My help *com*eth | from the | Lord, ‖ *which* | made — | heaven · and | earth.

3 He will not suffer thy *foot* | to be | moved; ‖ *he* that | keepeth · thee | will not | slumber.

4 Behold, he that *keep*eth | Is-ra- | el ‖ shall *nei*ther | slum-ber | nor — | sleep.

5 The *Lord* | is thy | keeper: ‖ the Lord is thy *shade* up- | on thy | right — | hand.

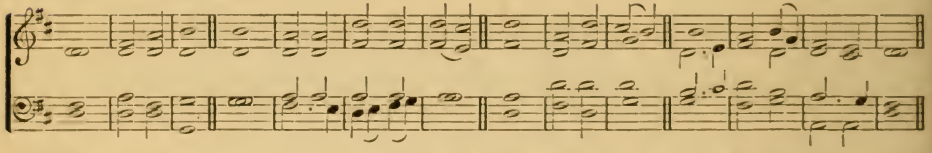
6 The sun shall not *smite* | thee by | day, ‖ *nor* the | moon — | by — | night.

7 The Lord shall pre*serve* thee | from all | evil; ‖ *he* | shall pre- | serve thy | soul.

8 The Lord shall preserve thy going *out* and thy | coming | in ‖ from this time *forth*, and | even · for | ever- | more.

Glory be to the *Fa*ther, etc.

JUBILATE DEO. *George J. Elvey.*



1 O BE joyful in the *Lord* | all ye | lands, ‖ serve the Lord with gladness: and come be*fore* his | presence | with a | song.

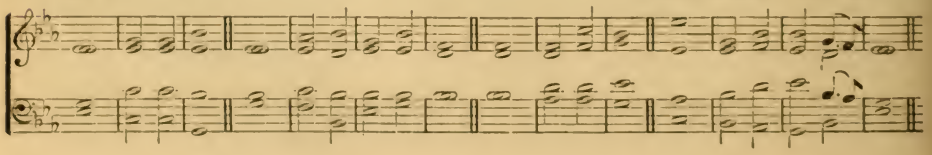
2 Be ye sure that the *Lord* | he is | God; ‖ it is he that hath made us, and not we ourselves; we are his *peo*ple and the | sheep of | his — | pasture.

3 O go your way into his gates with thanks*giving*, and into his | courts with | praise; ‖ be thankful unto *him* and | speak good | of his | name.

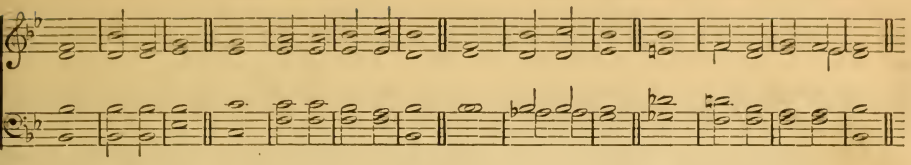
4 For the Lord is gracious; his *mercy* is | ev-er- | lasting; ‖ and his truth endureth from gener*a*tion to | ge-ne- | ra- — | tion.

Glory be to the *Fa*ther, etc.

No. 2. *Thomas Attwood.* (1767—1838.)



BENEDIC, ANIMA MEA. *From Ludwig von Beethoven.* (1770—1827).



1 Bless the *Lord*, | O my | soul, ‖ and all that is within *me*, | bless his | holy | name.

2 Bless the *Lord*, | O my | soul, ‖ *and* for- | get not | all his | benefits:

3 Who forgiveth *all* | thine in- | iquities; ‖ *who* | healeth · all | thy dis- | eases;

4 Who redeemeth thy *life* | from de- | struction; ‖ who crowneth thee with *lov*ing | kindness · and | tender | mercies;

5 The Lord hath pre*pared* his | throne · in the | heavens; ‖ and his *king*dom | rul-eth | over | all.

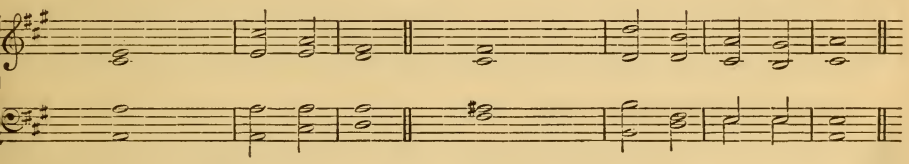
6 Bless the Lord, ye his *an*gels, that ex- | cel in | strength, ‖ that do his command-ments, hearkening *un*to the | voice of | his — | word!

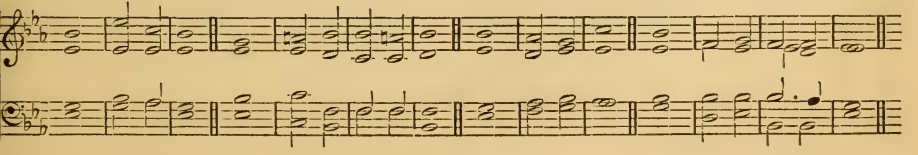
7 Bless ye the *Lord*, all | ye his | hosts! ‖ ye *min*isters of | his, that | do his | pleasure!

8 Bless the Lord, all his works! in all *pla*ces of | his do- | minion: ‖ *bless* the | Lord, — | O my | soul!

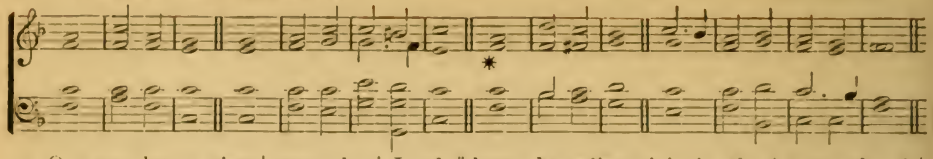
Glory be to the *Fa*ther, and | to the | Son, ‖ *and* | to the | Ho-ly | Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is *now*, and | ev-er | shall be, ‖ *world* | with-out end. A- | men.

No. 2. *George J. Elvey.*

No. 3. *John Robinson. Obit.* 1764.

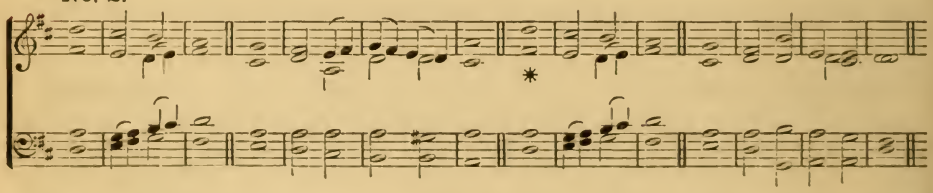


## VENITE EXULTEMUS.

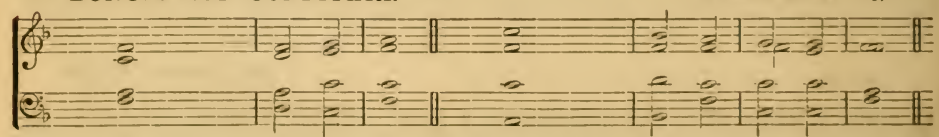


1 O come, let us *sing* | unto the | Lord, ‖ let us heartily re*joice* in the | strength of | our sal- | vation.
2 Let us come before his pres*ence* | with thanks- | giving, ‖ and show our*selves* | glad in | him with | psalms.
3 For the *Lord* is a | great — | God, ‖ and a *great* | King a- | bove all | gods.
4 In his hands are all the *cor*ners | of the | earth, ‖ and the *strength* of the | hills is | his — | also.
5 The sea is *his* | and he | made it, ‖ and his *hands* pre- | pared · the | dry — | land.
6 O come, let us *wor*ship | and fall | down, ‖ and *kneel* be- | fore the | Lord our | Maker.
7 For *he* is the | Lord our | God, ‖ and we are the people of his pas*ture*, | and the | sheep · of his | hand.
8 O worship the *Lord* in the | beauty · of | holiness, ‖ let the whole *earth* | stand in | awe of | him.
*9 For he cometh, for he come*th* to | judge the | earth, ‖ and with righteousness to judge the world, *and* the | peo-ple | with his | truth.
Glory be to the *Fa*ther, and | to the | Son, ‖ *and* | to the | Ho-ly | Ghost;
As it was in the beginning, is *now*, and | ev-er | shall be, ‖ *world* | with-out | end. A- | men.

No. 2.

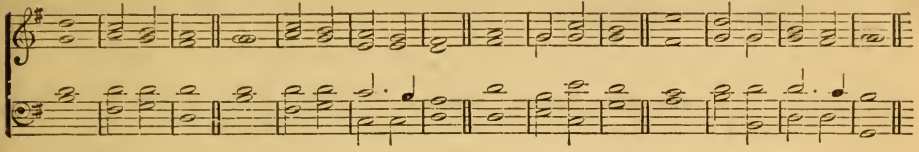


## BONUM EST CONFITERI.

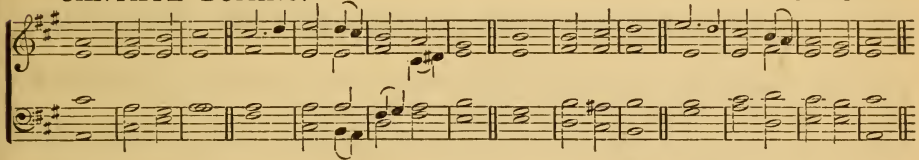
*Richard Farrant.* 1570.

1 It is a good thing to give *thanks* un- | to the | Lord, ‖ and to sing praises unto thy *name*, | O — | Most — | High.
2 To show forth thy loving-*kind*ness | in the | morning ‖ *and* thy | faithful-ness | eve-ry | night.

3 For thou, Lord, hast made me *glad* | through thy | work, ‖ I will triumph *in* the | works of | thy — | hands.
4 O Lord, how *great* | are thy | works, ‖ *and* thy | thoughts are | ve-ry | deep.
Glory be to the *Fa*ther, etc.

No. 2. *E. Higgins.*

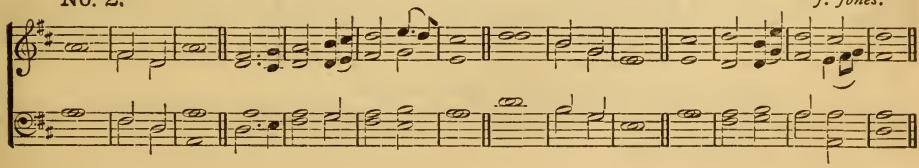


CANTATE DOMINO. *J. Soaper.*



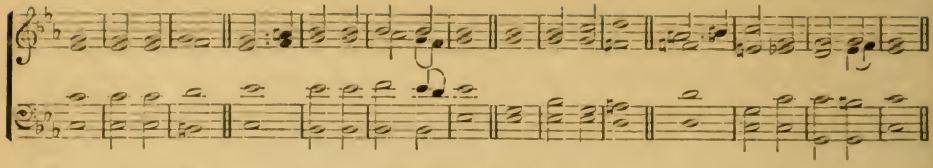
1 O SING unto the *Lord* | a new | song; ‖ *for* he | hath done | marvel-ous | things:
2 His right *hand*, and his | holy | arm ‖ *hath* | got-ten | him the | victory.
3 The Lord hath made *known* | his sal- | vation: ‖ his righteousness hath he openly *shewed* in the | sight — | of the | heathen.
4 He hath remembered his mercy and his truth toward the *house* of | Is-ra- | el: ‖ all the ends of the earth have *seen* the sal- | vation | of our | God.
5 Make a joyful noise unto the *Lord*, | all the | earth: ‖ make a loud *noise*, and re- | joice, and | sing — | praise.
6 Sing unto the *Lord* | with the | harp; ‖ with the *harp*, and the | voice — | of a | psalm.
7 With *trum*pets and | sound of | cornet ‖ make a joyful *noise* be- | fore the | Lord, the | King.
8 Let the sea *roar*, and the | fulness · there- | of; ‖ the *world*, and | they that | dwell there- | in.
9 Let the *floods* | clap their | hands: ‖ let the hills be *joy*ful to- | gether · be- | fore the | Lord;
10 For he com*eth* to | judge the | earth; ‖ with righteousness shall he judge the *world*, and the | people | with — | equity.
Glory be to the *Fa*ther, etc.

No. 2. *J. Jones.*



## DOMINE, REFUGIUM.

*From Beethoven, by J. Goss.*



1 Lord, thou hast *been* our | dwell-ing- | place ‖ *in* | all — | ge-ne- | rations.

2 Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever thou hadst formed the *earth* | and the | world, ‖ even from everlasting to *ever-* | last-ing | thou art | God.

3 Thou turnest *man* | to de- | struction ‖ and say*est*, Re- | turn, ye | children · of | men.

4 For a thousand years in thy sight are but as *yes*terday | when · it is | past ‖ and *as* a | watch — | in the | night.

5 Thou carriest them away as with a *flood;* they | are · as a | sleep; ‖ in the morning they *are* like | grass which | grow-eth | up;

6 In the morning it flourish*eth*, and | grow-eth | up; ‖ in the evening it *is* cut | down and | with-er- | eth.

7 For all our days are passed a*way* | in thy | wrath; ‖ we spend our years *as* a | tale — | that is | told.

8 The days of our years are three*score* | years and | ten; ‖ and if by *rea*son of | strength · they be | four-score | years,

9 Yet is their *strength* | labor · and | sorrow; ‖ for it is soon cut *off* | and we | fly a- | way.

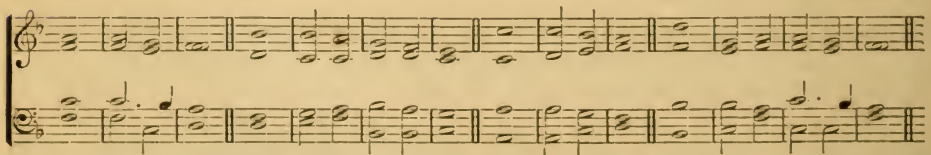
10 So teach *us* to | number · our | days, ‖ that we may ap*ply* our | hearts — | un-to | wisdom.

Glory be to the *Fa*ther, and | to the | Son, ‖ *and* | to the | Ho-ly | Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is *now*, and | ev-er | shall be, ‖ *world* | with-out | end. A- | men.

## AUDIVI VOCEM.

*Dr. W. Hayes.*



1 I heard a voice from heaven, *say*ing | unto · me, | Write, ‖ Blessed are the dead who *die* | in the | Lord from | henceforth:

2 Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may *rest* | from their | labors, ‖ *and* their | works do ⌋ fol-low ⌊ them.

3 Blessed and holy is he that hath part in the *first* | re-sur- | rection; ‖ on *such* the | second · death | hath no | power;

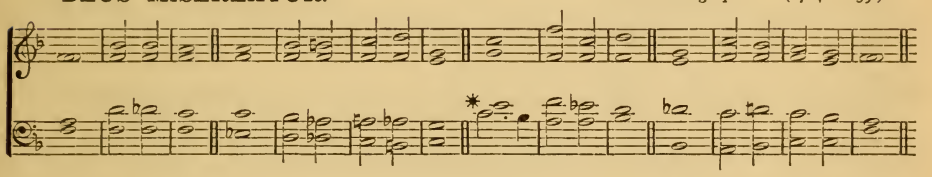
4 But they shall be priests of *God* | and of | Christ, ‖ and shall *reign* with | him a thou-sand | years.

5 Unto *him* that | lov-ed | us, ‖ and washed us from our *sins* | in his | own — | blood,

6 And hath made us kings and priests to *God* | and his | Father; ‖ to him be glory *and* do- | minion · for- | ever · and | ever.

Glory be to the *Fa*ther, etc.

DEUS MISEREATUR. *Ludwig Spohr.* (1784—1859)



1 God be merci*ful* unto | us, and | bless us; ‖ and *cause* his | face to | shine up- | on us;

2 That thy way may be *known* up- | on — | earth, ‖ thy *sav*ing | health a- | mong all | nations.

3 Let the people *praise* | thee, O | God! ‖ let *all* the | people | praise — | thee.

4 O let the nations be *glad* and | sing for | joy: ‖ for thou shalt judge the people righteously, and *gov*ern the | na-tions | up-on | earth.

5 Let the people *praise* | thee, O | God! ‖ Let *all* the | people | praise — | thee.

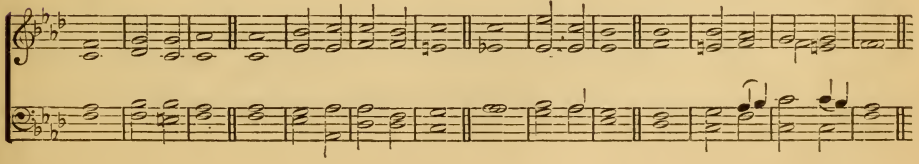
6 Then shall the *earth* | yield her | increase; ‖ and *God*, even | our own | God, shall | bless us.

*7 *God* | — shall | bless us; ‖ and all the *ends* of the | earth shall | fear — | him.

Glory be to the *Fa*ther, and | to the | Son, ‖ *and* | to the | Holy | Ghost;

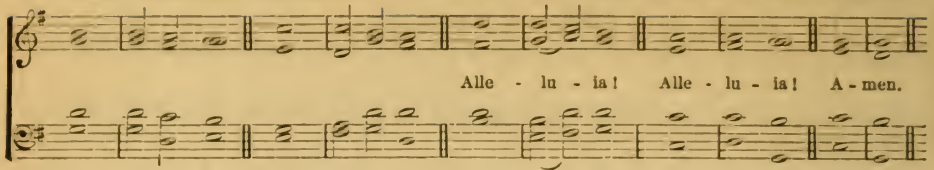
As it was in the beginning, is *now*, and | ev-er | shall be, ‖ *world* | without | end. A- | men.

No. 2. *Flintoff.*



## THE STRAIN UPRAISE.

*Dr W. Hayes. Adapted by A. H. D. Troyte.*




1 The strain upraise of joy and *praise*, Alle- | lu-ia!
To the glory of their king shall the *ran*somed | people sing,
*Al*le- | luia! ‖ *Al*le- | luia!

2 And the *choirs* that | dwell on high,
Shall re-*echo* | through the sky, ‖ *Al*le- | luia! ‖ *Al*le- | luia!

3 They in the *rest* of | Paradise who dwell,
The blessed ones with *joy* the | chorus swell, ‖ *Al*le- | luia! ‖ *Al*le- | luia!

4 The planets beaming *on* their | heavenly way,
The shining constella*tions*, | join and say, ‖ *Al*le- | luia! ‖ *Al*le- | luia!

5 Ye clouds that onward sweep, ye *winds* on | pinions light,
Ye thunders, echoing loud and deep, ye light*nings*, | wildly bright,
‖ In *sweet* con- | sent unite ‖ *Your* Alle- | luia

6 Ye floods and ocean billows, ye *storms* and | winter snow,
Ye days of cloudless beauty, hoar *frost*, and | summer glow,
‖ Ye groves that wave in spring, and *glo*rious | forests sing, ‖ *Al*le- | luia!

7 First let the birds with *paint*ed | plumage gay,
Exalt their great Crea*tor's* | praise and say, ‖ *Al*le- | luia! ‖ *Al*le- | luia

8 Then let the beasts of *earth*, with | varying strain,
Join in creation's *hymn* and | cry again, ‖ *Al*le- | luia! ‖ *Al*le- | luia

9 Here let the mountains thunder *forth* so- | norous, ‖ *Al*le-luia
There let the valleys sing in *gent*ler | chorus, ‖ *Al*le- | luia!

10 Thou jubilant a*byss* of | ocean cry, ‖ *Al*le- | luia!
Ye tracts of earth, and *con*ti- | nents, reply ‖ *Al*le- | luia!

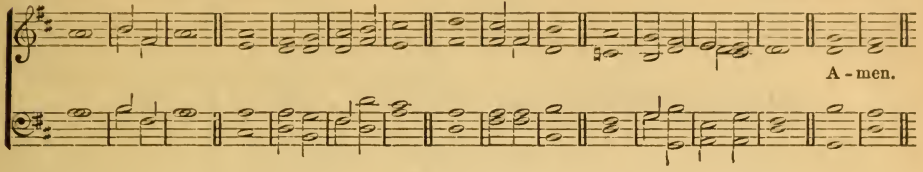
11 To God, who *all* cre- | ation made,
The frequent *hymn* be | duly paid: ‖ *Al*le- | luia! ‖ *Al*le- | luia!

12 This is the strain, the eternal strain, the *Lord* Al- | mighty loves: ‖ *Al*le- | luia!
This is the song, the heavenly song, that *Christ*, the | King approves: ‖ *Al*le- | luia!

13 Wherefore we sing, both heart and *voice* a- | waking, ‖ *Al*le- | luia!
And children's voices echo, *an*swer | making, ‖ *Al*le- | luia! Amen.

## THE FOE BEHIND.

*Joseph Barnby.*




1 The foe be*hind*, the | deep be- | fore, ‖ Our *hosts* have | dared and | past the | sea:
And Pharaoh's war*riors* | strew the shore, ‖ And Is*rael's* | ran-somed | tribes are | free.

2 Lift up, lift *up* your | voices | now! ‖ The whole *wide* | world re- | joices | now!
The Lord hath tri*umphed* | glor-ious- | ly: ‖ The *Lord* shall | reign vic- | tor-ious- | ly!

3 Happy morrow, turning sorrow In*to* | peace and | mirth! ‖ Bondage ending, *Love* de- | scend-ing | O'er the | earth!
Seals assuring, Guards securing, *Watch* his | earth-ly | prison: ‖ Seals are shattered, *Guards* are | scattered, | Christ hath | risen!

4 No longer *must* the | mourn-ers | weep, ‖ Nor *call* de- | parted | Christians | dead;
For death is hal*lowed* | in-to | sleep, ‖ And *ev*ery | grave be- | comes a | bed.

5 Now, once more, Eden's door Open *stands* to | mor-tal | eyes: ‖ For *Christ* hath | risen, and | man shall | rise.
Now, at last, Old things past, Hope and *Joy* and | Peace be- | gin: ‖ For *Christ* hath | won, and | man shall | win.

6 It is not ex*ile*, | rest on | high: ‖ It *is* not | sad-ness, | peace from strife:
To fall *asleep* is | not to | die: ‖ To *dwell* with | Christ is | bet-ter | life.

7 Where our banner leads *us*, We may | safely | go. ‖ Where our Chief precedes *us*, | We may | face the | foe.
His right arm is o'er us, *He* our | guide will | be; ‖ Christ hath gone before *us;* | Christians, | fol-low | ye!

8 He shall soon deliv*er* From | ev-ery | woe; ‖ Allelu*ia*, | if his | paths ye | tread!
Pleasures, as a riv*er*, Shall | round you | flow, ‖ Allelu*ia*, | when ye | see your | Head.

9 With loins up-*girt*, and | staff in | hand, ‖ And *has*ty | mien and | san-dalled | feet,
Around the *Pas*chal | feast we | stand, ‖ And *of* the | Pas-chal | Lamb we | eat.

10 So shall he collect us, direct us, protect *us*, From | Egypt's | strand: ‖ So shall he precede us, and feed *us*, and | lead us, To | Canaan's | land.
Toils and foes assailing, friends quailing, hearts fail*ing*, shall | threat in | vain; ‖ If he be providing, pre-sid*ing*, and | guiding To | him a- | gain. ‖ Amen.

*John Mason Neale.*

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# SELECTIONS OF SCRIPTURE

FOR

# PUBLIC WORSHIP,

TOPICALLY ARRANGED

BY

REV. CHARLES H. RICHARDS.

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# PREFACE.

SEVERAL hundred churches are now known to make use of the responsive reading of Scripture in public worship. Their experience shows that this practice, sanctioned by the usage of the early Church, is a great aid in familiarizing the people with the word of God, and in adding interest to the hour of worship. Not only the Psalter, but other books of the Old and New Testaments afford appropriate passages for such use. They are gathered here from the whole Bible, and *topically arranged*, so that each selection has a single generic idea. Psalms that in spirit and subject are akin, and other portions of the Word of similar import, are brought together. This will not only give unity to the worship, but makes this a *Pastor's Hand-Book*, where he can find collated such passages as he needs for special occasions, as Invitations, Promises, the Young, the Sabbath, Death, Praises of Heaven, etc. The selections are divided into two or three parts each, so that a longer or shorter passage may be read at any service, as the pastor may choose.

C. H. R.

MADISON, WIS.

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# SENTENCES

FOR THE

# OPENING OF WORSHIP.

PRAISE waiteth for thee, O God, in Zion; and unto thee shall the vow be performed.

O thou that hearest prayer, unto thee shall all flesh come.

O worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness: fear before him all the earth.

Enter into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his courts with praise: be thankful unto him, and bless his name. For the Lord is good; his mercy is everlasting; and his truth endureth to all generations.

I WAS glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord.

Surely the Lord is in this place. This is none other but the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven.

Thus saith the high and lofty One, that inhabiteth Eternity, whose name is Holy; I dwell in the high and holy place, with him also that is of a contrite and humble spirit, to revive the spirit of the humble, and the heart of the contrite.

Search me, O God, and know my heart: try me and know my thoughts: and see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting.

THE Lord is nigh unto them that call upon him, to all that call upon him in truth. He will fulfill the desire of them that fear him: he also will hear their cry, and will save them.

Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you; for every one that asketh, receiveth; and he that seeketh, findeth; and to him that knocketh, it shall be opened.

Thoughts of peace, saith the Lord, do I think towards you: pray unto me, and I will hearken unto you.

Ye shall seek me, and find me, when ye shall search for me with all your heart.

Let us search and try our ways, and turn unto the Lord: let us lift up our hearts with our hands unto God in the heavens.

DRAW nigh to God, and he will draw nigh to you.

Seek ye the Lord while he may be found: call ye upon him while he is near.

Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts; and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon.

Humble yourselves therefore under the mighty hand of God, casting all your care on him: for he careth for you.

Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto thy name give glory, for thy mercy and for thy truth's sake.

BEHOLD, God is my salvation: I will trust, and not be afraid: for the Lord Jehovah is my strength and my song, he also is become my salvation.

If we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us: if we confess our sins, God is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.

Seeing, then, that we have a great high-priest that is passed into the heavens, Jesus the Son of God, let us come boldly unto the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need.

THE Lord is in his holy temple: let all the earth keep silence before him.

From the rising of the sun, unto the going down of the same, the Lord's name is to be praised.

Let our prayers be set forth in his sight as incense, and the lifting up of our hands as a sacrifice.

The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit: a broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise.

Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my strength and my Redeemer.

# SELECTIONS OF SCRIPTURE

FOR

# RESPONSIVE READING.

NOTE.—These passages are all taken from the Authorized Version of the Bible in common use; but the ordinary subdivision into verses is not followed. The passages are broken into phrases such as are found most convenient for responsive reading, and each phrase is numbered. Those bearing *odd* numbers are to be read by the Minister or Leader of the worship; those bearing *even* numbers are to be read by the Congregation. Portions printed in SMALL CAPITALS will be read by Leader and Congregation in unison.

# First Selection.

## THE DIVINE LAW.

1 BLESSED are the undefiled in the way, who walk in the law of the Lord.

2 Blessed are they that keep his testimonies, and that seek him with the whole heart.

3 AND God spake all these words, saying, I am the Lord thy God, which have brought thee out of the land of Egypt, out of the house of bondage.

4 I. Thou shalt have no other Gods before me.

5 II. Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, nor any likeness of anything that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth;

6 Thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor serve them;

7 For I, the Lord thy God, am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me;

8 And showing mercy unto thousands of them that love me, and keep my commandments.

9 III. Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain;

10 For the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain.

11 IV. Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labor, and do all thy work;

12 But the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God:

13 In it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy man-servant, nor thy maid-servant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates: for in six days the Lord made heaven, and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day:

14 Wherefore the Lord blessed the Sabbath day and hallowed it.

15 V. Honour thy father and thy mother:

16 That thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.

17 VI. Thou shalt not kill.

18 VII. Thou shalt not commit adultery.

19 VIII. Thou shalt not steal.

20 IX. Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor.

21 X. Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's house, thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife, nor his man-servant, nor his maid-servant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor anything that is thy neighbor's.

22 Lord, great peace have they that love thy law, and nothing shall offend them.

23 REMEMBER the words of the Lord Jesus, how he said: The first of all the commandments is, Hear, O Israel; The Lord our God is one Lord:

24 And thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and with all thy strength.

25 This is the first commandment. And the second is like, namely this:

26 Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.

27 On these two commandments hang all the Law and the Prophets.

28 Teach me, O Lord, the way of thy statutes, and I shall keep it unto the end.

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## Second Selection.

### PRAISE TO GOD FOR HIS GREATNESS.

1 O ZION, that bringest good tidings, get thee up into the high mountain:

2 O Jerusalem, that bringest good tidings, lift up thy voice with strength.

3 Lift it up, be not afraid:

4 Say unto the cities of Judah, Behold your God.

5 Behold the Lord God will come with strong hand, and his arm shall rule for him.

6 Behold his reward is with him, and his work before him.

7 He shall feed his flock like a shepherd.

8 He shall gather the lambs in his arms, and carry them in his bosom.
9 Who hath measured the waters in the hollow of his hand ?
10 And meted out heaven with the span ?
11 And comprehended the dust of the earth in a measure ?
12 And weighed the mountains in scales, and the hills in a balance ?
13 Who hath directed the Spirit of the Lord, or, being his counsellor, hath taught him ?
14 With whom took he counsel, and who instructed him ?
15 And taught him in the path of judgment, and taught him knowledge,
16 And showed him the way of understanding ?
17 Behold, the nations are as a drop of a bucket, and are counted as the small dust of the balance :
18 Behold, he taketh up the isles as a very little thing.
19 And Lebanon is not sufficient to burn, nor the beasts thereof sufficient for a burnt offering.
20 All nations before him are as nothing, and they are counted to him less than nothing, and vanity.
21 To whom then will ye liken God ? Or what likeness will ye compare unto him ?
22 The workman melteth a graven image, and the goldsmith spreadeth it over with gold, and casteth silver chains.
23 He that is so impoverished that he hath no oblation, chooseth a tree that will not rot :
24 He seeketh unto him a cunning workman, to prepare a graven image, that shall not be moved.
25 Have ye not known ? Have ye not heard ? Hath it not been told you from the beginning ?
26 Have ye not understood from the foundations of the earth ?
27 It is he that sitteth upon the circle of the earth, and the inhabitants thereof are as grasshoppers ;
28 That stretcheth out the heavens as a curtain, and spreadeth them out as a tent to dwell in ;
29 That bringeth the princes to nothing ;
30 He maketh the judges of the earth as vanity.
31 Yea, they shall not be planted ; yea, they shall not be sown ; yea, their stock shall not take root in the earth :

32 And he shall also blow upon them, and they shall wither, and the whirlwind shall take them away as stubble.

33 To whom, then, will ye liken me ?

34 Or to whom shall I be equal, saith the Holy One ?

35 Lift up your eyes on high, and behold, who hath created these things, that bringeth out their host by number ?

36 He calleth them all by names by the greatness of his might, for that he is strong in power : not one faileth.

37 Why sayest thou, O Jacob, and speakest, O Israel, "My way is hid from the Lord,

38 And my judgment is passed over from my God ?"

39 Hast thou not known ? Hast thou not heard, that the Everlasting God, the Lord, the Creator of the ends of the earth, fainteth not, neither is weary ?

40 There is no searching of his understanding.

41 He giveth power to the faint, and to them that have no might he increaseth strength.

42 Even the youths shall faint and be weary, and the young men shall utterly fall :

43 But they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength ; they shall mount up with wings as eagles ;

44 They shall run, and not be weary ; and they shall walk, and not faint.

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## Third Selection.

### PRAISE TO GOD FOR HIS MERCY.

1 BLESS the Lord, O my soul : and all that is within me, bless his holy name.

2 Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits !

3 Who forgiveth all thine iniquities ; who healeth all thy diseases :

4 Who redeemeth thy life from destruction : who crowneth thee with loving-kindness and tender mercies ;

5 Who satisfieth thy mouth with good things; so that thy youth is renewed like the eagle's.

6 The Lord executeth righteousness and judgment for all that are oppressed.

7 He made known his ways unto Moses, his acts unto the children of Israel.

8 The Lord is merciful and gracious, slow to anger, and plenteous in mercy.

9 He will not always chide; neither will he keep his anger forever.

10 He hath not dealt with us after our sins; nor rewarded us according to our iniquities.

11 For as the heaven is high above the earth, so great is his mercy toward them that fear him.

12 As far as the east is from the west, so far hath he removed our transgressions from us.

13 Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him.

14 For he knoweth our frame; he remembereth that we are dust.

15 As for man, his days are as grass; as a flower of the field, so he flourisheth.

16 For the wind passeth over it, and it is gone; and the place thereof shall know it no more.

17 But the mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear him, and his righteousness unto children's children;

18 To such as keep his covenant, and to those that remember his commandments to do them.

19 The Lord hath prepared his throne in the heavens; and his kingdom ruleth over all.

20 Bless the Lord, ye his angels, that excel in strength, that do his commandments, hearkening unto the voice of his word.

21 Bless ye the Lord, all ye his hosts; ye ministers of his, that do his pleasure.

22 Bless the Lord, all his works, in all places of his dominion: BLESS THE LORD, O MY SOUL.

# Fourth Selection.

## GOD GLORIOUS IN HIS WORKS.

1 BLESS the Lord, O my soul. O Lord my God, thou art very great.
2 Thou art clothed with honor and majesty;
3 Who coverest thyself with light as with a garment;
4 Who stretchest out the heavens like a curtain.
5 Who layeth the beams of his chambers in the waters;
6 Who maketh the clouds his chariot; who walketh upon the wings of the wind:
7 Who maketh his angels spirits; his ministers a flaming fire.
8 Who laid the foundations of the earth, that it should not be removed forever.
9 Thou coveredst it with the deep as with a garment: the waters stood above the mountains.
10 At thy rebuke they fled; at the voice of thy thunder they hasted away.
11 They go up by the mountains; they go down by the valleys unto the place which thou hast founded for them.
12 Thou hast set a bound that they may not pass over: that they turn not again to cover the earth.
13 He sendeth the springs into the valleys, which run among the hills.
14 They give drink to every beast of the field: the wild asses quench their thirst.
15 By them shall the fowls of the heaven have their habitation, which sing among the branches.
16 He watereth the hills from his chambers: the earth is satisfied with the fruit of thy works.
17 He causeth the grass to grow for the cattle, and herb for the service of man: that he may bring forth food out of the earth;
18 And wine that maketh glad the heart of man, and oil to make his face to shine, and bread which strengtheneth man's heart.
19 The trees of the Lord are full of sap; the cedars of Lebanon, which he hath planted;

20 Where the birds make their nests ; as for the stork, the fir trees are her house.

21 The high hills are a refuge for the wild goats ; and the rocks for the conies.

22 He appointed the moon for seasons : the sun knoweth his going down.

23 Thou makest darkness, and it is night : wherein all the beasts of the forest do creep forth.

24 The young lions roar after their prey, and seek their meat from God.

25 The sun ariseth, they gather themselves together, and lay them down in their dens.

26 Man goeth forth unto his work and to his labor until the evening.

27 O Lord, how manifold are thy works ! in wisdom hast thou made them all : the earth is full of thy riches.

28 So is this great and wide sea, wherein are things creeping innumerable, both small and great beasts.

29 There go the ships : there is that leviathan, whom thou hast made to play therein.

30 These wait all upon thee ; that thou mayest give them their meat in due season.

31 That thou givest them they gather : thou openest thine hand, they are filled with good.

32 Thou hidest thy face, they are troubled : thou takest away their breath, they die, and return to their dust.

33 Thou sendest forth thy spirit, they are created : and thou renewest the face of the earth.

34 The glory of the Lord shall endure forever : the Lord shall rejoice in his works.

35 He looketh on the earth and it trembleth : he toucheth the hills and they smoke.

36 I will sing unto the Lord as long as I live : I will sing praise to my God while I have my being.

37 My meditation of him shall be sweet : I will be glad in the Lord.

38 Bless thou the Lord, O my soul. Praise ye the Lord.

# Fifth Selection.

## PRAISE TO GOD FOR HIS GOODNESS.

1 MAKE a joyful noise unto the Lord, all ye lands.
2 Serve the Lord with gladness : come before his presence with singing.
3 Know ye that the Lord he is God : it is he that hath made us, and not we ourselves;
4 We are his people and the sheep of his pasture.
5 Enter into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his courts with praise :
6 Be thankful unto him, and bless his name.
7 For the Lord is good; his mercy is everlasting;
8 And his truth endureth to all generations.

9 PRAISE waiteth for thee, O God, in Zion : and unto thee shall the vow be performed.
10 O thou that hearest prayer, unto thee shall all flesh come.
11 Iniquities prevail against me : as for our transgressions, thou shalt purge them away.
12 Blessed is the man whom thou choosest, and causest to approach unto thee, that he may dwell in thy courts :
13 We shall be satisfied with the goodness of thy house; even of thy holy temple.
14 By terrible things in righteousness wilt thou answer us, O God of our salvation;
15 Who art the confidence of all the ends of the earth, and of them that are afar off upon the sea :
16 Which by his strength setteth fast the mountains; being girded with power :
17 Which stilleth the noise of the seas, the noise of their waves, and the tumult of the people.
18 They also that dwell in the uttermost parts are afraid at thy tokens : thou makest the outgoings of the morning and evening to rejoice.
19 Thou visitest the earth, and waterest it : Thou greatly enrichest it with the river of God, which is full of water :

20 Thou preparest them corn, when thou hast so provided for it.

21 Thou waterest the ridges thereof abundantly; thou settlest the furrows thereof:

22 Thou makest it soft with showers: thou blessest the springing thereof.

23 Thou crownest the year with thy goodness; and thy paths drop fatness.

24 They drop upon the pastures of the wilderness; and the little hills rejoice on every side.

25 The pastures are clothed with flocks; the valleys also are covered over with corn: they shout for joy, they also sing.

26 Blessed be the Lord God of Israel from everlasting and to everlasting. Amen, and Amen.

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## Sixth Selection.

### PRAISE TO GOD FOR HIS GOODNESS.

1 O GIVE thanks unto the Lord, for he is good: for his mercy endureth forever.

2 Let the redeemed of the Lord say so, whom he hath redeemed from the hand of the enemy;

3 And gathered them out of the lands, from the east, and from the west, from the north, and from the south.

4 They wandered in the wilderness in a solitary way; they found no city to dwell in. Hungry and thirsty, their soul fainted in them.

5 Then they cried unto the Lord in their trouble, and he delivered them out of their distresses.

6 And he led them forth by a right way, that they might go to a city of habitation.

7 O that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men!

8 For he satisfieth the longing soul, and filleth the hungry soul with goodness.

9 Such as sit in darkness and in the shadow of death, being bound in affliction and iron ;

10 Because they rebelled against the words of God, and contemned the counsel of the Most High :

11 Therefore he brought down their heart with labor; they fell down, and there was none to help.

12 Then they cried unto the Lord in their trouble, and he saved them out of their distresses. He brought them out of darkness and the shadow of death, and brake their bands in sunder.

13 O that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men !

14 For he hath broken the gates of brass, and cut the bars of iron in sunder.

15 Fools, because of their transgression, and because of their iniquities, are afflicted.

16 Their soul abhorreth all manner of meat ; and they draw near unto the gates of death.

17 Then they cry unto the Lord in their trouble, and he saveth them out of their distresses.

18 He sent his word, and healed them, and delivered them from their destructions.

19 O that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men !

20 And let them sacrifice the sacrifices of thanksgiving, and declare his works with rejoicing.

21 They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters ;

22 These see the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep.

23 For he commandeth, and raiseth the stormy wind, which lifteth up the waves thereof.

24 They mount up to the heaven, they go down again to the depths : their soul is melted because of trouble.

25 They reel to and fro, and stagger like a drunken man, and are at their wit's end.

26 Then they cry unto the Lord in their trouble, and he bringeth them out of their distresses.

27 He maketh the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof are still.

28 Then are they glad because they be quiet; so he bringeth them unto their desired haven.

29 O THAT men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men!

30 Let them exalt him also in the congregation of the people, and praise him in the assembly of the elders.

31 HE turneth rivers into a wilderness, and the watersprings into dry ground;

32 A fruitful land into barrenness, for the wickedness of them that dwell therein.

33 He turneth the wilderness into a standing water, and dry ground into watersprings.

34 And there he maketh the hungry to dwell, that they may prepare a city for habitation;

35 And sow the fields, and plant vineyards, which may yield fruits of increase.

36 He blesseth them also, so that they are multiplied greatly; and suffereth not their cattle to decrease.

37 Again, they are minished and brought low through oppression, affliction, and sorrow.

38 He poureth contempt upon princes, and causeth them to wander in the wilderness, where there is no way.

39 Yet setteth he the poor on high from affliction, and maketh him families like a flock.

40 The righteous shall see it, and rejoice: and all iniquity shall stop her mouth.

41 Whoso is wise, and will observe these things, even they shall understand the loving-kindness of the Lord.

42 Praise ye the Lord.

# Seventh Selection.

## PRAISE TO GOD FOR HIS MERCY.

1 O GIVE thanks unto the Lord, for he is good: because his mercy endureth for ever.

2 Let Israel now say, that his mercy endureth for ever.

3 Let the house of Aaron now say, that his mercy endureth for ever.

4 Let them now that fear the Lord say, that his mercy endureth for ever.

5 I called upon the Lord in distress: the Lord answered me, and set me in a large place.

6 The Lord is on my side; I will not fear: what can man do unto me?

7 It is better to trust in the Lord than to put confidence in man.

8 It is better to trust in the Lord than to put confidence in princes.

9 Thou hast thrust sore at me that I might fall: but the Lord helped me.

10 The Lord is my strength and song, and is become my salvation.

11 The voice of rejoicing and salvation is in the tabernacles of the righteous: the right hand of the Lord doeth valiantly.

12 The right hand of the Lord is exalted: the right hand of the Lord doeth valiantly.

13 I shall not die, but live, and declare the works of the Lord.

14 The Lord hath chastened me sore: but he hath not given me over unto death.

15 Open to me the gates of righteousness: I will go into them, and I will praise the Lord:

16 This gate of the Lord, into which the righteous shall enter.

17 I will praise thee: for thou hast heard me, and art become my salvation.

18 The stone which the builders refused is become the head stone of the corner.

19 This is the Lord's doing; it is marvellous in our eyes.

20 This is the day which the Lord hath made; we will rejoice and be glad in it.

21 Save now, I beseech thee, O Lord: O Lord, I beseech thee, send now prosperity.

22 Blessed be he that cometh in the name of the Lord: we have blessed you out of the house of the Lord.

23 God is the Lord, which hath showed us light: thou art my God, and I will praise thee: thou art my God, I will exalt thee.

24 O give thanks unto the Lord; for he is good: for his mercy endureth for ever.

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## Eighth Selection.

### PRAISE TO GOD FOR HIS PROVIDENCE.

1 PRAISE ye the Lord: for it is good to sing praises unto our God; for it is pleasant; and praise is comely.

2 The Lord doth build up Jerusalem: he gathereth together the outcasts of Israel.

3 He healeth the broken in heart, and bindeth up their wounds.

4 He telleth the number of the stars; he calleth them all by their names.

5 Great is our Lord, and of great power: his understanding is infinite.

6 The Lord lifteth up the meek: he casteth the wicked down to the ground.

7 Sing unto the Lord with thanksgiving; sing praise upon the harp unto our God.

8 Who covereth the heaven with clouds, who prepareth rain for the earth, who maketh grass to grow upon the mountains.

9 He giveth to the beast his food, and to the young ravens which cry.

10 He delighteth not in the strength of the horse: he taketh not pleasure in the legs of a man.

11 The Lord taketh pleasure in them that fear him, in those that hope in his mercy.

12 Praise the Lord, O Jerusalem; praise thy God, O Zion.

13 For he hath strengthened the bars of thy gates ; he hath blessed thy children within thee.

14 He maketh peace in thy borders, and filleth thee with the finest of the wheat.

15 He sendeth forth his commandment upon earth : His word runneth very swiftly.

16 He giveth snow like wool : he scattereth the hoar frost like ashes.

17 He casteth forth his ice like morsels : who can stand before his cold ?

18 He sendeth out his word, and melteth them : he causeth his wind to blow, and the waters flow.

19 He showeth his word unto Jacob, his statutes and his judgments unto Israel.

20 He hath not dealt so with any nation : and as for his judgments, they have not known them. Praise ye the Lord.

21 PRAISE ye the Lord. Praise ye the Lord from the heavens : praise him in the heights.

22 Praise ye him, all his angels : praise ye him, all his hosts.

23 Praise ye him, sun and moon : praise him all ye stars of light.

24 Praise him, ye heavens of heavens, and ye waters that be above the heavens.

25 Let them praise the name of the Lord : for he commanded, and they were created.

26 He hath also established them for ever and ever : he hath made a decree which shall not pass.

27 Praise the Lord from the earth, ye dragons, and all deeps.

28 Fire, and hail ; snow, and vapor : stormy wind fulfilling his word :

29 Mountains, and all hills ; fruitful trees, and all cedars :

30 Beasts, and all cattle , creeping things, and flying fowl :

31 Kings of the earth, and all people ; princes, and all judges of the earth :

32 Both young men, and maidens ; old men, and children :

33 Let them praise the name of the Lord : for his name alone is excellent ; his glory is above the earth and heaven.

34 He also exalteth the horn of his people, the praise of all his saints ; even of the children of Israel, a people near unto him.

35 PRAISE ye the Lord. Praise God in his sanctuary: praise him in the firmament of his power.

36 Praise him for his mighty acts: praise him according to his excellent greatness.

37 Praise him with the sound of the trumpet: praise him with stringed instruments and organs.

38 Let every thing that hath breath praise the Lord. PRAISE YE THE LORD.

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## Ninth Selection.

### THE MAJESTY OF GOD.

1 THE Lord reigneth; let the earth rejoice; let the multitude of isles be glad thereof.

2 Clouds and darkness are round about him: righteousness and judgment are the habitation of his throne.

3 His lightnings enlightened the world: the earth saw, and trembled.

4 The hills melted like wax at the presence of the Lord, at the presence of the Lord of the whole earth.

5 The heavens declare his righteousness, and all the people see his glory.

6 Ye that love the Lord hate evil: he preserveth the souls of his saints: he delivereth them out of the hand of the wicked.

7 Light is sown for the righteous, and gladness for the upright in heart.

8 Rejoice in the Lord, ye righteous; and give thanks at the remembrance of his holiness.

9 REJOICE in the Lord, O ye righteous: for praise is comely for the upright.

10 The word of the Lord is right: and all his works are done in truth.

11 He loveth righteousness and judgment: the earth is full of the goodness of the Lord.

12 By the word of the Lord were the heavens made; and all the host of them by the breath of his mouth.

13 He gathereth the waters of the sea together as a heap: he layeth up the depth in storehouses.

14 Let all the earth fear the Lord: let all the inhabitants of the world stand in awe of him.

15 For he spake, and it was done; he commanded, and it stood fast.

16 The Lord bringeth the counsel of the heathen to nought: he maketh the devices of the people of none effect.

17 The counsel of the Lord standeth for ever, the thoughts of his heart to all generations.

18 Blessed is the nation whose God is the Lord; and the people whom he hath chosen for his own inheritance.

19 The Lord looketh from heaven; he beholdeth all the sons of men.

20 From the place of his habitation he looketh upon all the inhabitants of the earth.

21 He fashioneth their hearts alike; he considereth all their works.

22 There is no king saved by the multitude of a host: a mighty man is not delivered by much strength.

23 A horse is a vain thing for safety: neither shall he deliver any by his great strength.

24 Behold, the eye of the Lord is upon them that fear him, upon them that hope in his mercy;

25 To deliver their soul from death, and to keep them alive in famine.

26 Our soul waiteth for the Lord: he is our help and our shield.

27 For our heart shall rejoice in him, because we have trusted in his holy name.

28 Let thy mercy, O Lord, be upon us, according as we hope in thee.

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## Tenth Selection.

### GOD OUR KING.

1 THE earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof; the world, and they that dwell therein.

2 For he hath founded it upon the seas, and established it upon the floods.

3 Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord? or who shall stand in his holy place?

4 He that hath clean hands, and a pure heart: who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity, nor sworn deceitfully.

5 He shall receive the blessing from the Lord, and righteousness from the God of his salvation.

6 Lift up your heads, O ye gates: and be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors, and the king of glory shall come in.

7 Who is this king of glory?

8 The Lord strong and mighty, the Lord mighty in battle.

9 Lift up your heads, O ye gates; even lift them up, ye everlasting doors;

10 And the king of glory shall come in.

11 Who is this king of glory?

12 The Lord of hosts, he is the king of glory.

13 I WILL sing of the mercies of the Lord for ever: with my mouth will I make known thy faithfulness to all generations.

14 For I have said, Mercy shall be built up forever: thy faithfulness shalt thou establish in the very heavens.

15 And the heavens shall praise thy wonders, O Lord: thy faithfulness also in the congregation of the saints.

16 For who in the heaven can be compared unto the Lord? who among the sons of the mighty can be likened unto the Lord?

17 God is greatly to be feared in the assembly of the saints, and to be had in reverence of all them that are about him.

18 O Lord God of hosts, who is a strong Lord like unto thee? or to thy faithfulness round about thee?

19 Thou rulest the raging of the sea: when the waves thereof arise, thou stillest them.

20 The heavens are thine, the earth also is thine: as for the world and the fulness thereof, thou hast founded them.

21 The north and the south thou hast created them: Tabor and Hermon shall rejoice in thy name.

22 Thou hast a mighty arm: strong is thy hand, and high is thy right hand.

23 Justice and judgment are the habitation of thy throne: mercy and truth shall go before thy face.

24 Blessed is the people that know the joyful sound: they shall walk, O Lord, in the light of thy countenance.

25 In thy name shall they rejoice all the day: and in thy righteousness shall they be exalted.

26 For the Lord is our defence; and the Holy One of Israel is our king.

27 Now unto the blessed and only Potentate, the King of kings, and Lord of lords, who only hath immortality, dwelling in the light which no man can approach unto, whom no man hath seen, nor can see;

28 To him be honor and power everlasting. AMEN.

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## Eleventh Selection.

### PRAISE TO GOD OUR KING.

1 PRAISE ye the Lord! Sing unto the Lord a new song, and his praise in the congregation of saints.

2 Let Israel rejoice in him that made him: let the children of Zion be joyful in their King.

3 For the Lord taketh pleasure in his people: he will beautify the meek with salvation.

4 I WILL extol thee, my God, O King; and I will bless thy name for ever and ever.

5 Every day will I bless thee; and I will praise thy name for ever and ever.

6 Great is the Lord, and greatly to be praised; and his greatness is unsearchable.

7 One generation shall praise thy works to another, and shall declare thy mighty acts.

8 I will speak of the glorious honor of thy majesty, and of thy wondrous works.

9 And men shall speak of the might of thy terrible acts : and I will declare thy greatness.

10 They shall abundantly utter the memory of thy great goodness, and shall sing of thy righteousness.

11 The Lord is gracious, and full of compassion ; slow to anger, and of great mercy.

12 The Lord is good to all : and his tender mercies are over all his works.

13 All thy works shall praise thee, O Lord; and thy saints shall bless thee.

14 They shall speak of the glory of thy kingdom, and talk of thy power :

15 To make known to the sons of men his mighty acts, and the glorious majesty of his kingdom.

16 Thy kingdom is an everlasting kingdom, and thy dominion endureth throughout all generations.

17 The Lord upholdeth all that fall, and raiseth up all those that be bowed down.

18 The eyes of all wait upon thee ; and thou givest them their meat in due season.

19 Thou openest thine hand, and satisfiest the desire of every living thing.

20 The Lord is righteous in all his ways, and holy in all his works.

21 The Lord is nigh unto all them that call upon him, to all that call upon him in truth.

22 He will fulfil the desire of them that fear him : he also will hear their cry, and will save them.

23 The Lord preserveth all them that love him : but all the wicked will he destroy.

24 My mouth shall speak the praise of the Lord: and let all flesh bless his holy name for ever and ever.

# Twelfth Selection.

## ADORATION.

1 MAKE a joyful noise unto God, all ye lands: sing forth the honor of his name: make his praise glorious.

2 All the earth shall worship thee, and shall sing unto thee; they shall sing to thy name.

3 Come and see the works of God: he is terrible in his doing toward the children of men. He ruleth by his power forever.

4 His eyes behold the nations: let not the rebellious exalt themselves.

5 O bless our God, ye people, and make the voice of his praise to be heard:

6 Which holdeth our soul in life, and suffereth not our feet to be moved.

7 For thou, O God, hast proved us: thou hast tried us as silver is tried. Thou laidst affliction upon our loins.

8 We went through fire and through water: but thou broughtest us out into a wealthy place.

9 I will go into thy house with burnt offerings: I will pay thee my vows, which my lips have uttered,

10 Which my mouth hath spoken, when I was in trouble.

11 Come and hear, all ye that fear God, and I will declare what he hath done for my soul.

12 I cried unto him with my mouth, and he was extolled with my tongue.

13 If I regard iniquity in my heart, the Lord will not hear me: but verily God hath heard me; he hath attended to the voice of my prayer.

14 Blessed be God, which hath not turned away my prayer, nor his mercy from me.

15 O SING unto the Lord a new song; for he hath done marvellous things:

16 His right hand, and his holy arm, hath gotten him the victory.

17 The Lord hath made known his salvation :
18 His righteousness hath he openly showed in the sight of the heathen.
19 He hath remembered his mercy and his truth toward the house of Israel :
20 All the ends of the earth have seen the salvation of our God.
21 Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, all the earth : make a loud noise, and rejoice, and sing praise.
22 Sing unto the Lord with the harp ; with the harp, and the voice of a psalm.
23 With trumpets and sound of cornet, make a joyful noise before the Lord, the King.
24 Let the sea roar, and the fulness thereof ; the world, and they that dwell therein.
25 Let the floods clap their hands ; let the hills be joyful together before the Lord : for he cometh to judge the earth :
26 With righteousness shall he judge the world and the people with equity.

27 Now unto the King eternal, immortal, invisible, the only wise God,
28 Be honor and glory, for ever and ever. Amen.

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## Thirteenth Selection.

### PRAISE TO GOD.

1 PRAISE ye the Lord. I will praise the Lord with my whole heart, in the assembly of the upright, and in the congregation.
2 The works of the Lord are great, sought out of all them that have pleasure therein.
3 His work is honorable and glorious : and his righteousness endureth for ever.
4 He hath made his wonderful works to be remembered: the Lord is gracious and full of compassion.

5 He hath given meat unto them that fear him: he will ever be mindful of his covenant.

6 He hath showed his people the power of his works, that he may give them the heritage of the heathen.

7 The works of his hands are verity and judgment; all his commandments are sure.

8 They stand fast for ever and ever, and are done in truth and uprightness.

9 He sent redemption unto his people: he hath commanded his covenant for ever;

10 Holy and reverend is his name.

11 The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom: a good understanding have all they that do his commandments.

12 His praise endureth for ever.

13 O SING unto the Lord a new song: sing unto the Lord, all the earth.

14 Sing unto the Lord, bless his name; show forth his salvation from day to day.

15 Declare his glory among the heathen, his wonders among all people.

16 For the Lord is great, and greatly to be praised: he is to be feared above all gods.

17 For all the gods of the nations are idols: but the Lord made the heavens.

18 Honor and majesty are before him: strength and beauty are in his sanctuary.

19 Give unto the Lord, O ye kindreds of the people, give unto the Lord glory and strength.

20 Give unto the Lord the glory due unto his name: bring an offering, and come into his courts.

21 O worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness: fear before him, all the earth.

22 Say among the heathen that the Lord reigneth: the world also shall be established that it shall not be moved: he shall judge the people righteously.

23 Let the heavens rejoice, and let the earth be glad; let the sea roar, and the fulness thereof.

24 Let the field be joyful, and all that is therein.

25 Then shall the trees of the wood rejoice before the Lord: for he cometh, for he cometh to judge the earth.

26 He shall judge the world with righteousness, and the people with his truth.

27 Now unto the King eternal, immortal, invisible, the only wise God,

28 Be honor and glory, for ever and ever. Amen.

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## Fourteenth Selection.

### JOY IN THE SANCTUARY.

1 O COME, let us sing unto the Lord: let us make a joyful noise to the Rock of our salvation.

2 Let us come before his presence with thanksgiving, and make a joyful noise unto him with psalms.

3 For the Lord is a great God, and a great King above all gods.

4 In his hand are the deep places of the earth: the strength of the hills is his also.

5 The sea is his, and he made it:

6 And his hands formed the dry land.

7 O come, let us worship and bow down: let us kneel before the Lord our maker.

8 For he is our God; and we are the people of his pasture, and the sheep of his hand.

9 To-day if ye will hear his voice, harden not your heart, as in the provocation, and as in the day of temptation in the wilderness:

10 When your fathers tempted me, proved me, and saw my work.

11 How amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts!

12 My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the courts of the Lord: my heart and my flesh crieth out for the living God.

13 Yea, the sparrow hath found a house, and the swallow a nest for herself, where she may lay her young,

14 Even thine altars, O Lord of hosts, my King, and my God.

15 Blessed are they that dwell in thy house: they will be still praising thee.

16 Blessed is the man whose strength is in thee; in whose heart are the ways of them:

17 Who passing through the valley of Baca make it a well:

18 The rain also filleth the pools.

19 They go from strength to strength, every one of them in Zion appeareth before God.

20 O Lord God of hosts hear my prayer: give ear, O God of Jacob.

21 Behold, O God our shield, and look upon the face of thine anointed.

22 For a day in thy courts is better than a thousand.

23 I had rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God, than to dwell in the tents of wickedness.

24 For the Lord God is a sun and shield: the Lord will give grace and glory:

25 No good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly.

26 O Lord of hosts, blessed is the man that trusteth in thee.

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## Fifteenth Selection.

### JOY IN THE SANCTUARY.

1 GREAT is the Lord, and greatly to be praised in the city of our God, in the mountain of his holiness.

2 Beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth, is mount Zion, the city of the great King.

3 God is known in her palaces for a refuge.

4 We have thought of thy loving-kindness, O God, in the midst of thy temple.

5 According to thy name, O God, so is thy praise unto the ends of the earth: thy right hand is full of righteousness.

6 Let mount Zion rejoice, let the daughters of Judah be glad, because of thy judgments.

7 Walk about Zion, and go round about her: tell the towers thereof.

8 Mark ye well her bulwarks, consider her palaces; that ye may tell it to the generation following.

9 For this God is our God for ever and ever:

10 He will be our guide even unto death.

11 THEY that trust in the Lord shall be as mount Zion, which cannot be removed, but abideth for ever.

12 As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about his people from henceforth even for ever.

13 Do good, O Lord, unto those that be good, and to them that are upright in their hearts. As for such as turn aside unto their crooked ways, the Lord shall lead them forth with the workers of iniquity:

14 But peace shall be upon Israel.

15 I WAS glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord.

16 Our feet shall stand within thy gates, O Jerusalem.

17 Jerusalem is builded as a city that is compact together:

18 Whither the tribes go up, the tribes of the Lord, unto the testimony of Israel, to give thanks unto the name of the Lord.

19 Pray for the peace of Jerusalem: they shall prosper that love thee.

20 Peace be within thy walls, and prosperity within thy palaces.

21 For my brethren and companions' sakes, I will now say, Peace be within thee.

22 Because of the house of the Lord our God I will seek thy good.

23 GOD be merciful unto us, and bless us; and cause his face to shine upon us.

24 That thy way may be known upon earth, thy saving health among all nations.

25 Let the people praise thee, O God: let all the people praise thee.

26 O let the nations be glad and sing for joy.

27 For thou shalt judge the people righteously, and govern the nations upon earth.

28 Let the people praise thee, O God; let all the people praise thee.

29 Then shall the earth yield her increase; and God, even our own God, shall bless us.

30 God shall bless us; and all the ends of the earth shall fear him.

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## Sixteenth Selection.

### GOD'S OMNIPRESENCE AND OMNISCIENCE.

1 THE Lord is in his holy temple: let all the earth keep silence before him.

2 The Lord is nigh unto all that call upon him; unto all that call upon him in truth.

3 But will God indeed dwell on the earth? Behold the heaven of heavens cannot contain him.

4 And I heard a great voice out of heaven, saying, Behold the tabernacle of God is with men, and he shall dwell with them, and they shall be his people, and God himself shall be with them.

5 For thus saith the high and lofty One, that inhabiteth Eternity, whose name is Holy;

6 I dwell in the high and holy place, with him also that is of a contrite and humble spirit.

7 The eyes of the Lord are in every place, beholding the evil and the good.

8 His eyes behold, his eyelids try the children of men.

9 If we have forgotten the name of our God, or stretched out our hands to a strange god;

10 Shall not God search this out? For he knoweth the secrets of the heart.

11 Neither is there any creature that is not manifest in his sight.

12 But all things are naked and opened unto the eyes of him with whom we have to do.

13 O LORD, thou hast searched me, and known me.

14 Thou knowest my downsitting and mine uprising; thou understandest my thought afar off.

15 Thou compassest my path and my lying down, and art acquainted with all my ways.

16 For there is not a word in my tongue, but, lo, O Lord, thou knowest it altogether.

17 Thou hast beset me behind and before, and laid thine hand upon me.

18 Such knowledge is too wonderful for me; it is high, I cannot attain unto it.

19 Whither shall I go from thy Spirit? or whither shall I flee from thy presence?

20 If I ascend up into heaven, thou art there: if I make my bed in hell, behold, thou art there.

21 If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea;

22 Even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me.

23 If I say, Surely the darkness shall cover me; even the night shall be light about me.

24 Yea, the darkness hideth not from thee; but the night shineth as the day: the darkness and the light are both alike to thee.

25 For thou hast possessed my reins: thou hast covered me in my mother's womb.

26 I will praise thee: for I am fearfully and wonderfully made.

27 Marvellous are thy works; and that my soul knoweth right well.

28 My substance was not hid from thee, when I was made in secret, and curiously wrought in the lowest parts of the earth.

29 Thine eyes did see my substance, yet being unperfect: and in thy book all my members were written,

30 Which in continuance were fashioned, when as yet there were none of them.

31 How precious also are thy thoughts unto me, O God! How great is the sum of them!

32 If I should count them, they are more in number than the sand: when I awake, I am still with thee.

33 Search me, O God, and know my heart: try me, and know my thoughts:

34 And see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting.

## Seventeenth Selection.

### MORNING WORSHIP.

1 GIVE ear to my words, O Lord; consider my meditation.

2 Hearken unto the voice of my cry, my King, and my God: for unto thee will I pray.

3 My voice shalt thou hear in the morning, O Lord; in the morning will I direct my prayer unto thee, and will look up.

4 For thou art not a God that hath pleasure in wickedness: neither shall evil dwell with thee.

5 The foolish shall not stand in thy sight: thou hatest all workers of iniquity.

6 But as for me, I will come into thy house in the multitude of thy mercy: and in thy fear will I worship toward thy holy temple.

7 Let all those that put their trust in thee rejoice:

8 Let them ever shout for joy, because thou defendest them.

9 Let them also that love thy name be joyful in thee.

10 For thou, Lord, wilt bless the righteous: with favor wilt thou compass him as with a shield.

11 THE heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament showeth his handywork.

12 Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night showeth knowledge.

13 There is no speech nor language, where their voice is not heard.

14 Their line is gone out through all the earth, and their words to the end of the world.

15 In them hath he set a tabernacle for the sun;

16 Which is as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber, and rejoiceth as a strong man to run a race.

17 His going forth is from the end of the heaven, and his circuit unto the ends of it:

18 And there is nothing hid from the heat thereof.

19 The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul:
20 The testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple.
21 The statutes of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart:
22 The commandment of the Lord is pure, enlightening the eyes.
23 The fear of the Lord is clean, enduring for ever:
24 The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.
25 More to be desired are they than gold, yea, than much fine gold: sweeter also than honey and the honey-comb.
26 Moreover, by them is thy servant warned: and in keeping of them there is great reward.
27 Who can understand his errors? Cleanse thou me from secret faults.
28 Keep back thy servant also from presumptuous sins; let them not have dominion over me:
29 Then shall I be upright, and I shall be innocent from the great transgression.
30 Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart, be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my strength, and my redeemer.

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## Eighteenth Selection.

### EVENING PRAYER.

1 O GOD, thou art my God; early will I seek thee: my soul thirsteth for thee, my flesh longeth for thee in a dry and thirsty land, where no water is:
2 To see thy power and thy glory, so as I have seen thee in the sanctuary.
3 Because thy loving-kindness is better than life, my lips shall praise thee.
4 Thus will I bless thee while I live: I will lift up my hands in thy name.
5 My soul shall be satisfied as with marrow and fatness; and my mouth shall praise thee with joyful lips:

6 When I remember thee upon my bed, and meditate on thee in the night watches.

7 Because thou hast been my help, therefore in the shadow of thy wings will I rejoice.

8 My soul followeth hard after thee: thy right hand upholdeth me.

9 LORD, I cry unto thee: make haste unto me; give ear unto my voice, when I cry unto thee.

10 Let my prayer be set forth before thee as incense; and the lifting up of my hands as the evening sacrifice.

11 Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth; keep the door of my lips.

12 Incline not my heart to any evil thing, to practise wicked works with men that work iniquity.

13 Let the righteous smite me; it shall be a kindness: and let him reprove me; it shall be an excellent oil, which shall not break my head.

14 But mine eyes are unto thee, O God the Lord: in thee is my trust.

15 PRESERVE me, O God: for in thee do I put my trust.

16 O my soul, thou hast said unto the Lord, Thou art my Lord: my goodness extendeth not to thee;

17 But to the saints that are in the earth, and to the excellent, in whom is all my delight.

18 The Lord is the portion of mine inheritance and of my cup: thou maintainest my lot.

19 The lines are fallen unto me in pleasant places: yea, I have a goodly heritage.

20 I will bless the Lord, who hath given me counsel: my reins also instruct me in the night seasons.

21 I have set the Lord always before me: because he is at my right hand, I shall not be moved.

22 Therefore my heart is glad, and my glory rejoiceth: my flesh also shall rest in hope.

23 For thou wilt not leave my soul in hell; neither wilt thou suffer thine Holy One to see corruption.

24 Thou wilt show me the path of life: in thy presence is fulness of joy; at thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore.

## Nineteenth Selection.

### EVENING PRAYER.

1 BEHOLD, bless ye the Lord, all ye servants of the Lord, which by night stand in the house of the Lord.

2 Lift up your hands in the sanctuary, and bless the Lord.

3 The Lord that made heaven and earth bless thee out of Zion.

4 Thou, O Lord, art a shield for me: my glory, and the lifter up of mine head.

5 I cried unto the Lord with my voice, and he heard me out of his holy hill.

6 I laid me down and slept: I awoke: for the Lord sustained me.

7 I will not be afraid of ten thousands of people, that have set themselves against me round about.

8 Salvation belongeth unto the Lord: thy blessing is upon thy people.

9 Hear me when I call, O God of my righteousness: thou hast helped me when I was in distress:

10 Have mercy upon me, and hear my prayer.

11 Know that the Lord hath set apart him that is godly for himself: the Lord will hear when I call unto him.

12 Offer the sacrifices of righteousness, and put your trust in the Lord.

13 There be many that say, Who will show us any good? Lord, lift thou up the light of thy countenance upon us. p 41

14 I will both lay me down in peace and sleep. For thou, Lord, only makest me dwell in safety.

15 HEAR the right, O Lord, attend unto my cry; give ear unto my prayer, that goeth not out of feigned lips.

16 Let thy sentence come forth from thy presence; let thine eyes behold the things that are equal.

17 Thou hast proved mine heart: thou hast visited me in the night: thou hast tried me and shalt find nothing: I am purposed that my mouth shall not transgress.

18 Hold up my goings in thy paths, that my footsteps slip not.

19 I have called upon thee, for thou wilt hear me, O God: incline thine ear unto me, and hear my speech.

20 Show thy marvellous loving-kindness, O thou that savest by thy right hand them which put their trust in thee.

21 Keep me as the apple of the eye; hide me under the shadow of thy wings.

22 As for me, I will behold thy face in righteousness: I shall be satisfied, when I awake, with thy likeness.

23 I will extol thee, O Lord; for thou hast lifted me up, and hast not made my foes to rejoice over me.

24 O Lord my God, I cried unto thee, and thou hast healed me.

25 O Lord, thou hast brought up my soul from the grave: thou hast kept me alive, that I should not go down to the pit.

26 Sing unto the Lord, O ye saints of his, and give thanks at the remembrance of his holiness.

27 For his anger endureth but a moment; in his favor is life: weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning.

28 O Lord my God, I will give thanks unto thee for ever.

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## Twentieth Selection.

### PRAISE AND CONFIDENCE IN GOD.

1 It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord, and to sing praises unto thy name, O Most High.

2 To show forth thy loving-kindness in the morning, and thy faithfulness every night.

3 For thou, Lord, hast made me glad through thy work: I will triumph in the works of thy hands.

4 O Lord, how great are thy works! and thy thoughts are very deep.

5 When the wicked spring as the grass, and when all the workers of iniquity do flourish; it is that they shall be destroyed for ever:

6 But thou, Lord, art most high, for evermore.

7 For, lo, thine enemies, O Lord, for, lo, thine enemies shall perish ;
8 All the workers of iniquity shall be scattered.
9 The righteous shall flourish like the palm tree : he shall grow like a cedar in Lebanon.
10 Those that be planted in the house of the Lord shall flourish in the courts of our God.
11 They shall still bring forth fruit in old age : they shall be fat and flourishing :
12 To show that the Lord is upright : he is my rock, and there is no unrighteousness in him.

13 THE Lord is my light and my salvation ; whom shall I fear ?
14 The Lord is the strength of my life ; of whom shall I be afraid ?
15 When the wicked, even mine enemies and my foes, came upon me to eat up my flesh, they stumbled and fell.
16 Though an host should encamp against me, my heart shall not fear : though war should rise against me, in this will I be confident.
17 One thing have I desired of the Lord, that will I seek after ; that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life,
18 To behold the beauty of the Lord, and to inquire in his temple.
19 For in the time of trouble he shall hide me in his pavilion :
20 In the secret of his tabernacle shall he hide me ; he shall set me up upon a rock.
21 And now shall mine head be lifted up above mine enemies round about me : therefore will I offer in his tabernacle sacrifices of joy ;
22 I will sing, yea, I will sing praises unto the Lord.
23 Hear, O Lord, when I cry with my voice : have mercy also upon me, and answer me.
24 When thou saidst, "Seek ye my face ;" my heart said unto thee, "Thy face, Lord, will I seek."
25 Hide not thy face far from me : put not thy servant away in anger :
26 Thou hast been my help : leave me not, neither forsake me, O God of my salvation.
27 When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up.
28 Teach me thy way, O Lord, and lead me in a plain path, because of mine enemies.

29 I had fainted, unless I had believed to see the goodness of the Lord in the land of the living.

30 Wait on the Lord: be of good courage, and he shall strengthen thine heart: wait, I say, on the Lord.

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## Twenty-first Selection.

### GUARDIAN CARE OF GOD.

1 They that trust in the Lord shall be as mount Zion, which cannot be removed, but abideth for ever.

2 As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about his people from henceforth even for ever.

3 I will bless the Lord at all times: his praise shall continually be in my mouth.

4 My soul shall make her boast in the Lord: the humble shall hear thereof, and be glad.

5 O magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt his name together.

6 I sought the Lord, and he heard me, and delivered me from all my fears.

7 They looked unto him, and were lightened: and their faces were not ashamed.

8 This poor man cried, and the Lord heard him, and saved him out of all his troubles.

9 The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them.

10 O taste and see that the Lord is good: blessed is the man that trusteth in him.

11 O fear the Lord, ye his saints: for there is no want to them that fear him.

12 The young lions do lack, and suffer hunger: but they that seek the Lord shall not want any good thing.

13 Come, ye children, hearken unto me: I will teach you the fear of the Lord.

14 What man is he that desireth life, and loveth many days, that he may see good ?

15 Keep thy tongue from evil, and thy lips from speaking guile.

16 Depart from evil, and do good : seek peace and pursue it.

17 The eyes of the Lord are upon the righteous, and his ears are open unto their cry.

18 The face of the Lord is against them that do evil, to cut off the remembrance of them from the earth.

19 The righteous cry, and the Lord heareth, and delivereth them out of all their troubles.

20 The Lord is nigh unto them that are of a broken heart, and saveth such as be of a contrite spirit.

21 Many are the afflictions of the righteous, but the Lord delivereth him out of them all.

22 The Lord redeemeth the soul of his servants, and none of them that trust in him shall be desolate.

23 HAPPY is he that hath the God of Jacob for his help, whose hope is in the Lord his God.

24 Yea, happy is that people, whose God is the Lord.

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## Twenty-second Selection.

### THE PROTECTING CARE OF GOD.

1 O PRAISE the Lord, all ye nations : praise him, all ye people.

2 For his merciful kindness is great toward us : and the truth of the Lord endureth for ever.

3 I WILL lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help.

4 My help cometh from the Lord, which made heaven and earth.

5 He will not suffer thy foot to be moved : he that keepeth thee will not slumber.

6 Behold, he that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep.

7 The Lord is thy keeper : the Lord is thy shade upon thy right hand.
8 The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon by night.
9 The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil : he shall preserve thy soul.
10 The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in from this time forth, and even for evermore.

11 He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.
12 I will say of the Lord, He is my refuge and my fortress : my God : in him will I trust.
13 Surely he shall deliver thee from the snare of the fowler, and from the noisome pestilence.
14 He shall cover thee with his feathers, and under his wings shalt thou trust : his truth shall be thy shield and buckler.
15 Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night ; nor for the arrow that flieth by day ;
16 Nor for the pestilence that walketh in darkness ; nor for the destruction that wasteth at noonday.
17 A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand ; but it shall not come nigh thee.
18 Only with thine eyes shalt thou behold and see the reward of the wicked.
19 Because thou hast made the Lord, which is my refuge, even the Most High, thy habitation, there shall no evil befall thee,
20 Neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling.
21 For he shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways.
22 They shall bear thee up in their hands, lest thou dash thy foot against a stone.
23 Thou shalt tread upon the lion and adder : the young lion and the dragon shalt thou trample under feet.
24 Because he hath set his love upon me, therefore will I deliver him :
25 I will set him on high, because he hath known my name.
26 He shall call upon me, and I will answer him :
27 I will be with him in trouble ; I will deliver him, and honor him.
28 With long life will I satisfy him, and show him my salvation.

## Twenty-third Selection.

### GRATITUDE FOR DIVINE PROTECTION.

1 PRAISE ye the Lord. Praise, O ye servants of the Lord, praise the name of the Lord.

2 Blessed be the name of the Lord, from this time forth and for evermore.

3 From the rising of the sun unto the going down of the same the Lord's name is to be praised.

4 The Lord is high above all nations, and his glory above the heavens.

5 Who is like unto the Lord our God, who dwelleth on high;

6 Who humbleth himself to behold the things that are in heaven, and in the earth?

7 He raiseth up the poor out of the dust, and lifteth the needy out of the ground;

8 That he may set him with princes, even with the princes of his people.

9 I LOVE the Lord, because he hath heard my voice and my supplications.

10 Because he hath inclined his ear unto me, therefore will I call upon him as long as I live.

11 The sorrows of death compassed me, and the pains of hell gat hold upon me: I found trouble and sorrow.

12 Then called I upon the name of the Lord; O Lord, I beseech thee, deliver my soul.

13 Gracious is the Lord, and righteous; yea, our God is merciful.

14 Return unto thy rest, O my soul; for the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee.

15 For thou hast delivered my soul from death, mine eyes from tears, and my feet from falling.

16 I will walk before the Lord in the land of the living.

17 What shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits toward me?

18 I will take the cup of salvation, and call upon the name of the Lord.

19 I will pay my vows unto the Lord now in the presence of all his people.

20 Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints.

21 O Lord, truly I am thy servant; I am thy servant and the son of thine handmaid: thou hast loosed my bonds.

22 I will offer to thee the sacrifice of thanksgiving, and will call upon the name of the Lord.

23 I will pay my vows unto the Lord now in the presence of all his people,

24 In the courts of the Lord's house, in the midst of thee, O Jerusalem. Praise ye the Lord.

25 Now unto him that is able to keep you from falling, and to present you faultless before the presence of his glory with exceeding joy,

26 To the only wise God our Saviour, be glory and majesty, dominion and power, both now and ever. AMEN.

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## Twenty-fourth Selection.

### GOD OUR HELPER.

1 I WILL love thee, O Lord, my strength. The Lord is my rock, and my fortress, and my deliverer;

2 My God, my strength, in whom I will trust; my buckler, my strong defence, and my high tower.

3 I will call upon the Lord, who is worthy to be praised: so shall I be saved from mine enemies.

4 The sorrows of death compassed me, and the floods of ungodly men made me afraid.

5 In my distress I called upon the Lord, and cried unto my God: he heard my voice out of his temple, and my cry came before him, even into his ears.

6 Then the earth shook and trembled; the foundations also of the hills moved and were shaken, because he was wroth.

7 He bowed the heavens also, and came down : and darkness was under his feet.

8 And he rode upon a cherub, and did fly : yea, he did fly upon the wings of the wind.

9 He made darkness his secret place; his pavilion round about him were dark waters and thick clouds of the skies.

10 At the brightness that was before him his thick clouds passed, hail stones and coals of fire.

11 The Lord also thundered in the heavens, and the Highest gave his voice ; hail stones and coals of fire.

12 Then the channels of waters were seen, and the foundations of the world were discovered at thy rebuke, O Lord, at the blast of the breath of thy nostrils.

13 He sent from above, he took me, he drew me out of many waters.

14 He brought me forth also into a large place : he delivered me because he delighted in me.

15 With the merciful thou wilt show thyself merciful; with an upright man thou wilt show thyself upright.

16 With the pure thou wilt show thyself pure ; and with the froward thou wilt show thyself froward.

17 For thou wilt save the afflicted people; but wilt bring down high looks.

18 For thou wilt light my candle : the Lord my God will enlighten my darkness.

19 As for God his way is perfect : the word of the Lord is tried :

20 He is a buckler to all those that trust in him.

21 For who is God save the Lord ? or who is a rock save our God ?

22 It is God that girdeth me with strength, and maketh my way perfect.

23 Thou hast also given me the shield of thy salvation : and thy right hand hath holden me up, and thy gentleness hath made me great.

24 Thou hast enlarged my steps under me that my feet did not slip.

25 The Lord liveth; and blessed be my Rock ; and let the God of my salvation be exalted.

26 I will give thanks unto thee, O Lord, among the nations, and sing praises unto thy name.

## Twenty-fifth Selection.

### TRUST IN GOD.

1 THE Lord hear thee in the day of trouble; the name of the God of Jacob defend thee;

2 Send thee help from the sanctuary, and strengthen thee out of Zion;

3 Remember all thy offerings, and accept thy burnt sacrifice;

4 Grant thee according to thine own heart, and fulfil all thy counsel.

5 We will rejoice in thy salvation, and in the name of our God we will set up our banners:

6 The Lord fulfil all thy petitions.

7 Now know I that the Lord saveth his anointed; he will hear him from his holy heaven with the saving strength of his right hand.

8 Some trust in chariots, and some in horses: but we will remember the name of the Lord our God.

9 They are brought down and fallen: but we are risen, and stand upright.

10 Save, Lord: let the king hear us when we call.

11 BE merciful unto me, O God, be merciful unto me: for my soul trusteth in thee:

12 Yea, in the shadow of thy wings will I make my refuge, until these calamities are overpast.

13 I will cry unto God most high: unto God that performeth all things for me.

14 What time I am afraid, I will trust in thee.

15 In God have I put my trust: I will not be afraid what man can do unto me.

16 Thy vows are upon me, O God: I will render praises unto thee.

17 For thou hast delivered my soul from death: wilt thou not deliver my feet from falling,

18 That I may walk before God in the light of the living?

19 My soul is among lions : and I lie even among them that are set on fire, even the sons of men, whose teeth are spears and arrows, and their tongue a sharp sword.

20 Be thou exalted, O God, above the heavens : let thy glory be above all the earth.

21 My heart is fixed, O God, my heart is fixed : I will sing and give praise.

22 I will praise thee, O Lord, among the people : I will sing unto thee among the nations.

23 For thy mercy is great unto the heavens, and thy truth unto the clouds.

24 Be thou exalted, O God, above the heavens : let thy glory be above all the earth.

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## Twenty-sixth Selection.

### GOD'S GREATNESS A GROUND OF CONFIDENCE.

1 THE mighty God, even the Lord, hath spoken, and called the earth from the rising of the sun unto the going down thereof.

2 Out of Zion, the perfection of beauty, God hath shined.

3 Our God shall come, and shall not keep silence : a fire shall devour before him, and it shall be very tempestuous round about him.

4 He shall call to the heavens from above, and to the earth, that he may judge his people.

5 Gather my saints together unto me ; those that have made a covenant with me by sacrifice.

6 And the heavens shall declare his righteousness : for God is judge himself.

7 For every beast of the forest is mine, and the cattle upon a thousand hills.

8 I know all the fowls of the mountains : and the wild beasts of the fields are mine.

9 If I were hungry, I would not tell thee : for the world is mine, and the fulness thereof.

10 Offer unto God thanksgiving; and pay thy vows unto the Most High:

11 And call upon me in the day of trouble:

12 I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me.

13 But unto the wicked God saith, What hast thou to do to declare my statutes, or that thou shouldst take my covenant in thy mouth?

14 Seeing thou hatest instruction, and castest my words behind thee.

15 Thou thoughtest that I was altogether such a one as thyself: but I will reprove thee, and set these things in order before thine eyes.

16 Whoso offereth praise glorifieth me: and to him that ordereth his conversation aright will I show the salvation of God.

17 THE fool hath said in his heart, There is no God. Corrupt are they, and have done abominable iniquity: there is none that doeth good.

18 God looked down from heaven upon the children of men, to see if there were any that did understand, that did seek God.

19 Every one of them is gone back: they are altogether become filthy; there is none that doeth good, no, not one.

20 O that the salvation of Israel were come out of Zion! When God bringeth back the captivity of his people, Jacob shall rejoice, and Israel shall be glad.

21 BEHOLD, God is mine helper; the Lord is with them that uphold my soul.

22 I will praise thy name, O Lord: for it is good: for thou hast delivered me out of all trouble.

23 I will sing of thy power: yea, I will sing aloud of thy mercy in the morning:

24 For thou hast been my defence and refuge in the day of my trouble.

25 Unto thee, O my Strength, will I sing: for God is my defence, and the God of my mercy.

26 BLESSED be the Lord God from everlasting to everlasting. Praise ye the Lord.

## Twenty-seventh Selection.

### GOD A REFUGE IN TROUBLE.

1 I WILL praise thee with my whole heart: before the gods will I sing praise unto thee.

2 I will worship toward thy holy temple, and praise thy name for thy loving-kindness and for thy truth.

3 For thou hast magnified thy word above all thy name.

4 In the day when I cried thou answeredst me, and strengthenedst me with strength in my soul.

5 Though the Lord be high, yet hath he respect unto the lowly; but the proud he knoweth afar off.

6 Though I walk through the midst of trouble, thou wilt revive me.

7 Thou wilt stretch forth thine hand against the wrath of mine enemies, and thy right hand shall save me.

8 The Lord will perfect that which concerneth me: thy mercy, O Lord, endureth for ever: forsake not the works of thine own hands.

9 As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God.

10 My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God: when shall I come and appear before God?

11 My tears have been my meat day and night, while they continually say unto me, Where is thy God? When I remember these things, I pour out my soul in me.

12 For I had gone with the multitude, I went with them to the house of God, with the voice of joy and praise, with a multitude that kept holy-day.

13 Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted within me? Hope thou in God:

14 For I shall yet praise him for the help of his countenance.

15 O my God, my soul is cast down within me.

16 Therefore will I remember thee. From the land of Jordan, and of the Hermonites, from the hill Mizar.

17 Deep calleth unto deep at the noise of thy water-spouts: all thy waves and thy billows are gone over me.

18 Yet the Lord will command his loving-kindness in the daytime, and in the night his song shall be with me, and my prayer unto the God of my life.

19 I will say unto God my rock, Why hast thou forgotten me? why go I mourning because of the oppression of the enemy?

20 As with a sword in my bones, mine enemies reproach me; while they say daily unto me, Where is thy God?

21 Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted within me? Hope thou in God:

22 For I shall yet praise him, who is the health of my countenance, and my God.

23 In thee, O Lord, do I put my trust: let me never be ashamed: deliver me in thy righteousness.

24 Bow down thine ear to me: deliver me speedily.

25 Be thou my strong rock, for a house of defence to save me.

26 For thou art my rock and my fortress: therefore for thy name's sake lead me, and guide me.

27 Into thine hand I commit my spirit: thou hast redeemed me, O Lord God of truth.

28 My times are in thy hand: make thy face to shine upon thy servant: save me for thy mercies' sake.

29 O, how great is thy goodness, which thou hast laid up for them that fear thee:

30 Which thou hast wrought for them that trust in thee before the sons of men!

31 Thou shalt hide them in the secret of thy presence from the pride of man: thou shalt keep them secretly in a pavilion from the strife of tongues.

32 Blessed be the Lord: for he hath showed me his marvelous kindness.

33 O love the Lord, all ye his saints: for the Lord preserveth the faithful.

34 Be of good courage, and he shall strengthen your heart, all ye that hope in the Lord.

## Twenty-eighth Selection.

### GOD A REFUGE IN TROUBLE.

1 HEAR my cry, O God; attend unto my prayer. From the end of the earth will I cry unto thee, when my heart is overwhelmed:

2 Lead me to the rock that is higher than I.

3 For thou hast been a shelter for me, and a strong tower from the enemy.

4 I will abide in thy tabernacle for ever: I will trust in the covert of thy wings.

5 TRULY my soul waiteth upon God: from him cometh my salvation.

6 He only is my rock and my salvation; he is my defence; I shall not be greatly moved.

7 My soul, wait thou only upon God; for my expectation is from him.

8 He only is my rock and my salvation: he is my defence; I shall not be moved.

9 In God is my salvation and my glory: the rock of my strength, and my refuge, is in God.

10 Trust in him at all times: ye people, pour out your heart before him: God is a refuge for us.

11 God hath spoken once; twice have I heard this; that power belongeth unto God.

12 Also unto thee, O Lord, belongeth mercy: for thou renderest to every man according to his work.

13 GOD is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble.

14 Therefore will not we fear, though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea;

15 Though the waters thereof roar and be troubled, though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof.

16 There is a river, the streams whereof shall make glad the city of God, the holy place of the tabernacles of the Most High.

17 God is in the midst of her; she shall not be moved: God shall help her, and that right early.

18 The Lord of hosts is with us; the God of Jacob is our refuge.

19 Come, behold the works of the Lord, what desolations he hath made in the earth. He maketh wars to cease unto the end of the earth:

20 He breaketh the bow, and cutteth the spear in sunder; he burneth the chariot in the fire.

21 Be still, and know that I am God: I will be exalted among the heathen, I will be exalted in the earth.

22 The Lord of hosts is with us; the God of Jacob is our refuge.

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## Twenty-ninth Selection.

### PRAYER IN TROUBLE.

1 HEAR my prayer, O Lord, give ear to my supplications: in thy faithfulness answer me, and in thy righteousness.

2 And enter not into judgment with thy servant: for in thy sight shall no man living be justified.

3 My spirit is overwhelmed within me; my heart within me is desolate.

4 I remember the days of old; I meditate on all thy works; I muse on the work of thy hands.

5 I stretch forth my hands unto thee: my soul thirsteth after thee, as a thirsty land.

6 Hear me speedily, O Lord; my spirit faileth: hide not thy face from me.

7 Cause me to hear thy loving-kindness in the morning; for in thee do I trust: cause me to know the way wherein I should walk; for I lift up my soul unto thee.

8 Deliver me, O Lord, from mine enemies: I flee unto thee to hide me.

9 Teach me to do thy will; for thou art my God: thy spirit is good; lead me into the land of uprightness.

10 Quicken me, O Lord, for thy name's sake: for thy righteousness' sake bring my soul out of trouble.

11 I CRIED unto God with my voice, even unto God with my voice; and he gave ear unto me.

12 In the day of my trouble I sought the Lord: my soul refused to be comforted.

13 I have considered the days of old, the years of ancient times.

14 I call to remembrance my song in the night: I commune with mine own heart: and my spirit made diligent search.

15 Will the Lord cast off for ever? and will he be favorable no more?

16 Is his mercy clean gone for ever? doth his promise fail for evermore?

17 Hath God forgotten to be gracious? hath he in anger shut up his tender mercies?

18 And I said, This is my infirmity: but I will remember the years of the right hand of the Most High.

19 I will remember the works of the Lord; surely I will remember thy wonders of old.

20 I will meditate also of all thy work, and talk of thy doings.

21 Thy way, O God, is in the sanctuary:

22 Who is so great a God as our God?

23 Thou art the God that doest wonders: thou hast declared thy strength among the people.

24 Thou hast with thine arm redeemed thy people, the sons of Jacob and Joseph.

25 The waters saw thee, O God, the waters saw thee; they were afraid: the depths also were troubled.

26 The clouds poured out water; the skies sent out a sound: thine arrows also went abroad.

27 The voice of thy thunder was in the heaven: the lightnings lightened the world: the earth trembled and shook.

28 Thy way is in the sea, and thy path in the great waters, and thy footsteps are not known.

29 Thou leddest thy people like a flock by the hand of Moses and Aaron.

30 The Lord will give strength unto his people: the Lord will bless his people with peace.

## Thirtieth Selection.

### PRAYER IN TROUBLE.

1 I CRIED unto the Lord with my voice; with my voice unto the Lord did I make my supplication.

2 I poured out my complaint before him; I showed before him my trouble.

3 When my spirit was overwhelmed within me, then thou knewest my path.

4 In the way wherein I walked have they privily laid a snare for me.

5 I looked on my right hand, and beheld, but there was no man that would know me:

6 Refuge failed me, no man cared for my soul.

7 I cried unto thee, O Lord: I said, Thou art my refuge and my portion in the land of the living. Bring my soul out of prison that I may praise thy name.

8 The righteous shall compass me about: for thou shalt deal bountifully with me.

9 THE king shall joy in thy strength, O Lord; in thy salvation how greatly shall he rejoice!

10 Thou hast given him his heart's desire, and hast not withholden the request of his lips.

11 His glory is great in thy salvation: thou hast made him most blessed for ever.

12 Thou hast made him exceeding glad with thy countenance.

13 He trusteth in the Lord, and through the mercy of the Most High he shall not be moved.

14 Be thou exalted, Lord, in thine own strength: so will we sing and praise thy power.

15 MY God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me? why art thou so far from helping me, and from the words of my cry?

16 O my God, I cry in the daytime, but thou hearest not: and in the night season, and am not silent.

17 But thou art holy, O thou that inhabitest the praises of Israel.

18 Our fathers trusted in thee: they trusted, and thou didst deliver them.

19 They cried unto thee, and were delivered.

20 They trusted in thee, and were not confounded.

21 But I am a worm, and no man: a reproach of men, and despised of the people:

22 All that see me laugh me to scorn:

23 They shoot out the lip, they shake the head, saying, He trusted in the Lord that he would deliver him: let him deliver him, seeing he delighted in him.

24 Be not far from me; for trouble is near; for there is none to help.

25 The assembly of the wicked have inclosed me: they pierced my hands and my feet: they look and stare upon me.

26 They part my garments among them, and cast lots upon my vesture.

27 Be not thou far from me, O Lord; O my strength, haste thee to help me.

28 Deliver my soul from the sword: save me from the lion's mouth.

29 I will declare thy name unto my brethren: in the midst of the congregation will I praise thee.

30 Ye that fear the Lord, praise him! all ye the seed of Jacob, glorify him!

31 For he hath not despised nor abhorred the affliction of the afflicted; neither hath he hid his face from him:

32 But when he cried unto him, he heard.

33 My praise shall be of thee in the great congregation.

34 I will pay my vows before them that fear him.

35 All the ends of the world shall remember and turn unto the Lord: and all the kindreds of the nations shall worship before thee.

36 For the kingdom is the Lord's: and he is the governor among the nations.

## Thirty-first Selection.

### PRAYER IN DISTRESS.

1 SAVE me, O God, for the waters are come in unto my soul.

2 I am come into deep waters, where the floods overflow me.

3 My prayer is unto thee, O Lord: in the multitude of thy mercy hear me, in the truth of thy salvation.

4 Deliver me, and let me not sink: let not the waterflood overflow me, neither let the deep swallow me up.

5 Hear me, O Lord; for thy loving-kindness is good: turn unto me according to the multitude of thy tender mercies.

6 And hide not thy face from thy servant; for I am in trouble.

7 I am poor and sorrowful: let thy salvation, O God, set me up on high.

8 I will praise the name of God with a song, and will magnify him with thanksgiving.

9 The humble shall see this and be glad: and your heart shall live that seek God.

10 For the Lord heareth the poor, and despiseth not his prisoners.

11 Let the heaven and earth praise him, the seas, and everything that moveth therein.

12 For God will save Zion: and they that love his name shall dwell therein.

13 IN thee, O Lord, do I put my trust; let me never be put to confusion.

14 Deliver me in thy righteousness, and cause me to escape: incline thine ear unto me, and save me.

15 Be thou my strong habitation, whereunto I may continually resort; thou hast given commandment to save me:

16 For thou art my rock and my fortress.

17 For thou art my hope, O Lord God: thou art my trust from my youth.

18 Cast me not off in the time of old age: forsake me not when my strength faileth.

19 But I will hope continually, and will yet praise thee more and more.

20 My mouth shall show forth thy righteousness and thy salvation all the day.

21 O God, thou hast taught me from my youth: when I am old and grayheaded, O God, forsake me not; until I have showed thy strength unto this generation, and thy power to every one that is to come.

22 Thy righteousness, O God, is very high, who hast done great things: O God, who is like unto thee?

23 Thou, who hast showed me great and sore troubles, shalt quicken me again, and shalt bring me up again from the depths.

24 Thou shalt increase my greatness, and comfort me on every side.

25 My lips shall greatly rejoice when I sing unto thee: and my soul, which thou hast redeemed.

26 My tongue also shall talk of thy righteousness all the day long.

27 My heart is sore pained within me: fearfulness and trembling are come upon me.

28 And I said, O that I had wings like a dove! for then would I fly away, and be at rest.

29 But as for me, I will call upon God; and the Lord shall save me.

30 Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and he shall sustain thee: he shall never suffer the righteous to be moved.

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## Thirty-second Selection.

### SUPPLICATION FOR DIVINE AID.

1 Bow down thine ear, O Lord, hear me; for I am poor and needy. Preserve my soul; for I am holy.

2 O thou my God, save thy servant that trusteth in thee.

3 Be merciful unto me, O Lord, for I cry unto thee daily: rejoice the soul of thy servant:

4 For unto thee, O Lord, do I lift up my soul.

5 For thou, Lord, art good, and ready to forgive:

6 And plenteous in mercy unto all them that call upon thee.

7 Give ear, O Lord, unto my prayer; and attend to the voice of my supplications.

8 In the day of my trouble I will call upon thee: for thou wilt answer me.

9 Among the gods there is none like unto thee, O Lord; neither are there any works like thy works.

10 All nations whom thou hast made shall come and worship before thee, O Lord, and shall glorify thy name.

11 For thou art great, and doest wondrous things: thou art God alone.

12 Teach me thy way, O Lord; I will walk in thy truth.

13 Unite my heart to fear thy name. I will praise thee, O Lord my God, with all my heart:

14 And I will glorify thy name for evermore.

15 For great is thy mercy toward me;

16 And thou hast delivered me from the lowest hell.

17 O God, the proud are risen against me, and the assemblies of violent men have sought after my soul;

18 And have not set thee before them.

19 But thou, O Lord, art a God full of compassion, and gracious,

20 Long suffering, and plenteous in mercy and truth.

21 O turn unto me, and have mercy upon me:

22 Give thy strength unto thy servant, and save the son of thine handmaid.

23 Show me a token for good; that they which hate me may see it, and be ashamed:

24 Because thou, Lord, hast holpen me, and comforted me.

25 O Lord, rebuke me not in thy wrath: neither chasten me in thy hot displeasure.

26 For thine arrows stick fast in me, and thy hand presseth me sore.

27 There is no soundness in my flesh, because of thine anger.

28 Neither is there any rest in my bones because of my sin.

29 For mine iniquities have gone over my head: as an heavy burden they are too heavy for me.

30 Lord, all my desire is before thee: my groaning is not hid from thee.

31 My heart panteth, my strength faileth me: as for the light of mine eyes, it also is gone from me.

32 In thee, O Lord, do I hope: thou wilt hear, O Lord my God.

33 For I am ready to halt, and my sorrow is continually before me.

34 For I will declare my iniquity: I will be sorry for my sin.

35 But mine enemies are lively, and they are strong: and they that hate me wrongfully are multiplied.

36 They also that render evil for good are mine adversaries; because I follow the thing that is good.

37 Forsake me not, O Lord: O my God, be not far from me.

38 Make haste to help me, O Lord my salvation.

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## Thirty-third Selection.

### MAN'S FRAILTY AND GOD'S ETERNITY.

1 LORD, make me to know mine end, and the measure of my days, what it is: that I may know how frail I am.

2 Behold, thou hast made my days as a handbreadth: and mine age is as nothing before thee.

3 Surely every man walketh in a vain show: surely they are disquieted in vain: he heapeth up riches, and knoweth not who shall gather them.

4 And now, Lord, what wait I for? my hope is in thee.

5 Hear my prayer, O Lord, and give ear unto my cry; hold not thy peace at my tears; for I am a stranger with thee and a sojourner, as all my fathers were.

6 O spare me, that I may recover strength, before I go hence, and be no more.

7 Hide not thy face from me in the day when I am in trouble; incline thine ear unto me.

8 My days are like a shadow that declineth; and I am withered like grass.

9 But thou, O Lord, shalt endure for ever; and thy remembrance unto all generations.

10 Thou wilt regard the prayer of the destitute, and not despise their prayer.

11 This shall be written for the generation to come : and the people which shall be created shall praise the Lord.

12 For he hath looked down from the height of his sanctuary ; from heaven did the Lord behold the earth.

13 Of old hast thou laid the foundation of the earth : and the heavens are the work of thy hands.

14 They shall perish, but thou shalt endure.

15 Yea, all of them shall wax old like a garment ; as a vesture shalt thou change them, and they shall be changed :

16 But thou art the same, and thy years shall have no end.

17 LORD, thou hast been our dwelling-place in all generations.

18 Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting, thou art God.

19 Thou turnest man to destruction ; and sayest, Return, ye children of men.

20 For a thousand years in thy sight are but as yesterday when it is past, and as a watch in the night.

21 Thou carriest them away as with a flood ; they are as a sleep : in the morning they are like grass which groweth up.

22 In the morning it flourisheth, and groweth up ; in the evening it is cut down, and withereth.

23 For we are consumed by thine anger, and by thy wrath are we troubled.

24 Thou hast set our iniquities before thee, our secret sins in the light of thy countenance.

25 For all our days are passed away in thy wrath : we spend our years as a tale that is told.

26 The days of our years are threescore years and ten ; and if by reason of strength they be fourscore years, yet is their strength labor and sorrow : for it is soon cut off, and we fly away.

27 Who knoweth the power of thine anger ? even according to thy fear so is thy wrath.

28 So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.

29 Return, O Lord, how long? and let it repent thee concerning thy servants.

30 O satisfy us early with thy mercy; that we may rejoice and be glad all our days.

31 Make us glad according to the days wherein thou hast afflicted us, and the years wherein we have seen evil.

32 Let thy work appear unto thy servants, and thy glory unto their children.

33 And let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us: and establish thou the work of our hands upon us:

34 Yea, the work of our hands establish thou it.

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## Thirty-fourth Selection.

### MAN'S DEPENDENCE UPON GOD.

1 O LORD our Lord, how excellent is thy name in all the earth! who hast set thy glory above the heavens.

2 Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings hast thou ordained strength because of thine enemies, that thou mightest still the enemy and the avenger.

3 When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars, which thou hast ordained; what is man, that thou art mindful of him? and the son of man, that thou visitest him?

4 For thou hast made him a little lower than the angels, and hast crowned him with glory and honor.

5 Thou madest him to have dominion over the works of thy hands; thou hast put all things under his feet:

6 All sheep and oxen, yea, and the beasts of the field;

7 The fowl of the air, and the fish of the sea, and whatsoever passeth through the paths of the seas.

8 O Lord our Lord, how excellent is thy name in all the earth!

9 LORD, what is man, that thou takest knowledge of him! or the son of man, that thou makest account of him!

10 Man is like to vanity: his days are as a shadow that passeth away.

11 They that trust in their wealth, and boast themselves in the multitude of their riches; none of them can by any means redeem his brother;

12 Nor give to God a ransom for him, that he should still live for ever.

13 Their inward thought is, that their houses shall continue for ever, and their dwelling-places to all generations.

14 Nevertheless man being in honor abideth not: when he dieth he shall carry nothing away: his glory shall not descend after him.

15 Like sheep they are laid in the grave: death shall feed on them: and their beauty shall consume in the grave.

16 But God will redeem my soul from the power of the grave: for he shall receive me.

17 Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto thy name give glory, for thy mercy, and for thy truth's sake.

18 Wherefore should the heathen say, Where is now their God?

19 But our God is in the heavens: he hath done whatsoever he hath pleased.

20 Ye that fear the Lord, trust in the Lord: he is their help and their shield.

21 The Lord hath been mindful of us: he will bless us; he will bless the house of Israel; he will bless the house of Aaron.

22 He will bless them that fear the Lord, both small and great.

23 The Lord shall increase you more and more, you and your children.

24 Ye are blessed of the Lord which made heaven and earth.

25 The heaven, even the heavens, are the Lord's: but the earth hath he given to the children of men.

26 We will bless the Lord from this time forth and for evermore. Praise the Lord.

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## Thirty-fifth Selection.

### CONFESSION AND PARDON.

1 O Lord God! Behold, thou hast made the heaven and the earth by thy great power and stretched-out arm, and there is nothing too hard for thee.

2 Thou showest loving-kindness unto thousands, and recompensest the iniquity of the fathers into the bosom of their children after them.

3 The Great, the Mighty God, the Lord of Hosts, is thy name, great in counsel, and mighty in work :

4 For thine eyes are open upon all the ways of the sons of men, to give every one according to his ways, and according to the fruit of his doing.

5 O Lord, the great and dreadful God, keeping the covenant and mercy to them that love him, and keep his commandments, we have sinned and have committed iniquity,

6 And have done wickedly and have rebelled, even by departing from thy precepts and from thy judgments.

7 Neither have we hearkened unto thy servants, the prophets, which spake in thy name to our fathers.

8 O Lord, righteousness belongeth unto thee, but to us belongeth confusion of face, because we have sinned against thee.

9 O my God, incline thine ear, and hear: open thine eyes, and behold ; O Lord, forgive :

10 For we do not present our supplications before thee for our righteousness, but for thy great mercies.

11 Thy mercy, O Lord, is in the heavens; and thy faithfulness reacheth unto the clouds.

12 Thy righteousness is like the great mountains; thy judgments are a great deep.

13 How excellent is thy loving-kindness, O God ! therefore the children of men put their trust under the shadow of thy wings.

14 They shall be abundantly satisfied with the fatness of thy house ; and thou shalt make them drink of the river of thy pleasures.

15 For with thee is the fountain of life: in thy light shall we see light.

16 O continue thy loving-kindness unto them that know thee ; and thy righteousness to the upright in heart.

17 BLESSED is he whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered.

18 Blessed is the man unto whom the Lord imputeth not iniquity, and in whose spirit there is no guile.

19 I acknowledged my sin unto thee, and mine iniquity have I not hid.

20 I said, I will confess my transgressions unto the Lord ; and thou forgavest the iniquity of my sin.

21 Therefore shall every one that is godly pray unto thee in a time when thou mayest be found :

22 Surely in the floods of great waters they shall not come nigh unto him.

23 Thou art my hiding-place : thou shalt preserve me from trouble :

24 Thou shalt compass me about with songs of deliverance.

25 Many sorrows shall be to the wicked : but he that trusteth in the Lord, mercy shall compass him about.

26 Be glad in the Lord, and rejoice, ye righteous ; and shout for joy, all ye that are upright in heart.

27 HEREIN is love, not that we loved God, but that he loved us, and sent his Son to be the propitiation for our sins.

28 For God commendeth his love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us.

29 This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.

30 Him hath God exalted with his own right hand to be a Prince and a Savior, to give repentance to Israel, and forgiveness of sins.

31 UNTO HIM THAT LOVED US, AND WASHED US FROM OUR SINS IN HIS OWN BLOOD, AND HATH MADE US KINGS AND PRIESTS UNTO GOD AND HIS FATHER; TO HIM BE GLORY AND DOMINION FOR EVER AND EVER. AMEN.

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## Thirty-sixth Selection.

### CONFESSION AND PARDON.

1 HAVE mercy upon me, O God, according to thy loving-kindness; according unto the multitude of thy tender mercies blot out my transgressions.

2 Wash me thoroughly from mine iniquity, and cleanse me from my sin.

3 For I acknowledge my transgressions : and my sin is ever before me.

4 Against thee, thee only, have I sinned, and done this evil in thy sight: that thou mightest be justified when thou speakest, and be clear when thou judgest.

5 Behold, I was shapen in iniquity; and in sin did my mother conceive me.

6 Behold, thou desirest truth in the inward parts: and in the hidden part thou shalt make me to know wisdom.

7 Purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean: wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

8 Make me to hear joy and gladness; that the bones which thou hast broken may rejoice.

9 Hide thy face from my sins, and blot out all mine iniquities.

10 Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me.

11 Cast me not away from thy presence; and take not thy Holy Spirit from me.

12 Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation; and uphold me with thy free Spirit.

13 Then will I teach transgressors thy ways; and sinners shall be converted unto thee.

14 O Lord, open thou my lips; and my mouth shall show forth thy praise.

15 For thou desirest not sacrifice; else would I give it: thou delightest not in burnt offering.

16 The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit: a broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise.

17 Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts; and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him;

18 And to our God, for he will abundantly pardon.

19 Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow;

20 Though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool.

21 This is the covenant that I will make with them, saith the Lord, I will put my laws into their hearts, and in their minds will I write them;

22 And their sins and iniquities will I remember no more.

23 God is light, and in him is no darkness at all. If we walk in the light as he is in the light, we have fellowship one with another, and the blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin.

24 If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.

25 Out of the depths have I cried unto thee, O Lord. If thou, Lord, shouldest mark iniquities, O Lord, who shall stand?

26 But there is forgiveness with thee, that thou mayest be feared.

27 My soul waiteth for the Lord more than they that watch for the morning: I say, more than they that watch for the morning.

28 Hope in the Lord: for with the Lord there is mercy, and with him is plenteous redemption.

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## Thirty-seventh Selection.

### CONFESSION AND PARDON.

1 O LORD, rebuke me not in thy wrath: neither chasten me in thy hot displeasure.

2 For mine iniquities are gone over mine head: as a heavy burden they are too heavy for me.

3 I am troubled; I am bowed down greatly; I go mourning all the day long.

4 Lord, all my desire is before thee; and my groaning is not hid from thee.

5 For I will declare mine iniquity; I will be sorry for my sin.

6 For in thee, O Lord, do I hope: thou wilt hear, O Lord my God.

7 Forsake me not, O Lord: O my God, be not far from me.

8 Make haste to help me, O Lord my salvation.

9 Unto thee, O Lord, do I lift up my soul. O my God, I trust in thee: let me not be ashamed.

10 Yea, let none that wait on thee be ashamed: let them be ashamed which transgress without cause.

11 Show me thy ways, O Lord; teach me thy paths. Lead me in thy truth, and teach me.

12 For thou art the God of my salvation; on thee do I wait all the day.

13 Remember, O Lord, thy tender mercies and thy loving-kindnesses; for they have been ever of old.

14 Remember not the sins of my youth, nor my transgressions:

15 According to thy mercy remember thou me for thy goodness' sake, O Lord.

16 Good and upright is the Lord: therefore will he teach sinners in the way.

17 The meek will he guide in judgment: and the meek will he teach his way.

18 All the paths of the Lord are mercy and truth unto such as keep his covenant and his testimonies.

19 For thy name's sake, O Lord, pardon mine iniquity; for it is great.

20 What man is he that feareth the Lord? him shall he teach in the way that he shall choose.

21 His soul shall dwell at ease; and his seed shall inherit the earth.

22 The secret of the Lord is with them that fear him; and he will show them his covenant.

23 Mine eyes are ever toward the Lord; for he shall pluck my feet out of the net.

24 Turn thee unto me, and have mercy upon me; for I am desolate and afflicted.

25 Look upon mine affliction and my pain; and forgive all my sins.

26 O keep my soul, and deliver me: let me not be ashamed; for I put my trust in thee.

27 Let integrity and uprightness preserve me; for I wait on thee.

28 Redeem Israel, O God, out of all his troubles.

29 I WAITED patiently for the Lord; and he inclined unto me, and heard my cry.

30 He brought me up also out of a horrible pit, out of the miry clay, and set my feet upon a rock, and established my goings.

31 And he hath put a new song in my mouth, even praise unto our God: many shall see it, and fear, and shall trust in the Lord.

32 Blessed is that man that maketh the Lord his trust, and respecteth not the proud, nor such as turn aside to lies.

33 Many, O Lord my God, are thy wonderful works which thou hast done, and thy thoughts which are to us-ward: they cannot be reckoned up in order unto thee;

34 If I would declare and speak of them, they are more than can be numbered.

35 Sacrifice and offering thou didst not desire; mine ears hast thou opened;

36 Burnt offering and sin offering hast thou not required.

37 Then said I, Lo, I come: in the volume of the book it is written of me, I delight to do thy will, O my God:

38 Yea, thy law is within my heart.

39 I have preached righteousness in the great congregation:

40 Lo, I have not refrained my lips, O Lord, thou knowest.

41 I have not hid thy righteousness within my heart; I have declared thy faithfulness and thy salvation:

42 I have not concealed thy loving-kindness and thy truth from the great congregation.

43 Withhold not thou thy tender mercies from me, O Lord:

44 Let thy loving-kindness and thy truth continually preserve me.

45 For innumerable evils have compassed me about: mine iniquities have taken hold upon me, so that I am not able to look up; they are more than the hairs of mine head: therefore my heart faileth me.

46 Be pleased, O Lord, to deliver me: O Lord, make haste to help me.

47 Let all those that seek thee rejoice and be glad in thee:

48 Let such as love thy salvation say continually, The Lord be magnified.

49 But I am poor and needy; yet the Lord thinketh upon me: thou art my help and my deliverer;

50 Make no tarrying, O my God.

## Thirty-Eighth Selection.

### A SUFFERING SAVIOUR.

1 BREAK forth into joy, sing together, ye waste places of Jerusalem :
2 For the Lord hath comforted his people, he hath redeemed Jerusalem.
3 The Lord hath made bare his holy arm in the eyes of all the nations;
4 And all the ends of the earth shall see the salvation of our God.

5 BEHOLD, my servant shall deal prudently; he shall be exalted, and extolled, and be very high.
6 As many were astonied at thee; his visage was so marred more than any man, and his form more than the sons of men :
7 So shall he sprinkle many nations: the kings shall shut their mouths at him :
8 For that which had not been told them shall they see; and that which they had not heard shall they consider.
9 Who hath believed our report? and to whom is the arm of the Lord revealed?
10 For he shall grow up before him as a tender plant, and as a root out of a dry ground.
11 He hath no form, nor comeliness;
12 And when we shall see him, there is no beauty that we should desire him.
13 He is despised and rejected of men; a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief;
14 And we hid as it were our faces from him; he was despised and we esteemed him not.
15 Surely he hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows :
16 Yet we did esteem him stricken, smitten of God, and afflicted.
17 But he was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities :

18 The chastisement of our peace was upon him, and with his stripes we are healed.

19 ALL we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way;

20 And the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all.

21 HE was oppressed, and he was afflicted, yet he opened not his mouth.

22 He is brought as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so he openeth not his mouth.

23 He was taken from prison and from judgment; and who shall declare his generation?

24 For he was cut off out of the land of the living: for the transgression of my people was he stricken.

25 And he made his grave with the wicked, and with the rich in his death:

26 Although he had done no violence, neither was any deceit in his mouth.

27 Yet it pleased the Lord to bruise him; he hath put him to grief;

28 When thou shalt make his soul an offering for sin, he shall see his seed, he shall prolong his days, and the pleasure of the Lord shall prosper in his hand.

29 He shall see of the travail of his soul, and shall be satisfied;

30 By his knowledge shall my righteous servant justify many; for he shall bear their iniquities.

31 Therefore will I divide him a portion with the great;

32 And he shall divide the spoil with the strong.

33 Because he hath poured out his soul unto death; and he was numbered with the transgressors;

34 And he bare the sin of many, and made intercession for the transgressors.

35 Unto him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and his Father;

36 To him be glory and dominion forever and ever. Amen.

## Thirty-Ninth Selection.

### THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

1 THE Lord is my shepherd ; I shall not want.
2 He maketh me to lie down in green pastures ;
3 He leadeth me beside the still waters.
4 He restoreth my soul : he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.
5 Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil :
6 For thou art with me ; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.
7 Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies :
8 Thou anointest my head with oil : my cup runneth over.
9 Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life ;
10 And I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.

11 THUS saith the Lord God ; Behold I, even I, will both search my sheep, and seek them out.
12 As a shepherd seeketh out his flock in the day that he is among his sheep that are scattered ;
13 So will I seek out my sheep, and will deliver them out of all places where they have been scattered in the dark and cloudy day.
14 I will feed them in a good pasture, and upon the high mountains of Israel shall their fold be.
15 I will seek that which was lost, and bring again that which was driven away,
16 And will bind up that which was broken, and will strengthen that which was sick.
17 And I will set up one shepherd over them, and he shall feed them.
18 And I will make with them a covenant of peace, and will cause the evil beasts to cease out of the land:
19 And they shall dwell safely in the wilderness, and sleep in the woods.
20 Thus shall they know that I, the Lord their God, am with them.

21 Then said Jesus unto them again, Verily, verily, I say unto you, I am the door of the sheep.

22 All that ever came before me are thieves and robbers: but the sheep did not hear them.

23 I am the door: by me if any man enter in, he shall be saved,

24 And shall go in and out, and find pasture.

25 The thief cometh not but for to steal, and to kill, and to destroy:

26 I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly.

27 I am the good shepherd: the good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep.

28 The hireling fleeth because he is a hireling, and careth not for the sheep.

29 I am the good shepherd, and know my sheep, and am known of mine.

30 As the Father knoweth me, even so know I the Father: and I lay down my life for the sheep.

31 And other sheep I have which are not of this fold; them also I must bring, and they shall hear my voice;

32 And there shall be one Fold and one Shepherd.

33 Now the God of peace, that brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus, that great shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the everlasting covenant, make you perfect in every good work, to do his will, working in you that which is well-pleasing in his sight, through Jesus Christ;

34 TO WHOM BE GLORY FOREVER AND EVER. AMEN.

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## Fortieth Selection.

### CHRIST'S REIGN.

1 BEHOLD, a king shall reign in righteousness, and princes shall rule with judgment.

2 And a man shall be as a hiding-place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest;

3 As rivers of water in a dry place, as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land.

4 For unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given ;

5 And the government shall be upon his shoulder ;

6 And his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, The Mighty God, The Everlasting Father, The Prince of Peace.

7 Of the increase of his government and peace there shall be no end, upon the throne of David, and upon his kingdom,

8 To order it, and to establish it with judgment and with justice from henceforth even forever.

9 BEHOLD my servant, whom I uphold ; my elect, in whom my soul delighteth : I have put my Spirit upon him ;

10 He shall bring forth judgment to the Gentiles.

11 He shall not cry, nor lift up, nor cause his voice to be heard in the street.

12 A bruised reed shall he not break, and the smoking flax shall he not quench.

13 He shall bring forth judgment unto truth. He shall not fail nor be discouraged, till he have set judgment in the earth:

14 And the isles shall wait for his law.

15 Thus saith the Lord that created thee, O Jacob, and he that formed thee, O Israel : Fear not : for I have redeemed thee : I, even I, am he that blotteth out thy transgressions for mine own sake.

16 I, even I, am the Lord : and beside me there is no Saviour.

17 GIVE the king thy judgments, O God, and thy righteousness unto the king's son.

18 He shall judge thy people with righteousness, and thy poor with judgment.

19 The mountains shall bring peace to the people, and the little hills, by righteousness.

20 He shall judge the poor of the people, he shall save the children of the needy, and shall break in pieces the oppressor.

21 They shall fear thee as long as the sun and moon endure, throughout all generations.

22 He shall come down like rain upon the mown grass: as showers that water the earth.

23 In his days shall the righteous flourish; and abundance of peace so long as the moon endureth.

24 He shall have dominion also from sea to sea, and from the river unto the ends of the earth.

25 They that dwell in the wilderness shall bow before him; and his enemies shall lick the dust.

26 The kings of Tarshish and of the isles shall bring presents:

27 The kings of Sheba and Seba shall offer gifts.

28 Yea, all kings shall fall down before him: all nations shall serve him.

29 For he shall deliver the needy when he crieth; the poor also, and him that hath no helper.

30 He shall spare the poor and needy, and shall save the souls of the needy.

31 He shall redeem their soul from deceit and violence: and precious shall their blood be in his sight.

32 And he shall live, and to him shall be given of the gold of Sheba;

33 Prayer also shall be made for him continually; and daily shall he be praised.

34 There shall be an handful of corn in the earth, upon the top of the mountains:

35 The fruit thereof shall shake like Lebanon: and they of the city shall flourish like grass of the earth.

36 His name shall endure forever.

37 His name shall be continued as long as the sun: and men shall be blessed in him:

38 All nations shall call him blessed.

39 Blessed be the Lord God, the God of Israel, who only doeth wondrous things.

40 And blessed be his glorious name forever: and let the whole earth be filled with his glory.

41 AMEN AND AMEN.

## Forty-first Selection.

### CHRIST'S KINGDOM.

1 WHY do the heathen rage, and the people imagine a vain thing?
2 The kings of the earth set themselves, and the rulers take counsel together, against the Lord, and against his Anointed,
3 Saying, Let us break their bonds asunder, and cast away their cords from us.
4 He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh: the Lord shall have them in derision.
5 Then shall he speak unto them in his wrath, and vex them in his sore displeasure.
6 Yet have I set my King upon my holy hill of Zion.
7 I will declare the decree: the Lord hath said unto me, Thou art my Son; this day have I begotten thee.
8 Ask of me, and I shall give thee the heathen for thine inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession.
9 Thou shalt break them with a rod of iron; thou shalt dash them in pieces like a potter's vessel.
10 Be wise now therefore, O ye kings: be instructed, ye judges of the earth.
11 Serve the Lord with fear, and rejoice with trembling.
12 Kiss the Son, lest he be angry, and ye perish from the way, when his wrath is kindled but a little. Blessed are all they that put their trust in him.

13 MY heart is inditing a good matter: I speak of the things which I have made touching the king. Thou art fairer than the children of men:
14 Grace is poured into thy lips: therefore God hath blessed thee forever.
15 Gird thy sword upon thy thigh, O most Mighty, with thy glory and thy majesty.

16 And in thy majesty ride prosperously, because of truth and meekness and righteousness.

17 Thy throne, O God, is for ever and ever.

18 The sceptre of thy kingdom is a sceptre of righteousness.

19 Thou lovest righteousness and hatest iniquity:

20 Therefore God, thy God, hath anointed thee with the oil of gladness above thy fellows.

21 I will make thy name to be remembered in all generations:

22 Therefore shall the people praise thee for ever and ever.

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## Forty-second Selection.

### GLORY OF MESSIAH'S KINGDOM.

1 How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace;

2 That bringeth good tidings of good, that publisheth salvation;

3 That saith unto Zion, Thy God reigneth! Thy watchmen shall lift up the voice: with the voice together shall they sing:

4 For they shall see eye to eye, when the Lord shall bring again Zion.

5 Break forth into joy, sing together, ye waste places of Jerusalem!

6 For the Lord hath comforted his people, he hath redeemed Jerusalem.

7 The Lord hath made bare his holy arm in the eyes of all the nations;

8 And all the ends of the earth shall see the salvation of our God.

9 There shall come forth a rod out of the stem of Jesse, and a Branch shall grow out of his roots: and the spirit of the Lord shall rest upon him;

10 The spirit of wisdom and understanding, the spirit of counsel and might, the spirit of knowledge and of the fear of the Lord.

11 With righteousness shall he judge the poor, and reprove with equity for the meek of the earth.

12 And righteousness shall be the girdle of his loins, and faithfulness the girdle of his reins.

13 The wolf also shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid:

14 And the calf, and the young lion, and the fatling together: and a little child shall lead them.

15 They shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain:

16 For the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea.

17 O THOU afflicted, tossed with tempest, and not comforted, Behold, I will lay thy stones with fair colors, and lay thy foundations with sapphires.

18 And all thy children shall be taught of the Lord; and great shall be the peace of thy children.

19 Arise! shine! For thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee!

20 For, behold, the darkness shall cover the earth, and gross darkness the people;

21 But the Lord shall arise upon thee, and his glory shall be seen upon thee:

22 And the Gentiles shall come to thy light, and kings to the brightness of thy rising.

23 Who are these that fly as a cloud, and as the doves to their windows?

24 The abundance of the sea shall be converted unto thee, the forces of the Gentiles shall come unto thee.

25 All they that despised thee shall bow themselves down at the soles of thy feet.

26 And they shall call thee, The City of the Lord, The Zion of the Holy One of Israel.

27 Violence shall no more be heard in thy land, wasting nor destruction within thy borders.

28 But thou shalt call thy walls, Salvation, and thy gates, Praise.

29 Thy sun shall no more go down, neither shall thy moon withdraw itself:

30 For the Lord shall be thine everlasting light, and the days of thy mourning shall be ended.

## Forty-third Selection.

### PRAISE FOR SALVATION.

1 O LORD, I will praise thee: though thou wast angry with me, thine anger is turned away, and thou comfortedst me.

2 Behold, God is my salvation: I will trust, and not be afraid.

3 For the Lord Jehovah is my strength and my song; he also is become my salvation.

4 Therefore with joy shall ye draw water out of the wells of salvation.

5 And in that day shall ye say, Praise the Lord, call upon his name;

6 Declare his doings among the people, make mention that his name is exalted.

7 Sing unto the Lord, for he hath done excellent things; this is known in all the earth.

8 Cry out and shout, thou inhabitant of Zion: for great is the Holy One of Israel in the midst of thee.

9 O Lord, thou art my God; I will exalt thee, I will praise thy name;

10 For thou hast done wonderful things: thy counsels of old are faithfulness and truth.

11 Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on thee; because he trusted in thee.

12 Trust ye in the Lord forever; for in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength.

13 Say unto them that are of a fearful heart, Be strong, fear not:

14 Behold your God will come with a recompense, He will come and save you.

15 The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad, and the desert shall rejoice, and blossom as the rose.

16 It shall blossom abundantly, and rejoice even with joy and singing.

17 And an highway shall be there, and it shall be called, The way of holiness.

18 No lion shall be there, nor any ravenous beast shall go up thereon : but the redeemed shall walk there.

19 And the ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads:

20 They shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away.

21 FEAR not: for I have redeemed thee : I have called thee by thy name ; thou art mine.

22 When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee : and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee. When thou walkest through the fire thou shalt not be burned.

23 For I am the Lord thy God, the Holy One of Israel, thy Saviour; and beside me there is no Saviour.

24 I, even I, am he that blotteth out thy transgressions for my own sake.

25 In a little wrath I hid my face from thee for a moment : but with everlasting kindness will I have mercy on thee, saith the Lord thy Redeemer.

26 For the mountains shall depart, and the hills be removed ; but my kindness shall not depart from thee.

27 Can a woman forget her sucking-child, that she should not have compassion on the son of her womb ?

28 Yea, they may forget, yet will I not forget thee.

29 Behold, I have graven thee upon the palms of my hands : thou art continually before me.

30 And all flesh shall know that I the Lord am thy Saviour, and thy Redeemer.

31 Sing, O heavens ; and be joyful, O earth : and break forth into singing, O mountains :

32 For the Lord hath comforted his people, and will have mercy upon his afflicted.

## Forty-fourth Selection.

### GOD'S MERCY TO HIS PEOPLE.

1 O GIVE thanks unto the Lord; for he is good: for his mercy endureth for ever.

2 O give thanks unto the God of gods: for his mercy endureth for ever.

3 O give thanks to the Lord of lords: for his mercy endureth for ever.

4 To him who alone doeth great wonders: for his mercy endureth for ever.

5 To him that by wisdom made the heavens: for his mercy endureth for ever.

6 To him that stretched out the earth above the waters: for his mercy endureth for ever.

7 To him that made great lights: for his mercy endureth for ever:

8 The sun to rule by day: for his mercy endureth for ever:

9 The moon and stars to rule by night: for his mercy endureth for ever.

10 Who remembered us in our low estate: for his mercy endureth for ever.

11 Who giveth food to all flesh: for his mercy endureth for ever.

12 O give thanks unto the God of heaven: for his mercy endureth for ever.

13 WHEN the Lord turned again the captivity of Zion, we were like them that dream.

14 Then was our mouth filled with laughter, and our tongue with singing: then said they among the heathen, The Lord hath done great things for them.

15 The Lord hath done great things for us; whereof we are glad.

16 Turn again our captivity, O Lord, as the streams in the south.

17 They that sow in tears shall reap in joy.

18 He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him.

19 Lord, remember David, and all his afflictions: how he sware unto the Lord, and vowed unto the mighty God of Jacob;
20 Surely I will not come into the tabernacle of my house, nor go up into my bed;
21 I will not give sleep to mine eyes, or slumber to mine eyelids,
22 Until I find out a place for the Lord, a habitation for the mighty God of Jacob.
23 Arise, O Lord, into thy rest; thou, and the ark of thy strength.
24 Let thy priests be clothed with righteousness; and let thy saints shout for joy.
25 For the Lord hath chosen Zion; he hath desired it for his habitation.
26 This is my rest for ever: here will I dwell; for I have desired it.
27 I will abundantly bless her provision: I will satisfy her poor with bread.
28 I will also clothe her priests with salvation: and her saints shall shout aloud for joy.

29 UNTO thee lift I up mine eyes, O thou that dwellest in the heavens. Behold, as the eyes of servants look unto the hand of their masters, and as the eyes of a maiden unto the hand of her mistress;
30 So our eyes wait upon the Lord our God, until that he have mercy upon us.
31 Let Israel hope in the Lord: for with the Lord there is mercy, and with him is plenteous redemption.

32 BLESSED is every one that feareth the Lord; that walketh in his ways.

## Forty-fifth Selection.

### THE HOLY SPIRIT.

1 THE hour cometh, and now is, when the true worshippers shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth; for the Father seeketh such to worship him.

2 God is a spirit; and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth.

3 Thus saith the high and lofty One that inhabiteth eternity, whose name is Holy; I dwell in the high and holy place, with him also that is of a contrite and humble spirit.

4 No man hath seen God at any time. If we love one another, God dwelleth in us, and his love is perfected in us.

5 He that keepeth his commandments dwelleth in him, and He in him.

6 And hereby we know that he abideth in us, by the spirit which he hath given us.

7 This is my covenant, saith the Lord, My spirit that is upon thee, and my words which I have put in thy mouth, shall not depart out of thy mouth.

8 I will put my spirit within you, and cause you to walk in my statutes.

9 If ye, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your Heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him.

10 John truly baptized with water: but ye shall be baptized with the Holy Ghost; and ye shall receive power after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you.

11 Except a man be born of the Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of heaven. If any man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of his.

12 But as many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God.

13 Ye have received the Spirit of Adoption, whereby we cry, Abba, Father. The Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit that we are the children of God.

14 And if children, then heirs; heirs of God, and joint-heirs with Christ.

15 It is expedient for you that I go away, said Jesus; for if I go not away, the Comforter will not come unto you; but if I depart I will send him unto you.

16 I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter, that he may abide with you forever.

17 Even the Spirit of Truth; whom the world cannot receive, because it seeth him not, neither knoweth him:

18 But ye know him; for he dwelleth with you, and shall be in you.

19 When he, the Spirit of Truth, is come, he will guide you into all truth.

20 He shall teach you all things, and bring all things to your remembrance, whatsoever I have said unto you.

21 Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things that God hath prepared for them that love him.

22 But God hath revealed them unto us by his Spirit.

23 Know ye not that ye are the temple of God, and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you.

24 For ye are bought with a price: therefore glorify God in your body, and in your spirit, which are God's.

25 Ye are built upon the foundation of the apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner-stone: in whom all the building fitly framed together groweth unto an holy temple in the Lord:

26 In whom ye also are builded together for an habitation of God through the Spirit.

27 Now he that hath wrought us for the self-same thing is God, who also hath given unto us the earnest of the Spirit. May he grant you, according to the riches of his glory, to be strengthened with might by his Spirit in the inner man.

28 Grieve not the Holy Spirit of God, whereby ye are sealed unto the day of redemption.

29 The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance.

30 If we live in the Spirit, let us also walk in the Spirit. For we through the Spirit wait for the hope of righteousness by faith.

31 There is now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit.

32 He that soweth to the flesh shall reap corruption, but he that soweth to the Spirit shall reap life everlasting.

33 Now the God of hope fill you with all joy and peace in believing, that ye may abound in hope, through the power of the Holy Ghost.

34 The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Ghost, be with us all. Amen.

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## Forty-sixth Selection.

### DIVINE INVITATIONS.

1 Ho, every one that thirsteth! Come ye to the waters: and he that hath no money, come ye, buy and eat:

2 Yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price.

3 Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread, and your labor for that which satisfieth not?

4 Hearken diligently unto me, and eat ye that which is good, and let your soul delight itself in fatness.

5 Incline your ear, and come unto me: hear, and your soul shall live:

6 And I will make an everlasting covenant with you, even the sure mercies of David.

7 Seek ye the Lord while he may be found, call ye upon him while he is near: let the wicked forsake his way and the unrighteous man his thoughts:

8 And let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon.

9 For my thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways, saith the Lord.

10 For as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways, and my thoughts than your thoughts.

11 And now what doth the Lord thy God require of thee but to fear the Lord thy God, to walk in all his ways, and to love him :

12 To serve the Lord thy God with all thy heart and with all thy soul, to keep the commandments of the Lord, and his statutes.

13 I have set before you life and death, blessing and cursing : therefore choose life, that both thou and thy seed may live :

14 That thou mayest love the Lord thy God, and that thou mayest obey his voice : for he is thy life, and the length of thy days.

15 Therefore, saith the Lord, Turn ye even to me with all your heart, and rend your heart, and not your garments, and turn unto the Lord your God :

16 For he is gracious and merciful, slow to anger, and of great kindness.

17 If the wicked will turn from all his sins that he hath committed, and keep all my statutes, and do that which is lawful and right, he shall surely live ; he shall not die.

18 Have I any pleasure at all that the wicked should die ? saith the Lord God : and not that he should return from his ways and live ?

19 As I live, saith the Lord God, I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked ; but that the wicked turn from his way, and live.

20 Turn ye, turn ye from your evil ways, for why will ye die ?

21 For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.

22 For the Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost.

23 And Jesus said, I am the bread of life : he that cometh to me shall never hunger ; and he that believeth on me shall never thirst.

24 If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink.

25 Behold, I stand at the door, and knock : if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and sup with him, and he with me.

26 Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled.

27 Jesus saith, I am the way, the truth, and the life: no man cometh unto the Father, but by me.

28 If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross daily and follow me.

29 For whosoever will save his life shall lose it: and whosoever will lose his life for my sake shall find it.

30 For what is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?

31 Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.

32 Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me.

33 For I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls.

34 For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light.

35 And the Spirit and the Bride say, Come. And let him that heareth say, Come. And let him that is athirst, Come.

36 And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely.

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## Forty-seventh Selection.

### DIVINE PROMISES.

1 Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who according to his abundant mercy hath begotten us again unto a lively hope.

2 According as his divine power hath given unto us all things that pertain unto life and godliness, and given unto us exceeding great and precious promises.

3 Know, therefore, that the Lord thy God, he is God, the faithful God, which keepeth covenant and mercy with them that love him and keep his commandments to a thousand generations.

4 He that trusteth in the Lord, mercy shall compass him about.

5 Not one thing hath failed of all the good things which the Lord your God spake concerning you : all are come to pass unto you, and not one thing hath failed thereof.

6 For he is faithful that promised.

7 If the wicked will turn from all his sins that he hath committed, and keep all my statutes, and do that which is lawful and right, he shall surely live—he shall not die.

8 I have blotted out, as a thick cloud, thy transgressions, and as a cloud thy sins, saith the Lord : return unto me, for I have redeemed thee.

9 This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.

10 Wherefore he is able to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him.

11 Return unto me, and I will return unto you, saith the Lord of hosts. Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse, and prove me now, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it.

12 Ask, and it shall be given you : seek, and ye shall find ; knock, and it shall be opened unto you.

13 My sheep hear my voice, and I know them, and they follow me, said Jesus. And I give unto them eternal life : and they shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of my hand.

14 The Lord is faithful, who shall stablish you, and keep you from evil.

15 Beloved, think it not strange concerning the fiery trial which is to try you. For the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory that shall be revealed in us.

16 We know that all things work together for good to them that love God.

17 I will bring the blind by a way that they knew not.

18 I will lead them in paths that they have not known.

19 I will make darkness light before them, and crooked things straight.

20 These things will I do unto them and not forsake them.

21 As thy days, so shall thy strength be.—Blessed is the man that

endureth temptation : for when he is tried, he shall receive the crown of life, which the Lord has promised to them that love him.

22 And, lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world.

23 Behold, what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God. And it doth not yet appear what we shall be : but we know that, when he shall appear, we shall be like him : for we shall see him as he is.

24 Forever, O Lord, thy word is settled in heaven.

25 To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the tree of life, which is in the midst of the paradise of God.

26 My covenant will I not break, nor alter the thing that is gone out of my lips.

27 He that overcometh, the same shall be clothed in white raiment ; and I will not blot out his name out of the book of life, but I will confess his name before my Father, and before his angels.

28 All the promises of God in him are Yea, and in him Amen.

29 Him that overcometh will I make a pillar in the temple of my God, and he shall go no more out : and I will write upon him the name of my God : and I will write upon him my new name.

30 The heavens shall praise thy wonders, O Lord : thy faithfulness also in the congregation of thy saints.

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## Forty-eighth Selection.

### BEATITUDES.

1 BLESSED is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful.

2 But his delight is in the law of the Lord ; and in his law doth he meditate day and night.

3 And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season ;

4 His leaf also shall not wither, and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.

5 The ungodly are not so: but are like the chaff which the wind driveth away.

6 Therefore the ungodly shall not stand in the judgment, nor sinners in the congregation of the righteous.

7 For the Lord knoweth the way of the righteous:

8 But the way of the ungodly shall perish.

9 Blessed is he that considereth the poor: the Lord will deliver him in time of trouble.

10 The Lord will preserve him, and keep him alive; and he shall be blessed upon the earth:

11 And thou wilt not deliver him unto the will of his enemies.

12 The Lord will strengthen him upon the bed of languishing: thou wilt make all his bed in his sickness.

13 Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered.

14 Blessed is the man unto whom the Lord imputeth not iniquity, and in whose spirit there is no guile.

15 Blessed is the man that feareth the Lord, that delighteth greatly in his commandments.

16 Blessed is the man that maketh the Lord his trust.

17 Blessed are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

18 Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted.

19 Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth.

20 Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled.

21 Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy.

22 Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God.

23 Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God.

24 Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

25 Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake.

26 Rejoice, and be exceeding glad; for great is your reward in heaven: for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you.

## Forty-ninth Selection.

### BENEVOLENCE AND BROTHERLY LOVE.

1 LET your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven.

2 Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven; but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven.

3 If ye fulfil the royal law according to the Scripture, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself, ye do well.

4 Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so to them.

5 Be ye kind one to another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another, if any man have a quarrel against any, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you.

6 Remember them that are in bonds as bound with them; and them which suffer adversity as being yourselves also in the body.

7 If ye do good to them which do good to you, what thank have ye? And if you lend to them of whom ye hope to receive, what thank have ye? For sinners also do even the same.

8 But do good and lend, hoping for nothing again: and your reward shall be great, and ye shall be the children of the Highest.

9 For ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that though he was rich, yet for your sake he became poor, that ye through his poverty might be rich.

10 Let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus.

11 As we have therefore opportunity, let us do good unto all men, especially unto them who are of the household of faith.

12 Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ.

13 Charge them that are rich in this world, that they be not high-minded, nor trust in uncertain riches, but in the living God, who giveth us richly all things to enjoy:

14 That they do good, that they be rich in good works, ready to distribute, willing to communicate.

15 Godliness with contentment is great gain : for we brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out.

16 Lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal.

17 For the Lord is a God full of compassion, and gracious, long-suffering, and plenteous in mercy.

18 Be ye therefore merciful, as your Father also is merciful.

19 REMEMBER the words of the Lord Jesus, how he said, It is more blessed to give than to receive.

20 For thou shalt be recompensed at the resurrection of the just.

21 Give, and it shall be given unto you. Upon the first day of the week let every one of you lay by him in store, as God hath prospered him.

22 For if there be first a willing mind, it is accepted according to that a man hath, and not according to that he hath not.

23 He which soweth sparingly, shall reap also sparingly ; and he which soweth bountifully shall reap also bountifully. Every man according as he purposeth in his heart, so let him give.

24 Not grudgingly, nor of necessity : for God loveth a cheerful giver.

25 Whoso hath this world's good, and seeth his brother have need, and shutteth up his bowels of compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him ?

26 Let us not love in word, neither in tongue : but in deed and in truth.

27 Honor the Lord with thy substance, and with the first-fruits of all thine increase.

28 He that hath pity upon the poor lendeth unto the Lord : and that which he hath given will He pay him again.

29 The liberal soul shall be made fat. He that hath a bountiful eye shall be blessed. He that giveth unto the poor shall not lack.

30 But he that hideth his eyes shall have many a curse.

31 Blessed is he that considereth the poor : the Lord will deliver him in time of trouble.

32 Thanks be unto God for his unspeakable gift.

## Fiftieth Selection.

### THE WAY OF TRUTH.

1 For ever, O Lord, thy word is settled in heaven.

2 Thy faithfulness is unto all generations: thou hast established the earth, and it abideth.

3 Thy word is true from the beginning: and every one of thy righteous judgments endureth for ever.

4 Thy righteousness is an everlasting righteousness, and thy law is the truth.

5 O how I love thy law! It is my meditation all the day.

6 How sweet are thy words unto my taste! yea, sweeter than honey to my mouth.

7 I have refrained my feet from every evil way, that I might keep thy word.

8 Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path.

9 Order my steps in thy word: and let not any iniquity have dominion over me.

10 The entrance of thy words giveth light: it giveth understanding unto the simple.

11 Before I was afflicted I went astray: but now have I kept thy word.

12 I know, O Lord, that thy judgments are right, and that thou in faithfulness hast afflicted me.

13 Remember the word unto thy servant, upon which thou hast caused me to hope.

14 Thy statutes have been my song in the house of my pilgrimage.

15 Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way? By taking heed thereto according to thy word.

16 Great are thy tender mercies, O Lord: thou art near, and all thy commandments are truth.

17 Thou hast commanded me to keep thy precepts diligently.

18 Thy word have I hid in mine heart, that I might not sin against thee.

19 Open thou mine eyes, that I may behold wondrous things out of thy law.

20 Make me to understand the way of thy precepts : so shall I talk of thy wondrous works.

21 Thou art my portion, O Lord : I have said that I would keep thy word.

22 I have chosen the way of truth : thy judgments have I laid before me.

23 The law of thy mouth is better unto me than thousands of gold and silver.

24 I have rejoiced in the way of thy testimonies, as much as in all riches.

25 I will meditate in thy precepts, and have respect unto thy ways.

26 I will delight myself in thy statutes : I will not forget thy word.

27 Through thy precepts I get understanding : therefore I hate every false way.

28 Thou art my hiding place and my shield : I hope in thy word.

29 Hold thou me up, and I shall be safe : and I will have respect unto thy statutes continually.

30 Thy testimonies are wonderful : therefore doth my soul keep them.

31 Therefore I esteem all thy precepts concerning all things to be right : and I hate every false way.

32 Therefore I love thy commandments above gold ; yea, above fine gold.

33 I have gone astray like a lost sheep : seek thy servant ; for I do not forget thy commandments.

34 I have longed for thy salvation, O Lord : and thy law is my delight.

# Fifty-first Selection.

## THE YOUNG.

1 HEAR, O Israel: The Lord our God is one Lord.

2 And thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy might.

3 And these words, which I command thee this day, shall be in thy heart; and thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children:

4 And shalt talk of them when thou sittest in thine house, and when thou walkest by the way, and when thou liest down, and when thou risest up.

5 That the generation to come might know them, even the children which should be born, who should arise and declare them to their children:

6 That they might set their hope in God, and not forget the works of God, but keep his commandments.

7 Take heed lest thou forget the things which thine eyes have seen, and lest they depart from thy heart all the days of thy life:

8 But teach them thy sons, and thy sons' sons.

9 Gather the people together, men and women and children, that they may hear, and that they may learn,

10 And fear the Lord your God, and observe to do all the words of this law.

11 Train up a child in the way he should go.

12 And when he is old he will not depart from it.

13 Whoso loveth wisdom rejoiceth his father:

14 But a child left to himself bringeth his mother to shame.

15 REJOICE, O young man in thy youth: and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth, and walk in the ways of thine heart and in the sight of thine eyes:

16 But know thou, that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment.

17 Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the

evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them.

18 I love them that love me: and those that seek me early shall find me.

19 Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way?

20 By taking heed thereto according to thy word.

21 Come, ye children, hearken unto me; I will teach you the fear of the Lord.

22 What man is he that desireth life, and loveth many days, that he may see good?

23 Keep thy tongue from evil, and thy lips from speaking guile.

24 Depart from evil and do good: seek peace and pursue it.

25 My son, forget not my law: but let thy heart keep my commandments:

26 For length of days, and long life, and peace, shall they add to thee.

27 Let not mercy and truth forsake thee: bind them about thy neck; write them upon the table of thy heart:

28 So shalt thou find favor and good understanding in the sight of God and man.

29 My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not.

30 Enter not into the path of the wicked, and go not in the way of wicked men.

31 The path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day.

32 The way of the wicked is as darkness: they know not at what they stumble.

33 Keep thy heart with all diligence; for out of it are the issues of life.

34 Ponder the path of thy feet, and let all thy ways be established.

35 And the multitude that went before Jesus, and that followed, cried, saying, Hosanna to the Son of David:

36 Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord: Hosanna in the highest.

37 And when the chief priests and scribes saw the wonderful things that Jesus did, and the children crying in the temple, and saying, Hosanna to the Son of David; they were sore displeased:

38 And said unto him, Hearest thou what these say?

39 And Jesus saith unto them, Yea; have ye never read, Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected praise?

40 Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven.

41 Whosoever shall humble himself as a little child, the same is greatest in the kingdom of heaven.

42 And whoso shall receive one such little child in my name receiveth me.

43 Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones:

44 For I say unto you, that in heaven their angels do always behold the face of my Father which is in heaven.

45 And they brought young children to him, that he should touch them:

46 And his disciples rebuked those that brought them.

47 But when Jesus saw it, he was much displeased, and said unto them,

48 Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of heaven.

49 Verily I say unto you, whoso shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child, he shall not enter therein.

50 And he took them up in his arms, put his hands upon them, and blessed them.

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## Fifty-second Selection.

### THE CHURCH.

1 BEHOLD, how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity!

2 By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples if ye have love one to another.

3 Be ye therefore followers of God, as dear children; and walk in love, as Christ also hath loved us, and hath given himself for us an offering and a sacrifice.

4 For ye were sometimes darkness; but now are ye light in the Lord: walk as children of light.

5 Whosoever shall confess me before men, him will I confess also before my Father which is in heaven.

6 If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me.

7 Then they that feared the Lord spake often one to another; and the Lord hearkened, and heard it, and a book of remembrance was written before him for them that feared the Lord, and thought upon his name.

8 And they shall be mine, saith the Lord of hosts, in that day when I make up my jewels.

9 And they that gladly received his word were baptized. And the multitude of them that believed were of one heart and of one soul.

10 And the Lord added to the church daily such as should be saved.

11 Christ also loved the Church, and gave himself for it, that he might sanctify and cleanse it with the washing of water by the word;

12 That he might present it to himself a glorious church, not having spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing; but that it should be holy and without blemish.

13 I beseech you, brethren, by the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, that ye all speak the same thing, and that there be no divisions among you: but that ye be perfectly joined together in the same mind.

14 For ye are all the children of God by faith in Christ Jesus. Love as brethren, be pitiful, be courteous.

15 As the body is one, and hath many members, and all the members of that one body, being many, are one body; so also is Christ. Ye are the body of Christ, and members in particular.

16 And Christ is the head over all things to the Church, which is his body, the fulness of him that filleth all in all.

17 I BESEECH you that ye walk worthy of the vocation wherewith ye are called, with all lowliness and meekness, with long-suffering, forbearing one another in love:

18 Endeavoring to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace.

19 There are diversities of gifts, but the same Spirit. And there are diversities of operations, but it is the same God that worketh all in all; for the perfecting of the saints, for the edifying of the body of Christ:

20 Till we all come in the unity of the faith, and of the knowledge of the Son of God, unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ.

21 Now therefore ye are no more strangers and foreigners, but fellow citizens with the saints, and of the household of God : and are built upon the foundation of the apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner stone.

22 Ye are God's building ; the church of the living God, the pillar and ground of the truth.

23 Follow peace with all men, and holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord :

24 Looking diligently lest any man fail of the grace of God.

25 For ye are come unto Mount Zion, and unto the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem, and to an innumerable company of angels;

26 To the general assembly and church of the first born, which are written in heaven ;

27 And to God the Judge of all, and to the spirits of just men made perfect, and to Jesus the mediator of the new covenant;

28 And to the blood of sprinkling, that speaketh better things than that of Abel.

29 Now unto him that is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think, according to the power that worketh in us,

30 Unto him be glory in the church by Christ Jesus, throughout all ages, world without end. Amen.

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## Fifty-third Selection.

### SUPPLICATION FOR RENEWED BLESSING.

1 GIVE ear, O Shepherd of Israel, thou that leadest Joseph like a flock ;

2 Thou that dwellest between the cherubim, shine forth.

3 Before Ephraim, and Benjamin, and Manasseh, stir up thy strength, and come and save us.

4 Turn us again, O God, and cause thy face to shine ; and we shall be saved.

5 O Lord God of hosts, how long wilt thou be angry against the prayer of thy people ?

6 Thou feedest them with the bread of tears, and givest them tears to drink in great measure.

7 Thou makest us a strife unto our neighbors ; and our enemies laugh among themselves.

8 Turn us again, O God of hosts, and cause thy face to shine ; and we shall be saved.

9 Thou hast brought a vine out of Egypt : thou hast cast out the heathen, and planted it.

10 Thou didst prepare room before it, and didst cause it to take deep root.

11 And it filled the land. The hills were covered with the shadow of it, and the boughs thereof were like the goodly cedars.

12 She sent out her boughs unto the sea, and her branches unto the river.

13 Why hast thou then broken down her hedges, so that all they which pass by the way do pluck her ?

14 The boar out of the wood doth waste it, and the wild beast of the field doth devour it.

15 Return, we beseech thee, O God of hosts : look down from heaven, and behold, and visit this vine :

16 And the vineyard which thy right hand hath planted, and the branch that thou madest strong for thyself.

17 It is burned with fire, it is cut down : they perish at the rebuke of thy countenance.

18 Let thy hand be upon the man of thy right hand, upon the son of man whom thou madest strong for thyself.

19 So will not we go back from thee : quicken us, and we will call upon thy name,

20 Turn us again, O Lord God of hosts, cause thy face to shine ; and we shall be saved.

21 LORD, thou hast been favorable unto thy land : thou hast brought back the captivity of Jacob.

22 Thou hast forgiven the iniquity of thy people; thou hast covered all their sin.

23 Thou hast taken away all thy wrath: thou hast turned thyself from the fierceness of thine anger.

24 Turn us, O God of our salvation, and cause thine anger toward us to cease.

25 Wilt thou be angry with us for ever? Wilt thou draw out thine anger to all generations?

26 Wilt thou not revive us again: that thy people may rejoice in thee?

27 Show us thy mercy, O Lord, and grant us thy salvation. I will hear what God the Lord will speak.

28 For he will speak peace to his people and to his saints: but let them not turn again to folly.

29 Surely his salvation is nigh them that fear him:

30 That glory may dwell in our land.

31 Mercy and truth are met together:

32 Righteousness and peace have kissed each other.

33 Truth shall spring out of the earth:

34 And righteousness shall look down from heaven.

35 Yea, the Lord shall give that which is good, and our land shall yield her increase.

36 Righteousness shall go before him: and shall set us in the way of his steps.

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## Fifty-fourth Selection.

### THE SABBATH.

1 REMEMBER the Sabbath day to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labor and do all thy work:

2 But the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God:

3 In it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, nor thy man-servant, nor thy maid-servant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates: for in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day:

4 Wherefore the Lord blessed the Sabbath day, and hallowed it.

5 Six days shall work be done: but the seventh day is the Sabbath of rest, a holy convocation : ye shall do no work therein.

6 Ye shall keep my Sabbaths, and reverence my sanctuary: I am the Lord.

7 For it is a sign between me and you throughout your generations; that ye may know that I am the Lord that doth sanctify you.

8 Blessed is the man that doeth this, and the son of man that layeth hold on it.

9 All that join themselves to the Lord to serve him, and to love the name of the Lord, every one that keepeth the Sabbath from polluting it, and taketh hold of my covenant,

10 Even them will I bring to my holy mountain, and make them joyful in my house of prayer.

11 If thou turn away thy foot from the Sabbath, from doing thy pleasure on my holy day;

12 And call the Sabbath a delight, the holy of the Lord, honorable :

13 And shalt honor him, not doing thy own ways, nor finding thy own pleasure, nor speaking thy own words : then shalt thou delight thyself in the Lord :

14 And I will cause thee to ride upon the high places of the earth, and feed thee with the heritage of Jacob thy father : for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it.

15 And Jesus, as his custom was, went into the synagogue on the Sabbath day. And behold, there was a man which had his hand withered.

16 And they asked him saying, Is it lawful to heal on the Sabbath day? that they might accuse him.

17 And he said unto them, What man shall there be among you, that shall have one sheep; and if it fall into a pit on the Sabbath day, will he not lay hold on it, and lift it out? How much then is a man better than a sheep?

18 Wherefore it is lawful to do well on the Sabbath days.

19 Then said he to the man, Stretch forth thy hand. And he stretched it forth;

20 And it was restored whole, like as the other.

21 And he said unto them, The Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath.

22 Therefore, the Son of Man is Lord also of the Sabbath.

23 In the end of the Sabbath, as it began to dawn toward the first day of the week, came Mary Magdalene and the other Mary to see the sepulchre.

24 And behold, there was a great earthquake.

25 And the angel answered, and said unto the women, Fear not ye: for I know that ye seek Jesus which was crucified. He is not here; for he is risen, as he said.

26 Go quickly, and tell his disciples that he is risen from the dead.

27 The same day at evening, being the first day of the week, came Jesus and stood in the midst of the disciples, and saith unto them, Peace be unto you.

28 Then were the disciples glad when they saw the Lord.

29 Blessed be God, who hath begotten us again unto a lively hope by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead;

30 To an inheritance incorruptible, and undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven for you.

31 Wherefore, let us hold fast the profession of our faith without wavering; not forsaking the assembling of ourselves together, as the manner of some is, but exhorting one another.

32 Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly, in all wisdom:

33 Teaching and admonishing one another in psalms and hymns, and spiritual songs, singing with grace in your hearts to the Lord.

34 Thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.

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## Fifty-fifth Selection.

### THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

1 Be strong in the grace that is in Christ Jesus: endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ.

2 Fight the good fight of faith, lay hold on eternal life, whereunto thou art also called, and hast professed a good profession before many witnesses.

3 Ye are the light of the world. Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven.

4 Every good tree bringeth forth good fruit; but a corrupt tree bringeth forth evil fruit. Wherefore by their fruits ye shall know them.

5 Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven:

6 But he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven.

7 Be not conformed to this world: but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind, that ye may prove what is that good, and acceptable, and perfect will of God.

8 Not slothful in business; fervent in spirit: serving the Lord.

9 As we have therefore opportunity let us do good unto all men, especially unto them who are of the household of faith.

10 And let us not be weary in welldoing: for in due season we shall reap if we faint not.

11 In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand. They that sow in tears shall reap in joy.

12 He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him.

13 Herein is my Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit: so shall ye be my disciples.

14 Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might.

15 He that winneth souls is wise. He that converteth a sinner from the error of his way, shall save a soul from death, and shall hide a multitude of sins.

16 And they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars for ever and ever.

17 Watch ye, stand fast in the faith, quit you like men, be strong.

18 Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life.

19 Put on the whole armor of God, that ye may be able to stand against the wiles of the devil.

20 Stand, therefore, having your loins girt about with truth, and having on the breastplate of righteousness:

21 And your feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace;

22 Above all, taking the shield of faith, wherewith ye shall be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked:

23 And take the helmet of salvation, and the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God:

24 Praying always with all prayer and supplication in the spirit, and watching thereunto with all perseverance and supplication for all saints.

25 And may God grant you, according to the riches of his glory, to be strengthened with might by his Spirit in the inner man;

26 That Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith:

27 That ye, being rooted and grounded in love, may be able to comprehend with all saints what is the breadth, and length, and depth, and height; and to know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge;

28 That ye might be filled with all the fullness of God.

29 Now unto him that is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think, according to the power that worketh in us,

30 Unto him be glory in the church by Christ Jesus, throughout all ages, world without end. AMEN.

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## Fifty-sixth Selection.

### A RIGHTEOUS LIFE.

1 LORD, who shall abide in thy tabernacle? who shall dwell in thy holy hill?

2 He that walketh uprightly, and worketh righteousness, and speaketh the truth in his heart.

3 He that backbiteth not with his tongue, nor doeth evil to his neighbor,

4 Nor taketh up a reproach against his neighbor.

5 In whose eyes a vile person is contemned, but he honoreth them that fear the Lord.

6 He that sweareth to his own hurt, and changeth not.

7 He that putteth not out his money to usury, nor taketh reward against the innocent.

8 He that doeth these things shall never be moved.

9 I WILL sing of mercy and judgment: unto thee, O Lord, will I sing.

10 I will behave myself wisely in a perfect way. O, when wilt thou come unto me?

11 I will walk within my house with a perfect heart: I will set no wicked thing before mine eyes:

12 I hate the work of them that turn aside: it shall not cleave to me.

13 A froward heart shall depart from me: I will not know a wicked person. Whoso privily slandereth his neighbor, him will I cut off:

14 Him that hath an high look, and a proud heart, will not I suffer.

15 Mine eyes shall be upon the faithful of the land, that they may dwell with me.

16 He that walketh in a perfect way, he shall serve me.

17 He that worketh deceit shall not dwell within my house:

18 He that telleth lies shall not tarry in my sight.

19 PRAISE ye the Lord. Blessed is the man that feareth the Lord, that delighteth greatly in his commandments.

20 His seed shall be mighty upon earth: the generation of the upright shall be blessed.

21 Wealth and riches shall be in his house; and his righteousness endureth for ever.

22 Unto the upright there ariseth light in the darkness: he is gracious, and full of compassion, and righteous.

23 A good man showeth favor, and lendeth: he will guide his affairs with discretion.

24 Surely he shall not be moved for ever: the righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance.

25 He shall not be afraid of evil tidings: his heart is fixed, trusting in the Lord.

26 His heart is established, he shall not be afraid, until he see his desire upon his enemies.

27 He hath dispersed, he hath given to the poor; his righteousness endureth for ever: his horn shall be exalted with honor.

28 The wicked shall see it, and be grieved; he shall gnash with his teeth, and melt away: the desire of the wicked shall perish.

## Fifty-seventh Selection.

### THE CHRISTIAN LAW OF LOVE.

1 BEHOLD, what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God :

2 Therefore the world knoweth us not, because it knew him not.

3 Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be :

4 But we know that, when he shall appear, we shall be like him ; for we shall see him as he is.

5 Hereby perceive we the love of God, because he laid down his life for us :

6 And we ought to lay down our lives for the brethren.

7 But whoso hath this world's good, and seeth his brother have need, and shutteth up his bowels of compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him ?

8 My little children, let us not love in word, neither in tongue : but in deed and in truth.

9 BELOVED, let us love one another : for love is of God ; and every one that loveth is born of God, and knoweth God.

10 He that loveth not, knoweth not God ; for God is love.

11 In this was manifested the love of God towards us, because that God sent his only begotten Son into the world, that we might live through him.

12 Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that he loved us, and sent his Son to be the propitiation for our sins.

13 Beloved, if God so loved us, we ought also to love one another.

14 No man hath seen God at any time. If we love one another, God dwelleth in us, and his love is perfected in us.

15 Brethren, if a man be overtaken in a fault, ye which are spiritual, restore such an one in the spirit of meekness ; considering thyself, lest thou also be tempted.

16 Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ.

17 And let us not be weary in well-doing: for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not.

18 As we have therefore opportunity, let us do good unto all men, especially unto them who are of the household of faith.

19 Let all bitterness, and wrath, and anger, and clamor, and evil-speaking, be put away from you, with all malice:

20 And be ye kind one to another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you.

21 THOUGH I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal.

22 And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing.

23 And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing.

24 Charity suffereth long, and is kind; charity envieth not; charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up,

25 Doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil;

26 Rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth;

27 Beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.

28 Charity never faileth: but whether there be prophecies, they shall fail; whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away.

29 For we know in part, and we prophesy in part.

30 But when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away.

31 When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child: but when I became a man, I put away childish things.

32 For now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face: now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known.

33 And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity.

# Fifty-Eighth Selection.

## THE CHRISTIAN'S DEATH.

1 O God, whom have I in heaven but thee? And there is none upon earth that I desire besides thee.

2 My flesh and my heart faileth: but God is the strength of my heart, and my portion for ever.

3 Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me.

4 Thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.

5 The Lord redeemeth the soul of his servants: and none of them that trust in him shall be desolate.

6 For I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth.

7 Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? Shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword?

8 Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors through him that loved us.

9 For I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come,

10 Nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.

11 For I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand.

12 I have fought the good fight: I have finished my course, I have kept the faith.

13 Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day:

14 And not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing.

15 Let not your heart be troubled, said Jesus: ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions. I go to prepare a place for you.

16 And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself, that where I am, there ye may be also.

17 He which testifieth these things saith, Surely, I come quickly: Amen. Even so, come, Lord Jesus.

18 Verily I say unto thee, To-day shalt thou be with me in Paradise.

19 For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.

20 For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain.

21 And I heard a voice from heaven, saying unto me, write: Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord from henceforth:

22 Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them.

23 And so an entrance shall be ministered unto you abundantly into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

24 There the wicked cease from troubling, and there the weary be at rest.

25 Then shall the king say unto them on his right hand, Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world.

26 Well done, good and faithful servant, thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things: Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.

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## Fifty-Ninth Selection.

### THE RESURRECTION.

1 I AM the resurrection and the life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live:

2 And whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die.

3 Verily, verily, I say unto you, The hour is coming, and now is, when the dead shall hear the voice of the Son of God:

4 And they that hear shall live.

5 For our conversation is in heaven: from whence also we look for the Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ:

6 Who shall change our vile body, that it may be fashioned like unto his glorious body.

7 For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus, will God bring with him.

8 And so shall we be ever with the Lord.

9 Now if Christ be preached that he rose from the dead, how say some among you that there is no resurrection of the dead?

10 But if there be no resurrection of the dead, then is Christ not risen.

11 And if Christ be not risen, then is our preaching vain, and your faith is also vain.

12 Then they also which are fallen asleep in Christ are perished.

13 If in this life only we have hope in Christ, we are of all men most miserable.

14 But now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first-fruits of them that slept.

15 For since by man came death, by man also came the resurrection of the dead.

16 For as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive.

17 But some man will say, How are the dead raised up? and with what body do they come?

18 Thou fool, that which thou sowest is not quickened, except it die.

19 And that which thou sowest, thou sowest not that body that shall be, but bare grain: it may chance of wheat, or of some other grain.

20 But God giveth it a body as it hath pleased him, and to every seed his own body.

21 All flesh is not the same flesh: but there is one kind of flesh of men, another flesh of beasts,

22 Another of fishes, and another of birds.

23 There are also celestial bodies, and bodies terrestrial:

24 But the glory of the celestial is one, and the glory of the terrestrial is another.

25 There is one glory of the sun, and another glory of the moon, and another glory of the stars;

26 For one star differeth from another star in glory.

27 So also is the resurrection of the dead. It is sown in corruption; it is raised in incorruption:

28 It is sown in dishonor; it is raised in glory.

29 It is sown in weakness; it is raised in power:

30 It is sown a natural body; it is raised a spiritual body.

31 There is a natural body, and there is a spiritual body. And so it is written, The first man Adam was made a living soul:

32 The last Adam was made a quickening spirit.

33 Howbeit that was not first which is spiritual, but that which is natural; and afterward that which is spiritual.

34 The first man is of the earth, earthy: the second man is the Lord from heaven.

35 As is the earthy, such are they also which are earthy; and as is the heavenly, such are they also that are heavenly.

36 And as we have borne the image of the earthy, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly.

37 Now this I say, brethren, that flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God;

38 Neither doth corruption inherit incorruption.

39 Behold, I show you a mystery: We shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump:

40 For the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed.

41 For this corruption must put on incorruption,

42 And this mortal must put on immortality.

43 So when this corruption shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory!

44 O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?

45 The sting of death is sin; and the strength of sin is the law.

46 But thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.

# Sixtieth Selection.

## HEAVEN.

1 Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who according to his abundant mercy hath begotten us again unto a lively hope, by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead ;

2 To an inheritance incorruptible and undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven for us.

3 In my Father's house are many mansions, said Jesus: if it were not so I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you.

4 And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you unto myself ; that where I am, there ye may be also.

5 For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.

6 We, according to his promise, look for new heavens, and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness.

7 And I saw that great city, New Jerusalem, descending out of heaven from God, having the glory of God :

8 And her light was like unto a stone most precious, even like a jasper stone, clear as crystal.

9 And the building of the wall of it was of jasper : and the twelve gates were twelve pearls : and the street of the city was pure gold, as it were transparent glass.

10 And I saw no temple therein, for the Lord God Almighty and the Lamb are the temple of it.

11 And the city had no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine in it :

12 For the glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof.

13 And the nations of them which are saved shall walk in the light of it : and the kings of the earth do bring their glory and honor into it.

14 And the gates of it shall not be shut at all by day: for there shall be no night there.

15 And there shall in no wise enter into it anything that defileth, neither whatsoever worketh abomination, or maketh a lie:

16 But they who are written in the Lamb's book of life.

17 Here are they who came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.

18 Therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve him night and day:

19 And he that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them.

20 They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat.

21 For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters:

22 And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.

23 And there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away.

24 The Lord God giveth them light: and they shall reign for ever and ever.

25 Behold, I come quickly, and my reward is with me, to give every man according as his work shall be. I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end, the first and the last.

26 Blessed are they that do his commandments, that they may have right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city.

---

## Sixty-first Selection.

### PRAISES OF HEAVEN.

1 PRAISE ye the Lord. Praise ye the Lord from the heavens: praise him in the heights.

2 Praise ye him, all his angels: praise ye him, all his hosts.

3 And behold, a throne was set in heaven, and One sat on the throne. And, lo, a great multitude, which no man could number, of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues, stood before the throne, and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands; and cried with a loud voice,

4 Saying, Salvation to our God who sitteth upon the throne, and to the Lamb.

5 And all the angels fell before the throne on their faces, and worshiped God, saying,

6 Amen: Blessing, and glory, and wisdom, and thanksgiving, and honor, and power, and might, be unto our God for ever and ever. Amen.

7 And there were great voices in heaven, saying, The kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord, and of his Christ; and he shall reign for ever and ever.

8 We give thee thanks, O Lord God Almighty, who art and wast, and art to come; because thou hast taken to thee thy great power, and hast reigned.

9 And I heard a great voice of much people in heaven, saying, Alleluia: Salvation, and glory, and honor, and power, unto the Lord our God:

10 And again they said, Alleluia.

11 And a voice came out of the throne, saying, Praise our God, all ye his servants, and ye that fear him both small and great.

12 And I heard as it were the voice of a great multitude, and as the voice of many waters, and as the voice of mighty thunderings, saying, Alleluia: for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth.

13 They cast their crowns before the throne, saying, Thou art worthy, O Lord, to receive glory, and honor, and power: for thou hast created all things, and for thy pleasure they are and were created.

14 And they rest not day and night, saying, Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty, who was, and is, and is to come.

15 And I heard the voice of harpers harping with their harps: and they sung as it were a new song before the throne; and no man could learn that song but they which were redeemed from the earth.

16 These are they which follow the Lamb whithersoever he goeth.

17 And they fell down before the Lamb, having every one of them harps, and they sung a new song, saying:

18 Thou art worthy: for thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us to God by thy blood out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation; and hast made us unto our God kings and priests.

19 And they that had gotten the victory over the beast, sing the song of Moses the servant of God, and the song of the Lamb, saying,

20 Great and marvelous are thy works, Lord God Almighty; just and true are thy ways, thou king of saints.

21 Who shall not fear thee, O Lord, and glorify thy name? For thou only art holy.

22 For all nations shall come and worship before thee; for thy judgments are made manifest.

23 And I heard the voice of many angels round about the throne: and the number of them was ten thousand times ten thousand, and thousands of thousands; saying with a loud voice,

24 Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honor, and glory, and blessing.

25 And every creature which is in heaven, and on the earth, and under the earth, and such as are in the sea, and all that are in them, heard I saying,

26 Blessing, and honor, and glory, and power, be unto him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb for ever and ever. AMEN.

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## Sixty-second Selection.

### NATIONAL BLESSINGS.

1 O GIVE thanks unto the Lord; call upon his name: make known his deeds among the people.

2 Sing unto him, sing psalms unto him; talk ye of all his wondrous works.

3 Glory ye in his holy name: let the heart of them rejoice that seek the Lord.

4 Seek the Lord and his strength: seek his face evermore.

5 Remember his marvelous works that he hath done: his wonders, and the judgments of his mouth.

6 He is the Lord our God: he hath remembered his covenant for ever.

7 When our fathers were but few in number, yea, very few, and strangers in the land;

8 When they went from one nation to another, from one kingdom to another people;

9 He suffered no man to do them wrong; yea, he reproved kings for their sakes;

10 Saying, touch not mine anointed, and do my prophets no harm.

11 And he increased his people greatly; and made them stronger than their enemies.

12 And he brought forth his people with joy, and his chosen with gladness.

13 We have heard with our ears, O God, our fathers have told us, what work thou didst in their days, in the times of old.

14 How thou didst drive out the nations with thy hand, and plantedst them.

15 For they got not the land in possession by their own sword, neither did their own arm save them;

16 But thy right hand, and thine arm, and the light of thy countenance, because thou hadst a favor unto them.

17 We will not hide these things from our children, showing to the generation to come the praises of the Lord;

18 And his strength, and his wonderful works that he hath done.

19 For he established statutes, and appointed laws, which he commanded our fathers to make known to their children: that the generation to come might know him:

20 That they might set their hope in God, and not forget the works of God, but keep his commandments.

21 Marvelous things did he in the sight of our fathers.

22 He divided the sea, and caused them to pass through.

23 In the daytime he led them with a cloud, and all the night with a light of fire.

24 He clave the rocks in the wilderness, and gave them drink as out of the great depths.

25 He made his people to go forth like sheep, and guided them in the wilderness like a flock.

26 And he led them on safely, so that they feared not.

27 Our fathers trusted in thee: they trusted, and thou didst deliver them.

28 They cried unto thee, and were delivered: they trusted in thee, and were not confounded.

29 So we thy people and sheep of thy pasture will give thee thanks for ever: we will show forth thy praise to all generations.

30 Blessed be the Lord God from everlasting to everlasting: and let all the people say, Amen.

31 PRAISE YE THE LORD.

---

## Sixty-third Selection.

### GOD'S FAITHFULNESS TO A FAITHFUL PEOPLE.

1 GIVE ear, O ye heavens, and I will speak: and hear, O earth, the words of my mouth.

2 Because I will publish the name of the Lord: ascribe ye greatness unto our God.

3 He is the Rock, his way is perfect: for all his ways are judgment.

4 A God of truth, and without iniquity, just and right is he.

5 Is not He thy father that hath bought thee? Hath he not made thee and established thee?

6 Remember the days of old; consider the years of many generations.

7 For the Lord's portion is his people; Jacob is the lot of his inheritance.

8 He found him in a desert land, and in the waste howling wilderness.

9 He led him about, He instructed him:

10 He kept him as the apple of his eye.

11 As an eagle stirreth up her nest, fluttereth over her young, spreadeth abroad her wings, taketh them, beareth them on her wings;

12 So the Lord alone did lead him.

13 Then he forsook God which made him, and lightly esteemed the Rock of his salvation.

14 Of the Rock that begat thee thou art unmindful, and hast forgotten God that formed thee.

15 And the Lord said, I will hide my face from them, I will see what their end shall be:

16 For they are a very froward generation, children in whom is no faith.

17 They have moved me to jealousy with that which is not God: they have provoked me to anger with their vanities.

18 O that they were wise, that they understood this, that they would consider their latter end!

19 Their feet shall slide in due time, for the day of their calamity is at hand.

20 For their rock is not as our Rock, even our enemies themselves being judges.

21 The beloved of the Lord shall dwell in safety by him, and the Lord shall cover him all the day long;

22 And he shall dwell between His shoulders.

23 The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms.

24 And as thy days, so shall thy strength be.

25 Happy art thou, O Israel! Who is like unto thee, O people saved by the Lord, the shield of thy help!

26 PRAISE YE THE LORD!

---

## Te Deum Laudamus.

[*This ancient Hymn of Praise, ascribed to Ambrose of Milan, A.D. 373, may properly be read responsively, as well as sung.*]

1 WE praise thee, O God: we acknowledge thee to be the Lord.

2 All the earth doth worship thee, the Father everlasting.

3 To thee all angels cry aloud; the heavens, and all the powers therein. To thee Cherubim and Seraphim continually do cry,

4 Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of Sabaoth: heaven and earth are full of the majesty of thy glory.

5 The glorious company of the Apostles praise thee.

6 The goodly fellowship of the Prophets praise thee.

7 The noble army of Martyrs praise thee.

8 The holy Church throughout all the world doth acknowledge thee;

9 The Father of an infinite Majesty; thine adorable, true and only Son;

10 Also the Holy Ghost, the Comforter.

11 Thou art the King of Glory, O Christ.

12 Thou art the Everlasting Son of the Father.

13 When thou tookest upon thee to deliver man, thou didst humble thyself to be born of a Virgin.

14 When thou hadst overcome the sharpness of death, thou didst open the kingdom of heaven to all believers.

15 Thou sittest at the right hand of God, in the glory of the Father.

16 We believe that thou shalt come to be our Judge.

17 We therefore pray thee, help thy servants, whom thou hast redeemed with thy precious blood.

18 Make them to be numbered with thy saints, in glory everlasting.

19 O Lord, save thy people, and bless thine heritage. Govern them, and lift them up for ever.

20 Day by day we magnify thee; and we worship thy name ever, world without end.

21 Vouchsafe, O Lord, to keep us this day without sin.

22 O Lord, have mercy upon us; have mercy upon us.

23 O Lord, let thy mercy be upon us, as our trust is in thee.

24 O Lord, in thee have I trusted: let me never be confounded.

25 Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost:

26 As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. AMEN.

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